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THE
AMERICAN METROPOLIS

From Knickerbocker Days
to the Present Time

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS PHASES

BY

FRANK MOSS, LL.D.

*of the New York Bar, Counsel to the Society for the Prevention
of Crime, Trustee of the City Vigilance League,
President of the New York Board of Police, etc.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

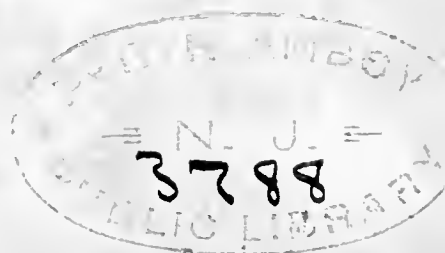
REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

AN HISTORIGRAPH OF NEW YORK

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

In Three Volumes—Volume One

NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER, PUBLISHER
1897



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TO MY MOTHER
A DESCENDANT OF ANNEKE JANS
THIS WORK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

F. M.



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REV. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D.D

New York, Vol. One.

INTRODUCTION

BY

CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

WE live for the future, but our roots are hidden in the past, and any one who has the genius to make the past more truly real and alive nourishes those roots and makes that future more bright and prolific. The volume herewith presented is the outcome of a revival of the civic spirit as that revival has come to its experience and expression in the thoughts and activities of one particular man.

This civic revival is, however, something more concrete than any mere quickening along general lines: it is rather the revival of civic devotion in its detailed relations to specific locality. It is a great thing to love one's entire country; but there is such a thing as the concentration of patriotism upon one's own town or city. We are all too thoroughly American to be disposed to disparage na-

INTRODUCTION

tional loyalty; but what is gained in width is very apt to be sacrificed in intensity, and it is intensity always rather than diffusion that does the world's work.

The thing accordingly which the residents of a city — of our own City, for instance — particularly need is to have their civic regards focused upon home ground. The better our City is, the more we can love it; but it is only by loving it more that it can become better, and before we can love it more we need to know it more. Neither a generality nor an ambiguity can excite affection. Love loses its way in the dark.

It augurs well for our municipal future, therefore, that so many earnest and intelligent efforts are being put forth to make our acquaintance with New York City more thorough and appreciative. When the time comes that the general mind has been made sensible to present conditions, and the honest consciousness of our day has penetrated to the core of our municipal character and situation, the death knell will have been sounded to much of evil that still mixes with the better ingredients and confuses our prospect.

INTRODUCTION

But not only will the objects proposed by the present volumes commend themselves to every intelligent friend of the City, but the scheme of recital which the Author has adopted is itself a marked feature of the work. It will arrest the attention of his adult readers, and will be particularly grateful to the tastes and instincts of the young people, and it is upon them, primarily, that we have to base our hopes for the future. Youths are not fond of disquisitions, but they like to be shown things, which is exactly what Mr. Moss does in these pages. An event taken apart from its local connections is almost as uninteresting a thing as a soul would be with no body for it to be at home in. The author of "The American Metropolis" not only describes what has occurred in the history of our City, but knits those events to the particular spot where they have transpired, thus clothing them with the garments of reality and putting them into local relation with the streets that we are to-day walking. His idea is a clever one, and can hardly fail of catching the attention and holding the interest of the reading public, younger and older.

For myself, I personally anticipate the pleasure

INTRODUCTION

of putting myself under his guidance in the matter of acquiring a geographical appreciation of the meaning of the history of my City, and I congratulate him both on the scheme which he has worked out and on the positive service which I believe his series of itineraries will be able to render to those who will travel with him over the past years and the present territory of our beloved City.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

WE are in the midst of a revival of civic pride.

For many years the people of New York seemed to be without interest in the history of the City, in its reputation and in its prospects; New York and Tammany Hall were almost synonymous terms, and citizenship in this great City was nowhere esteemed to be an honor—unless it was so among the ringsters of other cities, who looked with awe at the kings of corruption that held despotic sway over the Metropolis, laughing at the laws, sneering at their critics, and rolling up thieves' fortunes. At last, indignation, tardily awakened, grew into burning patriotism, and a popular uprising, wisely directed by almost Prophetic Leadership, made an astonishing change in the government of our City—a change which is apparent in every civic function. There have been similar revolutions before, and conspicuous plunder-

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

ers of the people have been hurled from positions that seemed impregnable; but, unfortunately, the hot blast of public opinion cooled almost as quickly as it had been heated, and lasting reformation of the public service was not secured. The revolutions of the past lacked foundations of civic pride and patriotic devotion in the mass of the people.

Those who helped to defeat Tammany Hall in 1894 tried to awaken in the hearts of all the people, even those who seemed the least approachable, a deep love for their City and a personal devotion to her interests, which would be potent in their antagonism to every evil political combination and to all enemies of good government. The evidences of revived patriotism among the common people are more gratifying to those who have longed and labored and sacrificed for her betterment than all the victories that have occurred in elections. Evidences of the new life are apparent in the increased interest of every class in the City's history and in its achievements from day to day; in the new sympathy that has sprung up between her different sections, and even between her different races; in the quickness with which the people estimate the spirit and the purpose of officials; in their quickness to sustain and support clean administration, and to perceive and resent official incompe-

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

tence, carelessness and misconduct; and in the true ring of their voices and the quick kindling of their eyes when they converse about their City and her affairs.

The makers of books are beginning to realize the new interest, and the publishers' announcements contain many notices of books on New York. The magazines and the weeklies teem with articles exploiting events of the past or revealing relics of olden times, and discussing phases and phenomena of our present marvelous activity. A genuine and sustained revival of pride in our City and of patriotism applied to our own homes will make New York the richest, the best, and the most excellently administered City in the world—a Greater-New York indeed.

The writing of a book of any sort was far from my mind, and the proposition of a publisher that I should venture into this field was at first rejected. He said that a book which would show a composite picture of the history of the City and of its present condition was needed, and that I ought to write it. This book is the result of the publisher's approach. It has been written under difficulties, but the work has been so pleasant, and has given me so much more satisfactory an outlook on Metropolitan affairs, that I venture

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

center of interest, and returning to it again and again. The first chapter is devoted to the Fort. In the second chapter we proceed from the Fort, along the favorite road of Dutch times, Pearl Street; and make our way back to the beginning point through the Swamp, Printing House Square, Nassau and William Streets, stopping at the second great development point—the site of the Subtreasury building at the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets. The Fort at Bowling Green was the center of the old Colonial life; this second point was the focus of the new national life. We return to the Fort by way of Broad Street, and then start out again along the line of English advance, Broadway, and devote a chapter to what may be remembered and observed along that highway, including Trinity and St. Paul's churches and their burying grounds, and ending at the City Hall Park, beyond which Broadway did not extend until after the Revolution. A chapter is then devoted to the City Hall Park, which was the Commons of older days, and which was the third great development point in the life of the City. At this spot popular government had its rise. It was the gathering place and the forum of the common people. We pass on into the districts east and northeast of the Commons, including Five Points, Cherry Hill

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

and New Israel, which together make a very dark background for the picture of heroism, growth and grandeur. Then we make our way to the East River, and return along its front to the Fort. From the Fort we start out again through Greenwich Street, going as far as the ancient Indian village of Sapokanikan, later Greenwich Village, now the Ninth Ward, returning to the Fort by the North River front. The territory thus traversed is small, but it is sufficient to show the rise and growth of the City, and is more than enough for the limits of this work.

It has been my design, whenever possible, to locate important and interesting events at the places where they happened, so that one, considering an incident which, the historians tell us, indefinitely, occurred somewhere in New York City, can go to the very place where the actors in the drama stood and spoke, and there say: "This is the spot!" In this way our interest is fastened firmly to a locality or place, and through a succession of events at that place we may see the development of principles and the increase of attainments. The three development points which I have indicated are walked over daily by multitudes, to whom the heroic history of the City is a sealed book. They would become eager investigators, if they knew what

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

other feet had trod those walks before them, and what great events had occurred on those oft-traveled paths.

It may be that some will disagree with statements, arguments and deductions of the book; let that be as it may, we will be one in interest, and one in devotion to our beloved City.

FRANK MOSS.

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 CONTENTS

VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER ONE

A SMALL BEGINNING—THE OLD FORT

Tolerance, the leading Characteristic of Life in New York—

It grew out of the Dutch Commercial Spirit which Captured the English, and still sways New York—Dutch Trading—Dutch-English Amalgamation—The old Fort: the Germ of New York's Greatness—Dutch Streets—Dutch Religion—The first Governor—The first Dominie—The tussle between Kieft and Bogardus—The Fort, the Government House, the Dominie, the Governor, all in the Bowling Green Block together—The first Schoolmaster, his Failing and his Flogging—First sale of a Lot—First Tavern—First City Hall—Dutch Activity—Burgomasters and Schepens—Coen and Antye—The Canal Habit—The Original First Citizens—First Slave Labor—First Hanging—Indian War—White Treachery—The Twelve Men and the Eight Men—First Representatives of the People—Stuyvesant the Great—More Indian War—Treaty of Peace—First City Government—The Great Citizens—First Thoughts of Home Rule—Captured by the English—The English Flag at Bowling Green—The English and the Dutch Worship together—The Dutch again—Ousted once more—First Native Mayor—Civil War—Execution of Governor Leisler—Corruption, Pirates, Kidd—City Hall moved to Broad Street—Wedding—Fire—Suicide—

CONTENTS

New Governor—Stamps—Dawn of Liberty—Uprising of the People—Non-importation Agreement—Tryon and Washington—Declaration of Independence—Americans seize the old Fort—Captured by the English—Evacuated—Peace—The old Fort torn down—Famous Residents—Battery Park—Castle Garden and its Noble Surroundings 1

CHAPTER TWO

CONTRASTS — THROUGH PEARL STREET TO THE SWAMP — PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE AND PARK ROW

Pearl Street—Processions—Elevated Railroad—The Nations—Humors of Travel—Italians—A backward Glance—Number 19 Pearl Street: a Relic—Stuyvesant's White Hall—The Weigh House—The Royal Exchange—Old Streets—Fire of 1835—Fly Market—The United States, the first large Hotel—Hanover Square—Wingate and the Twilight Club—Hunter—Franklin Square—Walton House and its Ghost—The Harpers and their Magazine—Fires—Washington's Residence, with Reminiscences—Inauguration Parade—Cherry Street—Old Residents—The Fight at Fayal—The Flag—The Swamp—Tanners and Shoemakers—The Carleton House and its Mystery—Printing House Square—The old Road—"Sun" Building—"Tribune" Building—Tammany Hall; its Ancient and Honorable Origin, its Splendid Past, its Corruption: a Contrast—St. Tammany and the Tiger—Pictures of Ancient and Modern Tammany Leaders—Park Pickpockets, formerly protected, now run out—The Stool-pigeon Plan—Newspapers—The Modern breed of Editors—Extracts from Newspapers of early and of recent Times—Exciting Times in the Square—Recol-

CONTENTS

lections of Greeley—The Richardson Murder—A Modern Slave Hunt—Brick Church—St. George's Park Theater —St. Paul Building—Barnum's Museum . . .	122
---	-----

CHAPTER THREE

DEVELOPMENT: FROM THE POST-OFFICE TO THE OLD CITY HALL VIA ANN STREET, HORSE AND CART STREET, AND THE PYE WOMAN'S STREET

Old Boston Road and New Broadway, and their Gibraltar—
Ann Street—Horse and Cart Street—Roisterers, Church-
goers, Gamblers, Pickpockets, Poolsellors and Peddlers—
Fire Laddies—A Police Mystery with a flavor of Richard
Crocker—A few of the Results of Reform—Restaurants
various and innumerable—Mouquin's—Delmonico's Rival
and its odd Characters—Theater Alley—Dolan's "Sink-
ers" and Hitchcock's "Beef an' "—Dennett's Busy Bees,
and the Business Men's Quick Lunch, etc., etc.—Oysters—
Garibaldi's—The Nassau Canyon—Memory of Mary Rog-
ers, the beautiful Cigar Seller—Christ Church in Ann
Street—Shoemaker's Pasture—Spring Garden—Bennett
Building the first large Office Building—Jokers of other
Days—Grandfather's Clock—Extracts from the first num-
ber of the "Herald"—Comparison with the "Herald" of
To-day—Fair Street—Partition Street—North Dutch
Church—Firemen's Hall—Moravian Church—Shake-
speare Tavern—Seventh Regiment—The old Theaters—
First Methodist Church—Mr. Reid's Testimony—Battle of
Golden Hill—First Blood of the Revolution—Papodopolo
—Washington Irving's Mischievous Boyhood—Work for

CONTENTS

Women—Old Memories—More old Churches—The Middle Dutch Church—A Prison for Patriots—The Graveyard—The old Bell—Aaron Burr—The Treasury—Federal Hall—The Pillory and Stocks again—Inauguration of Washington—Congress—Wall Street—De Peyster Garden—Trinity Church at one end, a Slave Market at the other—The first Bank—Immense Business Interests—Riots of 1834—The great Meeting after the Assassination of Lincoln—Garfield's Inspiration—Centennial of Washington's Inauguration	294
--	-----

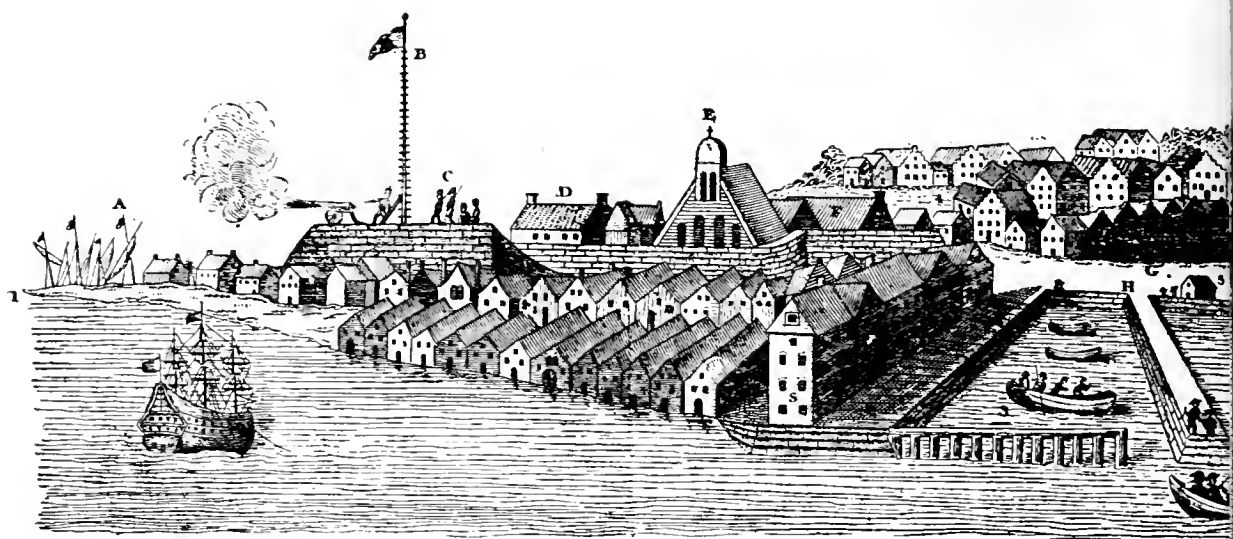
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME ONE

Frank Moss, LL.D.—FRONTISPIECE	
Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst, D.D.....	
Map of New York in 1673 and Sky-Line of New York from Brooklyn at the Present Day.....	1
Ship and Woman.....	4
Picture of New York as seen from the Harbor in 1776, before the Burning of Trinity Church....	5
Old Dutch Merchant and Modern Merchant.....	6
William H. Wood.....	7
Map of the Battery, showing Changes since 1783.....	14
The Gracht	16
Old Dutch Life.....	18
The Old Fort.....	22
Plan of Fort George.....	23
Whipping of the Schoolmaster.....	24
Dutchman Eating Clams.....	37
Theodore Roosevelt	40
Coen and Antye Embracing.....	44
Old Bridge and Dock at the Whitehall Slip.....	53
Wooden Statue of Governor Stuyvesant on Broadway.....	66
Lord Cornbury.....	86
Government House on Site of Old Fort.....	100
Stone Lions on Stoop of No. 17 Broadway.....	104
The Battery in 1869.....	107
Burning of the Crystal Palace.....	109
New York, in the Beginning.....	116
View of the Lower End of Manhattan Island from the Brooklyn Shore..	117
Old Doorway of No. 8 Pearl Street	132
Ruins of the Merchants' Exchange after the Destructive Fire of December 16 and 17, 1835.....	137
New York Cotton Exchange, Beaver and William Streets.....	141
United States Hotel, Fulton and Pearl Streets.....	160
Old Houses, 163 and 306 Pearl Street.....	163
Sitting-room of Walton House, in Pearl Street, 1840.....	164
Carriage Costume, and Coiffure.	168

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Sugar Boiling.....	169
Deplorable Ignorance.....	170
An American Methuselah.....	171
Comic.....	172
How to Insure against Railway Accidents.....	173
Comic.....	174
Washington's Residence, Franklin House.....	176
Present Usage, State, and Environment of the Coach of General Wash- ington.....	183
Samuel C. Reid	187
The Attack on the American Privateer "General Armstrong" in the Har- bor of Fayal, Azores, September 26, 1814.....	189
Engine Co. No. 25, 1809, Tryon Row, City Hall Square.....	197
Sheridan shook the Foundation of the Tower of Strength of the Republican Party.....	199
City Hall in 1822.....	200
First Tammany Hall.....	201
Second Tammany Hall.....	202
The Founders of Tammany.....	204
Present Heads of Tammany Hall.....	205
Tammany Kings.....	206
Tiger Carried on "Americus".	207
New Tammany	212
St. George's Chapel, Beekman Street.....	249
The St. Paul Building.....	253
Burning of Barnum's American Museum.....	257
The New York Federal Table as seen from Bunker's Hill.....	290
Map of New York in 1729.....	295
Plan of the City of New York from an Actual Survey in 1755.....	297
Engine No. 5, "Honey Bee".	299
Early Type of Steam Engine.....	301
William M. Tweed.....	302
An Old Time Race.....	303
Fire Engine Competition at Ridley's Pole.....	303
Old North Dutch Church.....	343
Shakespeare Inn, Fulton and Nassau Streets.....	346
First Methodist Episcopal Church, 120 William Street.....	351
Old Houses in William Street, between Fulton and John Streets, in 1861..	361
French Church, Pine Street.....	376
First Presbyterian Church	381
First Post-Office, 29 William Street.....	382
Second Post-Office, Garden Street (Exchange Place).....	383
Fraunces' Tavern.....	406



THE DUTCH MAP — "Nieuw Amsterdam onlang Nieuw Jorck genamt"
(New Amsterdam, lately called New York)

EXPLANATION

1. The Capsey—dividing the two rivers. The ship is the "Surri-
nam," 44 guns, commanded by Capt. Colve.

D. Gevangen huys. Prison house in the fort, built by Gov. Kieft.

E. Gereformeerde Kerck. Reformed Dutch Church, built in the
fort by Gov. Kieft, 1642.

F. Gouverneur's House. At the northeast bastion, which was al-
most exactly at the corner of Bowling Green and Whitehall Street,
the first post-rider started out in 1673, to go once a month to Bos-
ton, Hartford, "and other places along the road."

G. Stuyvesant's huys. Built four years before he surrendered to
the English. It stood on the west side of Whitehall Street, oppo-
site Water Street.

2. 3. Public wharf and harbor at foot of Broad Street, built by the

Burgomasters, 1658. The
for a compensation to the

H. De Waigh. The wharf

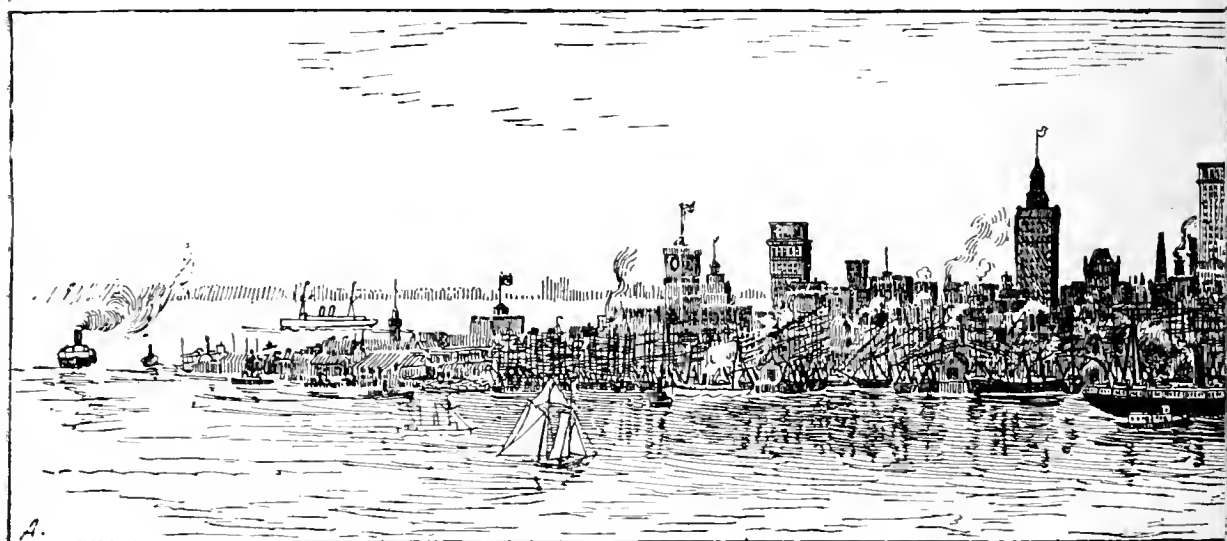
G. Te Magazyn. Public
Whitehall to Broad Street

I. Heeren Gracht. Ge-
called the Moat in Governor's
when it was cleaned out
filled up in 1676.

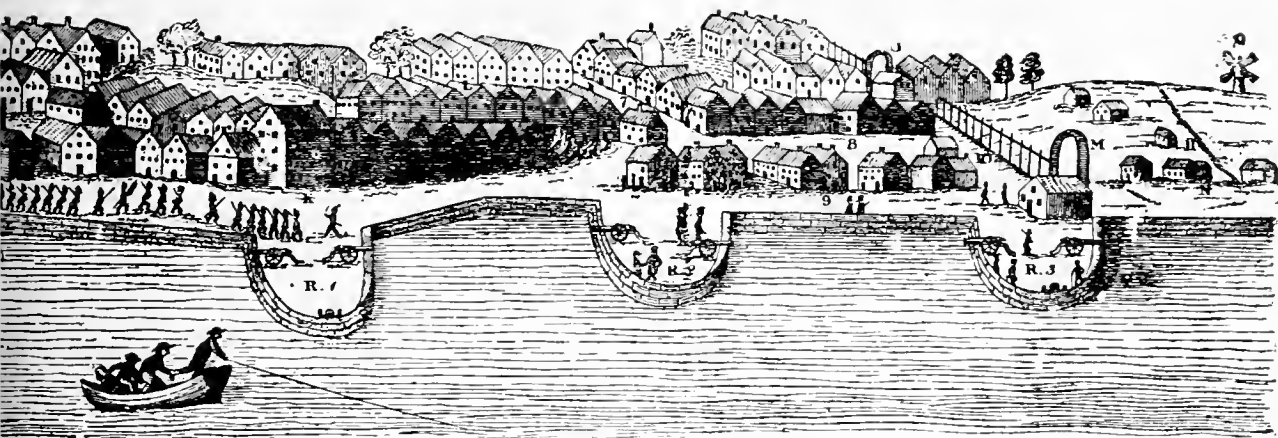
K. Stadt huys. City Hall
Stadt herberg. City Hall

1642.

R. 1. Rondeel. Redoubt



SKY-LINE OF NEW YORK



DIRK.

3. (R. 1. M. G. W. S. C.)

omen by de Nederlanders op den 24 Aug., 1673." Published in Holland.
ken by the Dutch on the 24th August, 1673.)

ATIONS.

arbor and shelter was given

es, near Stone Street, from
al, now Broad Street. It was
, and the Great Dyke in 1672,
ning streets paved. It was

r 73 Pearl Street. Built in
ies Slip.

- L. Luthersche Kerck. Lutheran Church, now Exchange Place.
- 7. Smet Street. Lower end of William Street.
- R. 2. Rondeel. Now Old Slip.
- M. Water-poort. The water gate.
- 10. The Cingle. Wall Street.
- O. Land-poort. The land gate.
- 11. Maagde-paetje. Maiden Lane.
- N. Smidts' Vly. Smith's Valley. Foot of Maiden Lane and site of Fly Market.
- Q. Wint molen. Windmill, near Broadway, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets.
- P. Weg na't versehe water. The way to the fresh water—the way to Collect Pond; the site of the Tombs.



OKLYN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS PHASES

CHAPTER ONE

A SMALL BEGINNING—THE OLD FORT

Tolerance, the leading Characteristic of Life in New York—It grew out of the Dutch Commercial Spirit which Captured the English, and still sways New York—Dutch Trading—Dutch-English Amalgamation—The old Fort: the Germ of New York's Greatness—Dutch Streets—Dutch Religion—The first Governor—The first Dominie—The tussle between Kieft and Bogardus—The Fort, the Government House, the Dominie, the Governor, all in the Bowling Green Block together—The first Schoolmaster, his Failing and his Flogging—First sale of a Lot—First Tavern—First City Hall—Dutch Activity—Burgomasters and Schepens—Coen and Antye—The Canal Habit—The Original First Citizens—First Slave Labor—First Hanging—Indian War—White Treachery—The Twelve Men and the Eight Men—First Representatives of the People—Stuyvesant the Great—More Indian War—Treaty of Peace—First City Government—The Great Citizens—First Thoughts of Home Rule—Captured by the English—The English Flag at Bowling Green—The English and the Dutch Worship together—The Dutch again—Ousted once more—First Native Mayor—Civil War—Execution of Governor Leisler—Corruption, Pirates, Kidd—City Hall moved to Broad Street—Wedding—Fire—Suicide—New Governor—Stamps—Dawn of Liberty—Uprising of the People—Non-importation Agreement—Tryon and Washington—Declaration of Independence—Americans seize the old Fort—Captured by the English—Evacuated—Peace—The old Fort torn down—Famous Residents—Battery Park—Castle Garden and its Noble Surroundings

THE swirling currents that lave the shores of Manhattan Island, flowing in every direction, are reproduced in the human currents that eddy and rush through the streets of New York. The diversities of wind and weather that bless and afflict the peo-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ple of the Metropolis are faint illustrations of the diverse elements in the life of the City and of their contrary movements. There is a mysterious and startling lack of harmony between the constituents of the City's life. The people do not know their next-door neighbors, and are not concerned with what happens on the block next to theirs; and they bustle about their business without seeing or knowing vast sections of the City that are directly affecting their social affairs, and indirectly touching all of their interests. The City bounds forward under a general impulse of growth, leaping along the pathway of material progress with incredible speed; and yet its citizens, in large part, are indifferent to the concerns of their neighbors, and are oblivious to the advantage of mutual civic interest and popular combinations of civic effort.

Political organizers alone powerfully use the advantages of coöperation and coördination of popular forces for public purposes. Those who are unselfishly interested in the advancement of virtue and true prosperity have not yet learned to combine their large numbers and to pull together.

Is there a single trait, characteristic of the entire City, continuous through its history and fundamentally connected with its development? There is great philanthropy—in streaks; there is corruption—in places; there is old-time Americanism—in sections; there is Continental liberality—in spots all over; there is Puritanism—to match the Liberality; but the *Spirit of Tolerance* is New York's peculiar characteristic. This



PICTURE OF NEW YORK AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR IN 1776, BEFORE THE BURNING OF TRINITY CHURCH.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

spirit operates in all affairs—business, social, religious, political—and proceeds from an unconscious but all-controlling realization of the duty of minding our own business and letting other people mind theirs.

Tolerance was essential to the development of the commerce for which New York has always been pre-eminent. It was the natural outgrowth of the commercial spirit. Even in the strained relations arising from the “excise question,” when *one* class of citizens parades tableaux of Liberty, in tears, surrounded by the Muses weeping because they cannot have free beer on Sunday, and *another* class demands that the liquor business shall be entirely extirpated—between these two extremes stands the conservative mass of citizens, who manage to see some claims on each side, to tolerate both sections of extremists, and to provide a middle course between them. This spirit of tolerance causes religious factions that have been making holy attempts to cut each other’s throats on other continents, to live together, holding their religious services separately, but buying and selling, associating in political and other ways, and crossing the bloody line with intermarriages. This spirit is at the bottom of the glory and the shame of New York; behind it the thieves, who have disgraced official positions, have hidden and have escaped punishment—on the plea of party necessity sometimes—and in it the great and almost unmatched benevolent enterprises of the City have reached a magnificent growth, and are stretching their heads to heights unmeasured. This trait has distinguished the City from the begin-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ning. New York was not founded by refugees from religious persecution, nor by convicts or paupers deported from their homes, nor by great and good men intent on securing their own form of worship and preventing all other forms. The thrifty, trading, pertinacious Dutchmen were the first to open up the possibilities of Manhattan Island, and though they have long since disappeared, at least in any bodily semblance, and with them the sugar-loaf hats, the multiplied petticoats and breeches, and the other paraphernalia so sweetly described by Washington Irving, yet it is true that those Dutchmen, little knowing what they did, laid the foundations of New York's prosperity, and connected themselves with all that is

to come. They couldn't build anything without laying solid foundations. Each pair of breeches was doubled and reinforced in the seat; each house had a foundation built substantial enough for two houses; and, as



Ship and Woman.

a wit has said, "They built their ships on the model of their women," who were even better founded than the men.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

It was a queer trade—at least as we view trade—that these old Dutchmen had with the Indians and with each other about the old Fort at Bowling Green; but they traded on honor, they gave and they received fair values, and Yankee tricks were unknown to them. The Spirit of Commerce, who made New York the Queen of the West, was born right here at Bowling Green, and the ghosts of the Dutch traders are here still, and are often seen and heard by those who are subject to *spirituous* influences.

The Produce Exchange cannot get far away from the ghostly spell, and, notwithstanding the efforts of some newspapers and real estate speculators to convince the people that the commercial center of the City should be at Herald Square, and that all business to be properly done must go there, we may be sure that the good Dutch ghosts which inhabited the bodies, so many of which have been received into mother earth between Bowling Green and Wall Street, will continue to exert their potent force and will hold the great commercial interests where they have ever remained and ever will remain. (This is a private pointer for investors in real estate.)

We say it was a queer trade, for money was almost unknown, the unit of value being a beaver skin, and the currency being provided by bits of clam and periwinkle shells deftly cut and polished. Our great merchants handle gold, but their Dutch ancestors bought and paid for their produce with clam shells and beaver skins. The Dutch were not

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

allowed to monopolize this choicest of trading sites, for the English came and wrested it away from the control of the Dutch companies, but they too fell under the commercial spell. They came not for liberty, nor for religion, but to trade—where the Dutchmen had started the market. The En-



Old Dutch Merchant.
Englishmen of New York were unlike the Englishmen of Virginia. They were here to do business, to construct a business state, to let

each other alone and to be let alone. England and Holland fought hard enough over the seas,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and here too the war had its little counterpart in the taking and the retaking of the ancient Fort; but when the Englishmen had settled down to stay, they found the Dutchmen pretty good fellows, and the Dutchmen found their old enemies genial and



WILLIAM H. WOOD.

A good example of the Dutch-English amalgamation
—Father's name, Joshua Wood; mother's name,
Joanna De Groot.

hearty companions in trade. They realized that there was room enough for everybody. They simply sat down and tolerated each other, and the result was a Dutch-English amalgamation, which has given us some of the strongest and sturdiest characters in the world. It is hard to match the industry, the deter-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

mination, the perseverance and the energy of those who have this ancestry; and there are many such in the City.

It was funny enough when the Dutchmen and the Englishmen began to amalgamate on the clothing line. When a Dutch tailor made a suit of clothes for an Englishman, the result was very amusing; but it was much harder for the clothed victim when the English tailor made a suit for the Dutchman. Little by little they got together on the matter of clothes, and the result was a New York style—and New York styles lead the world to this day. If you don't believe it, take a walk through London and see the processions of ill-fitted gentlemen who look like guys. You will continue to purchase your clothing in New York.

When the Englishmen and the Dutchmen swapped peltries for produce, and their children exchanged smiles and kisses at the kissing bridge—and followed the kissings with weddings, as they were bound to do—the causes for hatred, which seemed so great across the ocean, were only remembered as a tradition, or a nightmare. The historians have quarreled about the location of the kissing bridge, three separate places having their respective champions; but we common folks easily see that there were three kissing bridges. Their successors are in Central Park, as any observant visitor may notice.

We have not forgotten, in our estimate of the commercial honor of those times, that some evil designing individuals undertook to make themselves rich

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

by debasing the currency. The clam-shell money, which was called by the Indian name of *sewan*, possessed some intrinsic value, because of its fine workmanship; but the aforesaid evil designing folks, whom the Dutchmen alleged to be degenerate Englishmen, made *sewan* by the wholesale, of very deficient workmanship, so that the early government had to issue an edict against this debased currency. Certain it is that some bad-looking men, who were not Dutchmen, and who had mysterious converse with certain bad Indians, waxed rich and lived in riotous excess. Was this the beginning of "Free-coinage"?

It is customary for writers, who are describing New York, to begin by carrying their readers up through the beautiful Narrows, and giving them a bird's-eye view of the City for an introduction; but we who know the way home from Coney Island, and are quite familiar with this bird's-eye view, would do better to begin our observations at the point where the commercial life of the New World had its beginning, and the point from which New York's history, as well as New York's institutions, have been developed. This pivotal point, of which the hurrying throngs are strangely ignorant, is located in the row of houses south of Bowling Green. Number 4 Bowling Green, now occupied by the Cunard Steamship Co., and bearing the tablet of the Holland Society, stands on the north wall of old Fort Amsterdam, and the alley which runs up from the rear of the block behind the fruit auction rooms of Brown & Seecomb (called Whitney Street after

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Stephen Whitney, the millionaire merchant, who once lived at Number 1 Bowling Green) enters the heart of the old Fort. The Broadway cars run over its west rampart. On this block have happened some of the most important and stirring events in American history; from it have gone the impulses of New York's greatness, and on it to-day are the offices of the Atlantic steamship companies, which unite this commercial city with the great nations of the old world.

Our progress has been so rapid, and the past has faded so quickly, that many well informed people who know that the beginning of our city was in and around a Dutch fort, at the southern end of the island, imagine that Castle Garden stands on that site; but old New Yorkers who used to attend the concerts in that obsolete fort, when Jennie Lind sang, remember that it was out in the water, on large black rocks, and that they had to cross from the mainland on a bridge. It will surprise many to know that nearly the whole of Battery Park is on made ground. The southern water-line was just a little south of Pearl Street, where it curves into State Street, while the western water-line was at Greenwich Street, and the eastern water-line at Pearl Street. The important districts lying outside of those streets have all been rescued from the waters. The filling in, east and west, was done shortly after the Revolutionary War. The City owned the lands between high and low water marks, under the Dongan Charter, and it sold lots all along the present

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Water and Front Streets at about \$20 apiece, the purchasers filling them in and building on them.

Speaking of the spirit of tolerance which has distinguished the inhabitants of Manhattan Island, it is noteworthy that no one has been put to death for his religious convictions. A statute was passed in 1700, which prohibited Catholic priests from preaching in the City on pain of death. It was enacted by the governor and his council to prevent the French from working among the Indians and turning them against the English and Dutch Protestants. It was never enforced. A priest named Ury was executed on the Common, now the City Hall Park; but the real offense charged against him was complicity in the negro uprisings, which were believed to be so serious as to require the most rigorous measures of repression, and the testimony implicated him in the plot. Ury protested his innocence in the most touching words, and those words leave no doubt that his punishment was not connected with his religious practices.

The witchcraft heresy could get no foothold here. While New England blazed with the baleful flames of burning witches, the people of New York looked on with interest; and though they—simple folks—could not deny what the very intelligent philosophers of New England asserted about witchcraft, yet, when such accusations were made, no tribunal would convict the accused. Anne Hutchinson, an estimable woman, who was adjudged guilty in Rhode Island and banished from that colony, found refuge

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

in what is now Pelham Park; and, though accused by the frightened people of Westchester, was found harmless by the New York authorities, and received permission to remain there in peace. It was left for the Indians to kill Mrs. Hutchinson.

As an example of the delusion which held our brethren in New England, we may read the following questions and answers in the examination of a little girl who was imprisoned as a witch.

“How long hast thou been a witch?”

“Ever since I was six years old.”

“How old are you now?”

“Brother Richard says I shall be eight years old next November.”

“You said you saw a black cat once; what did it say to you?”

“It said it would tear me to pieces if I did not sign my name to a book.”

“How did you afflict folks?”

“I pinched them. My mother carried me to afflict them.”

“How could your mother carry you when you were in prison?”

“She came like a black cat.”

“How did you know it was your mother?”

“The cat told me she was my mother.”

Returning to our consideration of the old Dutch Fort, we feel that we must, if possible, ascertain its exact location. There was a little hillock which extended from State Street south of Bowling Green eastward across Whitehall Street, and south of Bridge

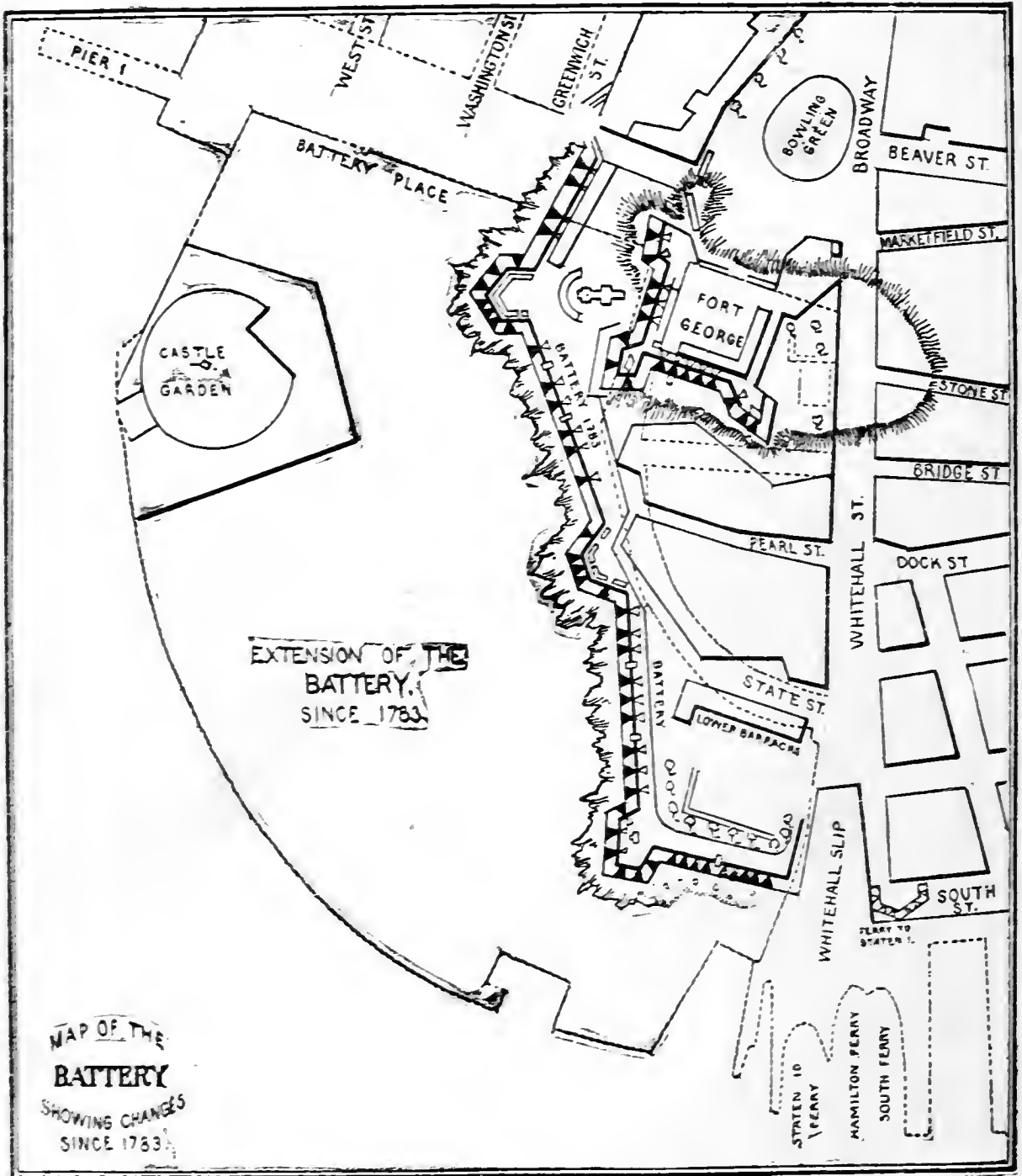
NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Street, which was specially adapted for fortification. The surrounding ground was low, and in some places marshy and wet. A creek ran up Broad Street nearly to Wall Street, and the boats which found harbor in it were well protected by the Fort, which was built on the hill. The northern entrance of the Fort was a little west of Number 4 Bowling Green. The western wall, which was armed with cannon, lay mostly within the present lines of State Street, and the southern wall, which was also armed, did not quite reach to Bridge Street. No part of the Fort, excepting possibly the northeastern corner, touched Whitehall Street. It is most interesting to note that the northern line of the Fort is covered by the buildings now used as offices for the great steamship companies, including English, French, German and American lines, and the western line is occupied by the houses on State Street devoted to the reception and the care of immigrants of various nationalities, and the southern line is occupied by a great auction room for tropical fruits; but the eastern line of the block (Whitehall Street), which did not sustain any portion of the old structure, is occupied by a row of little stores of various kinds, which are entirely out of company with their neighbors on the other sides of the block, and are entirely out of relation with the business palaces across Whitehall Street. Here are some of the signs which appear on the buildings on the State Street side of the block.

New York "Mercury," September 7, 1767: "Yes-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

terday morning the coroner's inquest set on the body of one William Kieth, a soldier of the Sixteenth Regiment, who was found drowned near the end of



Pearl Street, under the wall of the Battery.” This poor soldier’s body lay just west of the Elevated Railroad, on a line continuing Pearl Street into Battery Park.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

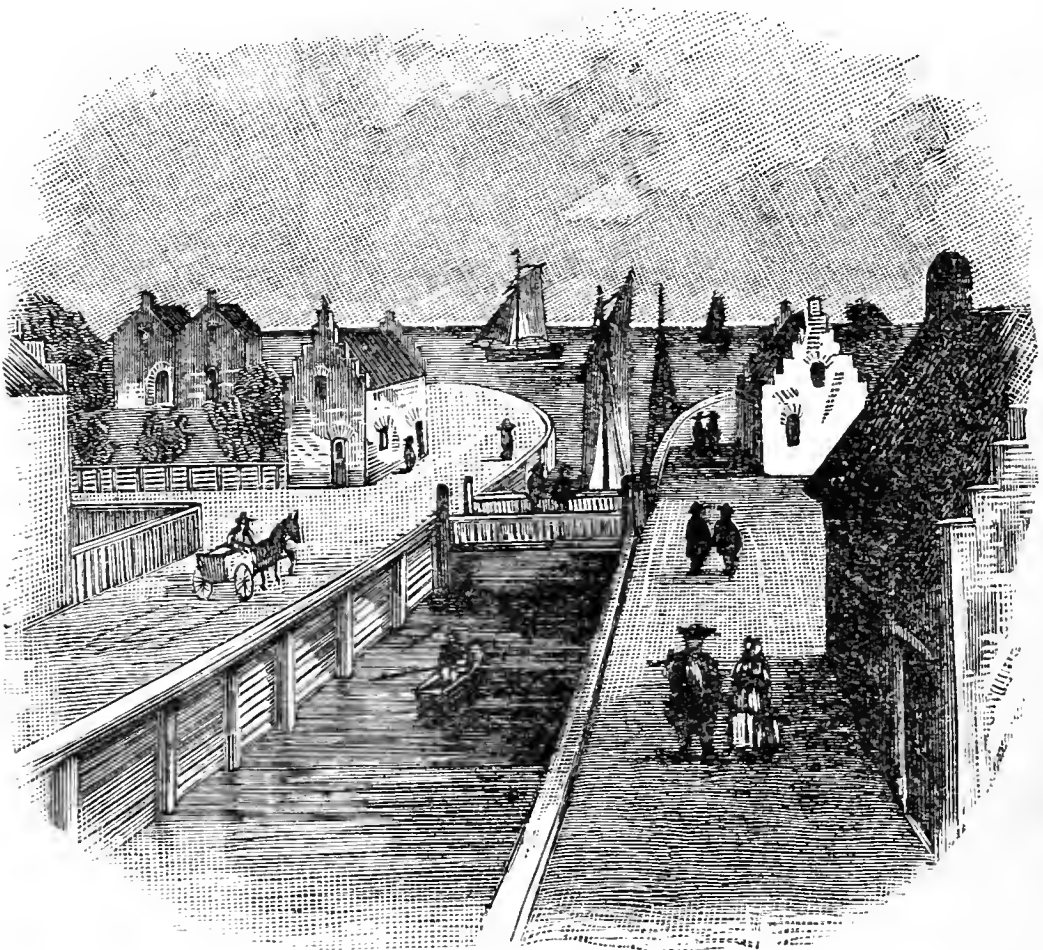
The sketch, on previous page, of the Fort and of the streets will prove interesting.

In this neighborhood are the oldest streets of the City. Few of them have remained exactly as they were originally laid out; but the little section of Pearl Street south of the Fort block, running from State to Whitehall, is almost in the same position, of the same width, and on the same lines as it existed in the earliest period. It is impossible to find a relic of the oldest Dutch buildings; for those structures were nearly all consumed in the great fires of 1776 and 1835, and those which remained have given way to more modern buildings; but a walk through this neighborhood will carry one far into the past, and an observation of the house at Number 19 Pearl Street will almost convince the investigator that he has got back into the earliest colonial period. Broad Street was the place which delighted the hearts of the Dutchmen, because it reminded them of home. By common consent the navigable stream which ran through its middle was kept so that trading boats could run right into the center of the settlement, and the houses that were built along its banks were kept sufficiently far from it to make reasonable passageway on either side. Here was a natural canal, and so Broad Street became the principal street, under the name of the *Heere Gracht*, or Gentleman Canal.

In course of time the walls of the canal were sided with boards, and the expense was assessed on those who lived on its banks, at the rate of forty

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

guilders (\$16) per rod. Those on the west side, from the river to Beaver Street, were: Hans Dreper, 1 rod 10 feet; Hendrick, the baker, 5 rods $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet (he refused to pay and was imprisoned); Tunis Cray, $2\frac{1}{2}$ rods; Oloff S. Van Cortland, 3 rods 13 feet; Ferick Lubbersen, 4 rods $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet; Peter Merrist, 1 rod 10 feet; Gerrit Jansen Roos, 2 rods; Reinhart Rein-



The Gracht.

houtzen, 4 rods; Coenraet Ten Eyck, 2 rods $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet; David Wessels, 1 rod $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet; Peter Van Naarden, 1 rod $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet; Guilan Cornelis, 3 rods $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet. On the east side, from Beaver Street to the river, they were: Jochem Beekman, 2 rods $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet (he wouldn't pay and was imprisoned); Jacob Backer, Jan Rutgerzen, 2 rods 5 feet; Abraham, the carpenter, 3 rods

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

1 foot; Adrian Vincent, 6 rods 10 feet; Jacob Van Cowenhoven, 6 rods 6½ feet; Cornelis Melyn, 4 rods 7 feet; Henrick Jansen Vandervin, 4 rods 7½ feet.

A semi-circular dock was built where the stream emptied into the river, in which the little vessels anchored securely. This basin is now solid ground. The intervening space between the Broad Street canal and the Fort was traversed by Beaver Street, through which a little creek (the *Bever Gracht*) ran into the Broad Street water, and by Marketfield Street, Stone Street, and Bridge Street, which were, of course, in those days, known by more euphonious names, suitable to the Dutch tongue. On Marketfield Street the French Huguenots erected their place of worship. Its site is covered by the present Produce Exchange, which is built over a portion of that street. The Huguenots were about only four per cent of the population, but they were an exceedingly valuable element. They loved liberty, they were earnest and upright, and they never engaged in race hostilities. They made a settlement at New Rochelle, and on Saturday nights the people, after working hard all week, tramped down to New York to enjoy the services in the Marketfield Church. They carried weapons, for their route led them through the regions often desolated by Indian raids. When they arrived at the Collect Pond, Sunday mornings, they washed, ate and rested, sang the Sixtieth Psalm, and proceeded on their way rejoicing. They spent the sacred day in the services of the church, and in cheerful visiting with their

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

friends, and walked home again at night. The opportunity of worshiping God in their own way, without molestation, was greatly prized; for they had been deprived of it in their native land, and they wrote to their friends in France of the great privilege that they enjoyed.

Bridge Street was so named because it led to a



Old Dutch Life.

bridge that crossed the canal in Broad Street. Near this bridge the Dutch merchants met regularly to discuss their affairs, and the first Board of Trade assembled there.

The Dutch settlers brought their religion with them, and it was a choice and rugged form of the Protestant faith, which could survive the absence of ministers and vestments. Without priestly leadership,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

they congregated on Sundays in a horse-mill, which was situated on what is now South William Street (old Mill Street), near Pearl, and there they turned their attention stately to the matters of their eternal welfare, and prayed for protection in a wild and strange land.

During this time Governor Peter Minuet bought the whole of Manhattan Island from the Indians for trinkets worth \$24. The Governor has been accused of driving a sharp bargain; but he was, like the Irishman, "buying a pig in a poke." There were terrible enemies lurking in the great wilderness stretching to the north, and he knew not what rival claimants might appear. If that sum of \$24 had been put out at compound interest at six per cent on May 6, 1626, when it was paid, the present accumulation would be many millions of dollars. This is certain, that it was more honorable to purchase the rights of the Indians for that which was valuable to them than it would have been to have dispossessed them by force of arms, as has been so generally done throughout the country. At about this time, and not far from the spot where this purchase was made, was born the first white child, Jean Vigne, whose parents lived on a little farm at Wall and Pearl Streets. Justice Charles H. Truax, of the Supreme Court of New York, is his descendant. Sarah Rapelje, the first New York girl, was born near Albany in 1625. Governor Minuet was succeeded by the elephantine Governor Wouter Van Twiller, who brought not only his great

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

round self and immense quantities of provisions (which made the people very happy), but also—what was more highly appreciated by the honest settlers—a real live *dominie*. Dominie Bogardus received a warm welcome, and speedily showed himself to be much more of a man and of much more consequence in the community than the governor himself. He was not afraid to lecture his rulers and to call them to account for their sins, and this propensity led to some very rough tussles.

Bogardus lived up to the law, and he did not hesitate to thunder the Divine commands at those who did not. Being himself of unimpeachable character, and having the courage of his convictions, he was not only a spiritual leader, but he was also a wise adviser in public affairs. He knew well how to take care of himself; for when he was slandered by a woman with a long tongue (and those Dutch scolds must have been awful), he cited her to court to prove her allegations, and when she failed, the judgment which he sought and obtained, compelled her to parade herself through the streets, declaring with her same long, loud and loose tongue that the dominie was a good man, and that she had lied about him. There are some things in which we might do well to follow our robust Dutch ancestors.

Of course, a man of such attainments as Dominie Bogardus possessed would not long lead worship in a horse-mill. He caused a little church to be erected on the line of Pearl Street, between Whitehall and Broad Streets, fronting the East River (33 Pearl

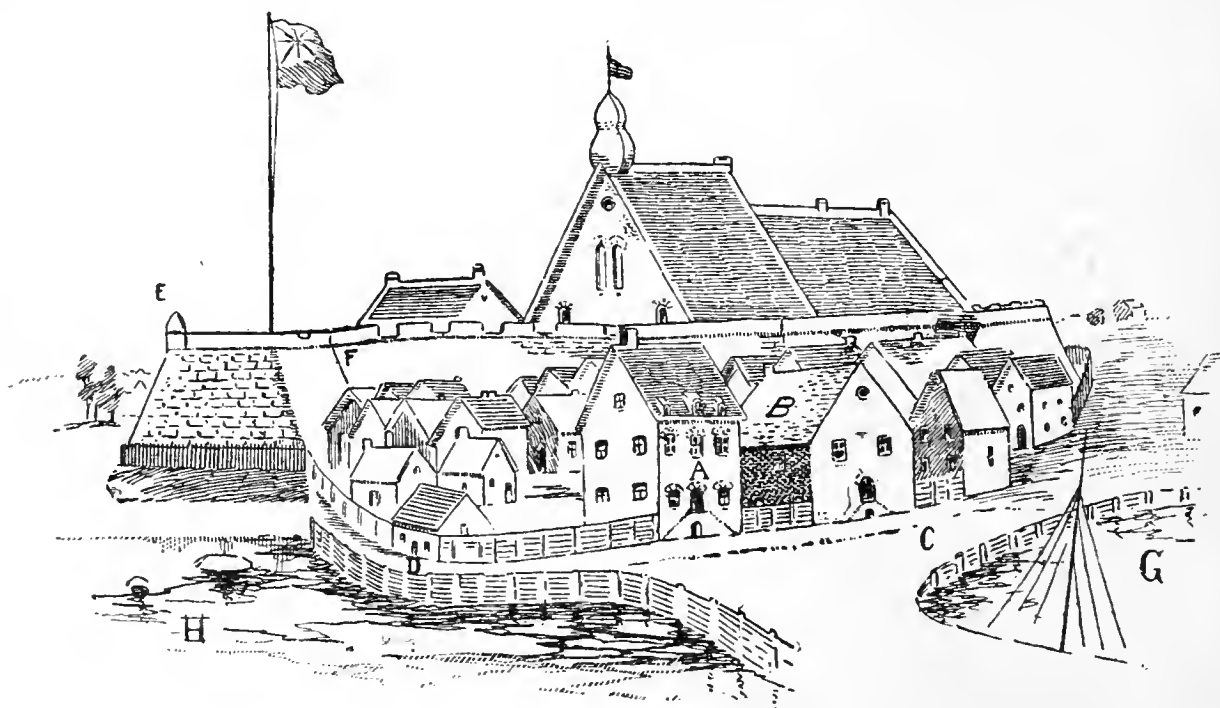
NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Street). It will be noted that the Dutch preferred the East River side of the island, and that it was the English, who came afterward, that first opened up Broadway and the lands west of Broadway. The preference of the Dutch for the east side was due, undoubtedly, to the fact that their lovely canal lay east of the Fort, and that there were any number of bogs and mud-holes up along the east side of the island. If the English had not captured New York, and had not finally outnumbered the Dutch, the Broad Street canal would have been continued, and the City would have been crossed and recrossed with canals, so that communication would be easy by water and boats through all its parts. Had this been done, the danger of falling overboard from the City would have helped the Prohibitionists to elect an alderman once in a while.

The little church prospered; but presently the dominie became jealous of the better accommodations that the governor had in his snug dwelling within the Fort, and he protested that it was a shame that the governor should live in a nice house, while the public services of God were maintained in a barn. It was no easy matter to secure the money for such an undertaking as the building of a real church, and Bogardus was as shrewd as he was pious; so watching his time one day, when the governor and his associates were feasting hugely, and while their hearts were merry and their heads befuddled with the creature comforts which none of them declined to enjoy, he broached his little project and secured the sub-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

scriptions which were necessary to build the church; and so it was that in due time there arose within the walls of the Fort, alongside of the governor's house, a little church, in which the steadfast minister maintained the spiritual interests of the settlement. Here was the Fort, and in it was the governor



THE OLD FORT.

- A. The white house built on the "Strand" outside the fort by Governor Stuyvesant, from which Whitehall Street took its name.
- B. The brick house built by Jacob Leisler, afterward Governor. The first brick house built on Manhattan Island.
- C. The "Strand," now Whitehall Street.
- D. Pearl Street. The bend where the letter D is still exists, as does the little house at present Number 19 Pearl Street.
- E. Part of rampart over which State Street now runs.
- F. Part of fort now covered by Brown & Seccomb's fruit auction rooms.
- G. Basin into which the Broad Street creek emptied. Now filled in and covered with buildings.
- H. The river, now completely filled in.

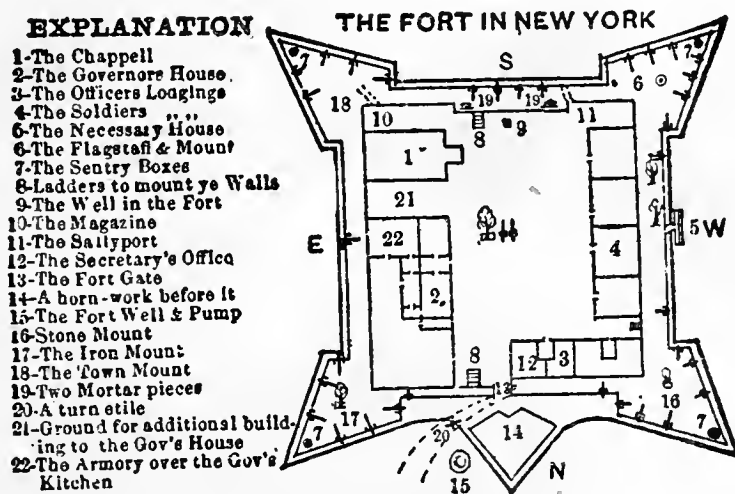
The rear of the church looks out on Bowling Green.

and the dominie, the governmental house and the church. Here was the center of the religious, political and social life of the whole of Manhattan Island, and out of that center radiated the influences

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

which have maintained their potency of control even down to the present.

One would think that the youth of our schools would be marched round this block on regular occasions, and that there would be a steady stream of people with plans, guide-books and compasses in their hands, diligently spying out the lines and the angles of the old Fort and pestering the brokers, the agents, the clerks, the missionaries, and even the immigrants, in efforts to get into the interior of the



Plan of Fort George.

block, and to stand on the site of the church, the governor's house, the well, the pump, the flagstaff, and all the other quaint and useful institutions that were surrounded by the rude walls.

Here it was that Minuet heard the lawsuit and told the contestants that he would take three days to consider the case, but would eventually decide for the plaintiff; and here Van Twiller smoked his own tobacco, grown at Sapokanikan, in the present Ninth Ward, and blew those prodigious clouds of smoke that enveloped himself, his counselors, and all who

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

sought his august presence, and perfumed their clothes with its rare staying qualities. Here Governor Kieft planned and ordered his raids on the Indians, which brought so much vexation and suffering to the colony; and here Peter Stuyvesant gave to the world his unique exhibition of hard sense and honesty, impetuosity and arrogance, until he was compelled to surrender his stronghold to the conquering British. Here, too, came the first school-master, who, although he came with Bogardus, was



Whipping of the Schoolmaster.

unable to maintain the honor of his calling; for he succeeded so poorly in his enterprise of teaching the Dutch youths that he was obliged to take in washing to eke out his existence; and finally was tried before the governor upon a disgraceful charge, and was sentenced to be flogged and banished. The first instruments of punishment were upon the beach, just outside the walls of the Fort, and there the poor school-teacher received his flogging. How many little urchins danced and whooped, in the crowd that

watched the school-teacher's licking, and how they rubbed certain portions of their anatomies when the cat-o'-nine tails fell on Roelantsen's back, has not been recorded by any historian; but if the present New York boy is any sample of the boys of 1646, we cannot doubt that there was a rare time among the juveniles on that occasion.

For proof that the schoolmaster took in washing, we are referred to the Court record under date of Sept. 20, 1638.

"Adam Roelantsen, plaintiff, against Gillis De Voocht, defendant, on demand, for payment for washing.

"Plaintiff demands payment for washing defendant's linen.

"Defendant makes no objection whatever to the price of the washing; but only objects to the time at which payment is demanded, as the year is not yet elapsed.

"The Court decides that the plaintiff shall wash for defendant during the time agreed upon, and then he may demand his pay."

In 1642 he lived on the north side of Stone, between Whitehall and Broad Streets, close to Van Cortlandt's brewery. He made a visit to Holland and worked his passage back to New York, and said the prayers for the ship's company. His grievous offenses and his condign punishment occurred after his return. He sold his house, which cost him \$140, to Govert Aertsen. His successor was Arien Jansen Van Ilpendam. The regular charge

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

for tuition was two beaver skins per annum. It was at about this period that the first recorded sale of a city lot appears. Anthony Van Fees paid \$9.60 for a full lot on Bridge Street. At this time, the noted Tryntje Clock, skilled in the use of herb medicines, lived at the corner of Pearl and Hanover Streets.

Dominie Bogardus, of whom we have spoken, was as pronounced a character as Governor Stuyvesant of later days; and when he and the fiery Governor Kieft came into conflict, as they often did, even the old women forgot their customary gossip, and nothing was talked of throughout the community but the red-hot warfare between the two great men of the city. Kieft was the civic head, and he knew it; Bogardus was the spiritual head, and he never forgot it. Each had his strong ground and kept one foot upon it, while pressing into his opponent's territory to administer knockout blows. The governor had the best of it in the beginning, because of his hold on the courts, into which the dominie was forced; but Bogardus soon learned the ways of the law and how to use the courts himself; and the merry war did not cease until the wrestlers, having thoroughly measured each other's strength, agreed to call it a draw and to shake hands.

Bogardus' natural and official force was greatly strengthened by his marriage to Annetje, the widow of Roelof Jansen—more commonly called Anneke Jans. Through that marriage he acquired wealth and greater influence. The widow's four children

were: Sarah, who became the wife of Hans Kierstede; Catrina, who married Johannes Van Brugg; Fytje, who married Pieter Hartgers; and Jan Roelofsen. So, we see, the dominie's relations were extended in a very high-sounding manner. Their home was near the corner of Whitehall and Bridge Streets. The cause of the enmity between Bogardus and the governor was the Indian war, which Kieft ordered against the advice of many of the people, including the dominie, and which involved the colony in great loss, suffering and bereavement. Bogardus strongly advised against the war, and when it was begun in the perfidious massacre of an Indian tribe, fortifying himself with the "Dutch courage," which was permissible to preachers as well as the common people, he poured out from his pulpit such broadsides of denunciation that the governor was driven out of the church. The situation was decidedly uncomfortable for Kieft. He knew that his war was unpopular, and he realized that, while the people hated him for it, they required his official and personal presence at the Sunday services in the church. He could not attend those services without being denounced to his face by the indignant minister; and when he braved the criticisms of the people, by absenting himself from the services, he got no more relief, for the stentorian tones of the valiant preacher penetrated even into the governor's house. Then the magistrates, assembled at the old City Hall, were inspired by the governor to issue this formidable summons to the preacher:

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“In the name of the Lord, Amen. In the year 1646, in New Netherland.

“The Honorable Director and Council, to the Reverend Everardus Bogardus, Minister of the Gospel in this place:

“Although we were informed of your proceedings during the administration of the former Director, Wout Van Twiller, and though warned to be upon our guard, we did not consider it worth our notice, because we were confident that no man who preached the words of the Lord would so far forget himself, although we possess letters, in your handwriting, among others, one of the 17th June, 1634, from which it does not appear as if you were inspired with the spirit of the Lord, but, to the contrary, in a manner that would be unbecoming heathens, much less Christians, much less a preacher of the Gospel, when you scolded the magistrate appointed over you by God, for a child of the devil, a consummate villain, declaring that your bucks were better than he, and vaunted yourself that you would give next Sunday, from the pulpit, such a shake that you and he should shudder, with more of such injurious trash, which we pass by in silence, out of respect to that honorable man.

“During our government, you permitted yourself the same indecorous language, sparing scarce any individual in the country, not even your own wife nor her sister; especially you conducted yourself in that manner when you had been in good company, and your spirits were buoyed up, intermingling your

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

human passions freely in what you brought forth in the pulpit. In this manner you have continued acting with the greatest criminals in the country, taking their part, and defending them, declining to execute the order to distribute the Sacrament of the Lord, and not daring to make use of it yourself; and, therefore, that it may not be in your power to take your ignorance for a pretext, we shall select a few samples from a large list, to renew your remembrance:

“On the 25th September, 1639, when you had administered our Lord’s Supper, and perceiving that, late at night, the fire was yet burning in the Director’s mansion, after you had been at the house of Jacob Van Curler, and you were thoroughly intoxicated, you exclaimed vehemently at the Director and Jochem Pieters, against whom you were enraged, because the Director requested a favor for Jacob Peters, which you refused, as appears from an affidavit in our possession.

“Since that period, you have been guilty of many deeds unbecoming a minister of the Gospel, of which we, nevertheless, took no notice, in the hope that you would behave yourself, at least in your office, as a Christian, until at length, in March, 1643, when one Maryn Andriesen entered the Director’s room with the deliberate purpose to murder him, which was prevented, and he was put in irons. Then you embraced the cause of that criminal, composed his writings, and took upon yourself to defend him. But, nevertheless, he was sent in chains to

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Holland, on which account you audaciously fulminated on the subject during a fortnight, and dishonored the pulpit by your passionate behavior. Furthermore, the manner in which, during that time, you conducted yourself every evening is known to all your neighbors. At last, you seemed for a while to be reconciled to the Director, and a short interval of peace was enjoyed; when, however, in 1644, one Laurens Cornelisen was here, a man of profligate character, who had violated his oath, had committed perjury and theft, he was taken under your patronage, and you were in daily correspondence with him, for the reason, merely, that he had slandered the Director.

“In the same year, during the summer, when the minister Doughty celebrated our Lord’s Supper, you ascended the pulpit while in a state of extreme intoxication. So, too, on Friday, before Christmas, in the same year, when you preached the preparation sermon, you were in the same condition. And when you dined, in the beginning of the year 1645, at the Attorney-general’s, you arrived there in a state of intoxication, denouncing, among others, Deacon Oloff Stevensen for a thief, on which the Director, then present, addressed you in an affectionate manner, intimating that it was not the place to make use of such language—still you went on, and the Director said, at last, that when you were drunk you did nothing but utter slanderous language. That, on last Friday, you yourself came, in a state of intoxication, into the pulpit; that it was indecorous

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

in a minister to lead such a life, which scandalized the whole congregation.

“Furthermore, when, a few days afterward (viz., 22d January, 1645), the Director was not at church, you denounced him in the most brutal manner, saying, ‘What are the great men of the country? What but receptacles of wrath, fountains of pain and trouble. Nothing is aimed at but to plunder other people’s property; to dismiss, to banish, and carry off persons to Holland.’ To avoid further scandal, the Director did not longer assist in the congregation, being conscious that he never took another man’s property, never committed any injustice in his office, never banished a person who had not thrice deserved it. If he dismissed some from offices, that was his prerogative, for which he is responsible to the Directors of the Company, but not to the minister.

“Furthermore, when, on the 21st March, 1645, you were at the wedding of Adam Brower, and in a state of intoxication, you again began scolding in the presence of the Secretary and the Attorney-general, violently blaming the Director, saying that he called your wife a , when you had yourself said that you did not believe the Director had said so, and that it could not be proved. In consequence of your language, we, on the 23d March, moved by Christian compassion, and from the consideration due to your office, instead of prosecuting you in a court of justice, sent you under seal a Christian admonition which you twice declined to accept, as was reported by the court messengers.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“Furthermore, you ministered our Lord’s Supper, at Passover and Pentecost, without partaking of it, but conducting yourself in a very offensive manner, pretending that the Director sent a person (Lysbet, the midwife) to your house, to sue for peace, but that you declined making peace with him.

“Furthermore, that you abused Anthony de Hooge, and when the peace with the Indians was about to be concluded, nothing was left undone by you to break off the negotiations, and in lieu of devout prayers, you poured down a string of invectives, which might have been followed by the most pernicious consequences.

“When at last peace was concluded with the savages, an extract from the orders of the magistrates was sent to you, that thanks be offered up to God for it. It is true you preached, *and a good sermon too*; but you said not a single word about the peace, neither thanked our God for it, although the day had been set apart for that solemn purpose, and was duly observed by all other ministers within our limits, with a fervent zeal.

“By this your affection toward the Company (by whom you are supported), and toward the welfare of this country, may be estimated. Your principles, also, are manifested by your patronage of those who have defrauded and injured the Company, and by the clandestine meetings with them, which still continue.

“Furthermore, when you preached a sermon on the 22d of December, the day of preparation for the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Lord's Supper, you said in public that you often administered the Lord's Supper without partaking of it, and wished that they who caused our divisions in the church could be cut off. Your bad tongue is, in our opinion, the only cause of these divisions, and your obstinacy the only reason of their continuance. We do not know of a single family not desirous of settling our troubles, except yourself. When you visit a family, you never inquire for the cause of their absence from the church. We, however, can tell the reason of such absence. On the 24th, you informed the congregation that in Africa, which has a climate of intense heat, different species of animals come together, by which various monsters are generated; but you know not, said you, from whence, in such a temperate clime as this, such monsters of men are produced. They are the mighty ones, who place their confidence in men, and not in the Lord! Children might have told to whom you alluded. It is these and similar sermons that have occasioned our absence from the church.

“All these things being regarded by us as having a tendency toward the general ruin of the country, both Church and State being endangered where the magistrate is despised, and it being considered that your duty and oath imperatively demand their proper maintenance; whereas, your conduct stirs up the people (already too much divided) to mutiny and rebellion—that the introduction of novelties causes schisms and abuses in the church, and makes us a scorn and a laughing-stock to our neighbors, all

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

which cannot be tolerated in a country where justice is maintained; wherefore, our sacred duty demanded that we seek out a remedy against this evil; and this remedy we now intend to employ, in virtue of our high commission from the Company, and we design to prosecute you in a court of justice; and, to do it in due form, we made an order that a copy of these our deliberations should be delivered to you, to answer in fourteen days, protesting that we intend to treat you with such Christian lenity as our conscience and the welfare of State and Church shall in any way permit. 2d January, 1646.”

If half of the charges specified were true, Bogardus should have been summarily expelled from his office. He was required to answer the complaint, and several answers were decided to be evasive. Order after order was issued, threatening him with dire punishment. This touching epistle was presented to him:

*The Honorable Director and Council, to the Rev.
Bogardus, Minister of the Gospel in
this City.*

“Although the proposal which we made to you to leave the decision of our dispute to impartial men, agreeably to your wishes, sufficiently justifies our proceedings, and shows our inclination for good understanding, while your refusal to assent thereto shows a contrary disposition; nevertheless, the respect which we owe to the sacred dignity of your office, and our cordial wishes for your welfare, in-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

duces us once more to bring the subject to your attention, inasmuch as a highly favorable opportunity presents itself from the presence here of the ministers, Revs. Johannes Megapolensis and Mr. Doughty, to whom may be joined such other impartial members as you may select. And we do solemnly protest, that, in case of your refusal, we shall be compelled to go on with the prosecution, and in order that we may all, in the midst of the congregation, pray to God to dispose our hearts and yours to a Christian reunion, it is our desire that the Rev. Megapolensis shall preach next Sunday, as has been his custom, when here, and that we may thus again have an opportunity of admiring the great gifts and talents which God has bestowed upon him. Wherefore, we are assured you will not decline to relinquish the pulpit on that occasion, and afford us the opportunity of hearing him. We expect your answer on this last point to-day; and on the first point, on next Thursday, 14th of June.”

Meanwhile, Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt, one of the deacons, sued the dominie for slander in connection with the general trouble; and that suit, at the suggestion of the governor and his council, was referred to Dominie Johannes Megapolensis, Antony De Hooges, Laurens Van Heusden, and Adriaen Van Donck, who gave this decision, which was approved by the governor and his council on June 12, 1646:

“*June* 11, 1646.—Whereas, we, the subscribers, have been authorized by the Director-general and

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Council, in New Netherland, to decide the dispute between the Rev. Bogardus and Oloff Stevensen, and to reconcile them to each other, as far as possible; and whereas, we have carefully examined all the documents in the case, and being convinced that no fault can be found with Oloff Stevensen, acting, as he did, under the commission with which he was honored by the commander; and inasmuch, also, as the Rev. Bogardus has declared that, if he had been informed of the existence of that commission, he should have had a different opinion of Oloff Stevensen than that expressed by him,

“We therefore unanimously conclude that the difference between said disputants is finally and forever annulled, and that all other difficulties which have arisen against the Rev. Bogardus, from this matter, are now to be considered as removed, and ought not to be revived in future against him.

“Done in Manhattans, June 11, 1646.”

Then it was that the combatants realized that they had had enough, and came to a truce. In the following year they sailed together in the ship “Princess,” and were shipwrecked and drowned on the coast of England.

We will speak of the Indian wars again, when we may properly give more of their details.

So many circumstances of interest in the various periods are crowded into the little space south of the City Hall that it will not be possible to present them in exact order. Let us make a short excursion from

the Fort, that we may notice some other interesting relics of the Dutch. While they loved the canal in Broad Street they also loved the river front. By the thumping of their weighty pedals, as they tramped up and down the water's edge, leading their cows the same way, a well beaten track was made, following the curves and the outline of the Island, which in time became Pearl Street. Reasoning on the principles of heredity, there can be no doubt that



Dutchman eating Clams.

they dug great quantities of clams on the beach and put them to their natural uses; for the New York Dutch thrive on clams and take them for a steady diet to this day. It is an affecting sight to see them on the "Al Foster" and the "J. B. Schuyler," at the Fishing Banks, cutting clams for bait, lunching on clam-chowder, and then carrying home the surplus bait for supper.

As vessels and traders came more and oftener to visit the port, and to attend the hog and cattle fairs

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

on Bowling Green, the resources of the governor's house became inadequate for the entertainment of the dignitaries who attended those functions, and accordingly Governor Kieft caused a public-house to be erected on Pearl Street, fronting Coenties Slip. There a very respectable brick building was erected, and it was the first tavern and hotel on Manhattan Island. There was nothing in its appearance or in its provisions to provoke any such wild nightmares as would spread before the dreamy visions of their snoring guests pictures of the New Netherlands, the Holland, the Waldorf, and the Astoria hotels. The brick of which it was constructed were brought across the ocean; for then there had not been discovered the great beds of clay upon which have been founded our immense brick industries. Some years ago antiquarians sought eagerly for the Dutch brick of which Number 1 Broadway was constructed, as it was believed to be the last Dutch house; but Number 19 Pearl Street and Number 122 William Street, and a few other buildings yet standing, were built of imported Dutch bricks. The tavern was eventually turned into a city hall or *stadthuys*, for the public business outgrew the resources of the governor's quarters. The gallows, the whipping-post, the stocks and the pillory were removed from the beach and were placed in front of the City Hall, where they stood as a terror to evil doers, and where the Dutch boys had lots of fun in throwing addled eggs at the luckless criminals who were locked in the stocks or fastened on the pillory. The Dutch boys

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

of that period stole and hid the barnyard fruit, so that they might always have a loud-smelling stock with which to pelt the victims of the stocks.

In front of this building, and within the present Coenties Slip, was placed the *stadthuys* battery, which mounted several cannon.

The ducking stool for scolding women was at the water's edge.

This was a busy place after the City was retaken by the Dutch in 1673. There were present the Governor, the Mayor, the *Hoofd Schout* (high sheriff), and the *Fiscal* (State's attorney). The *Burgomasters* and *Schepens* added their share to the bustle and the enthusiasm; and the building was shaken by the rolling around of these official ponderosities, especially when dinner time arrived, and all stomachs felt as one, and every pair of legs moved as one. They were not permitted to step in time, for fear of shaking down the building. Antonio Colve, who had assisted in the capture from the English, was governor, and Nicholas Bayard was his *geheim schryver* or secretary of secrets. Bayard was also *vendu meester* or auctioneer, and receiver of city revenues. In those days a mayor could not get along with the gout. He was constantly on the go out, and had no time to brew tea. He conducted the daily parades of the warriors, and each evening he received from the *hoofd-wagt* (head guard) the keys of the City and personally locked the gates, and stationed the *burger wagt* (citizen guard) in their places for the night watch.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Sometimes he made night tours and caught faithless watchers "off post," and they had speedy punishment in the stocks. He was up again at daylight and went the rounds with a detail of soldiers, relieving the watchmen, posting the guards, opening the gates, and delivering the keys back to the governor in the Fort. He has a worthy successor in



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

our present City government, who is not ashamed of his Dutch ancestry.

It is believed by superstitious members of the police force that the president of the board goes down to Morris Street at regular intervals and consults the shadow of Mayor Van de Water, and that he has in his service a number of Dutch shades, who keep watch for tired and "liquidated" policemen at night, and put the president on their track.

Mr. Roosevelt has never denied the truth of this

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

belief; but whenever it is hinted to him, he lets off his terrifying graveyard effect, which has sent the cold shivers down the backs of so many delinquent officers, and more than ever convinced them of the unearthly spell that has seized the old department, drying up the rich streams of buccaneering wealth, and limiting its energies to the earning of only one salary for each officer, instead of the numerous salaries that they used to work so hard for.

The first *burgomasters* were Cornelis Steenwyck, Cornelis Van Ruyven, Johannis Van Brugh, Martin Cregier (a royal man, a good soldier and a great Indian fighter), Johannis de Peyster and Nicholas Bayard. The first *schepens* were Jeronimus Ebbingh, William Beeckman, Egidus Luyck, Jacob Kip, Gelyn Verplanck, Lonraus Van de Spiegel, Balthazaer Bayard, Francois Rombouts, Stephen Van Cortlandt, Adolph Pietersen, Reynier Willemsen, Peter Jacobsen, Jean Vigne (the first white man born on Manhattan Island), Pieter Stoutenburgh and Coenraet Ten Eyck.

Here is a translation of the governor's orders to Mayor Van de Water:

"1st. The mayor shall take good care that in the morning the gates are opened with sunrise and locked again in the evening at sunset, for which purpose he shall go to the *hoofd wagt*, and there address himself to the commanding officers, and demand to conduct him thither at least a sergeant with six *schutters* (soldiers), all armed with guns (shooters,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

of course): with these he shall proceed to the Fort to fetch the keys, and return these again there as soon as the gates are opened or shut. There he shall receive the watchword from the governor, or from the officer commanding in his absence; when he shall again return to the City Hall and deliver the received orders to the sergeant of the guard, to be further notified where it ought to be.

“2d. The mayor shall be present at all military tribunals, and have his vote in his turn next the youngest ensign.

“3d. The mayor may every night make the round, give the watchword to the corporal, visit the guards, and if there are some absent, make the next day his report to the governor.

“4th. He shall act in the military council as secretary, and take care that a correct register is kept of all transactions. The record shall remain in his care, and he will deliver no copy of it except on special orders.

“12 Jan. 1674.

“Done at Fort William Hendrick.”

There was great running to and fro between the Fort and the *Stadthuys*. The people were filled with the importance of their victory over the English, they gloried in the fairness of their conquest, and they told again and again the story of the march of the gallant 600 from the apple orchard (at the foot of Vesey Street), down to the Fort, and of its surrender to them. They desired to estab-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

lish a sound and substantial government, and were impressed with their dangers from Indians and New Englanders—almost equally dreaded. It is doubtful whether New York was ever so thoroughly and paternally governed as it was during the few years of the second Dutch domination.

The City lay almost entirely east of the *Heere Strasse* (Broadway), and was all south of the *Cingle* (Wall Street); and there must have been a constant procession of the public business—embodied in strangely active blunderbuss officials—through Stone (*Brower*) and Pearl (*Perel*) Street, between the two official points. We are able to locate the *Stadthuys* definitely at the corner now occupied by the building Number 73 Pearl Street. Don't be deceived by the old iron lamp frame projecting from the side wall. It is indeed a relic of old days, but not of Dutch days.

This site illustrates the remarkable succession of nationalities which may be seen everywhere in the lower part of the Island. The building is now occupied by Boulton & Contoupolo, importers of Egyptian cigarettes, and by a German firm, which, having little patience with American antiquarians, has a sign in the window warning away all persons that have no business there—and they mean it strictly in a commercial sense too.

"THIS MEANS YOU."

As we look out over Jeannette Park, which commemorates heroic deeds of American explorers, we

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

see the spots which were occupied by the batteries and their guns, the stocks and other instruments of justice; but in the rush of traffic, the evidences of immense business movements, and the hurry of the people, who show very little of the stolid and phlegmatic dispositions which once were so much in evidence, we begin to wonder whether we have read these old stories in histories or in romances. But



Coen and Antye Embracing.

Pearl Street is there, winding, as of old, and none the worse for having been called Queen Street by Englishmen; and Coenties Slip preserves the names and memories of the quaintest and honestest couple of the good old times, who there loved and lived, and raised their virtuous progeny, gave their names to

the spot, and, having done what they could for New Amsterdam's virtue and fame, passed away. Coenrat Ten Eyck and his wife, "Antye Ten Eyck"—Coen and Antye's Slip—Coenties Slip. How lovingly the last syllable of *Coen's* name embraces the first syllable of *Antye's*. What belonged to each, belonged to the other. United in life, their memories are still linked, though mouthed by a restless, heedless multitude, few of whom give a passing thought to these exemplars of home living and home loving, which, after all, make a State great, and

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

are more needed in New York to-day than any other social force.

The Dutch were as great for "good cheer" as they were for trade; and it cannot be that this old tavern site is far removed from the cheese and the ale, and the round of schnapps. No; as close as possible to this old inn, usurped indeed by Boulton and Contoupolo, is—not Delmonico's—no indeed—but a plain, popular and populous beer saloon, where may be found toilers, adventurers, seafarers, and an occasional business man, who quaff the most majestic schooners of beer that can be found in the Metropolis. It is a noble sight to see a couple of Dutch sailors irrigating themselves from a pair of those broad-bottomed schooners in this travelers' rest and calling for more. The Dutch mania for canals is denied opportunity for expression on New York Island, except *via* the throat; and most consistently do the offshoots of Holland apply themselves to the joyous task of making the most of their opportunities. Certain descendants of the Dutch affect an appetite for champagne; but the canal instinct generally lands them under the table. Beer is the drink for Dutchmen, because it floods more and better, and at less cost, and with less wear and tear than any other. It was in this neighborhood that the discussion waxed high, some years ago, whether lager beer would intoxicate. A storekeeper had in his employ a Dutchman of phenomenal capacity (in a bibulous sense). He bet a customer that his man could drink a pailful of beer without getting drunk. The

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

man was called and was handed a pail. He looked at it dubiously, and said he would go out and think about it. He came back and said he could drink it; and he made good his word. Afterward his employer asked him why he did not take the beer at once. The answer was, "Vell, Mister Schmeet, I bin sick a liddle—I tidn't know vat I could do. I vent out and trinked a pail, and den I knowed I could do it, and I did dood it, ain't it?"

A friend of ours employs a great many men in his piano factory. Recently he gave them a picnic. In the afternoon he noticed that a giant Dutchman was peculiarly happy. He called him and asked him what kind of a time he was having. His answer was: "Mr. S., this is the first time I ever could say I had enough to drink."—"How many glasses of beer have you had?" asked Mr. S.—The answer came: "A hundred; *and now I tinks I shtop.*"

One of the first pieces of work done by the *burgomasters* and *schepens* at the Stadthuys in 1673 was the making of a list of the principal citizens and the value of their estates; and here they are, with the richest and most redolent, if not fragrant, names in America:

	Guilders		Guilders
Adolph Petersen (schepen)	1,000	Adrian Vincent.....	1,000
Andrias Jochems.....	300	Abel Hardenbroeck.....	1,000
Albert Bosch.....	500	Asser Leevey (he was the	
Abram Carmar.....	300	real original Levy: He-	
Abraham Jansen (carpen-		brew, butcher, litigant)..	2,500
ter).	600	Anna Van Borssum.....	2,000
Abraham Verplanck.....	300	Barent Coersen.....	3,500
Abraham Lubbersen.....	300	Balthasar Bayard (sche-	
Allard Anthony (notary		pen).....	1,500
public).....	1,000	Balthasar de Haerts.....	2,000
Anthony Jansen Van Sale	1,000	Boele Roeloffsen.....	600
Anthony De.....	1,000	Barnadus Hasfelt.....	300

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

	Guilders
Bay Croe Svelt.....	1,000
Claes Lock.....	600
Claes Bordingth.	1,500
Carsten Leursen.....	5,000
Cornelis Steenwyck (cap- tain of infantry, coun- selor of state, etc.).....	50,000
Cornelis Van Hooren.....	18,000
Cornelis Jansen Van Hoo- ren.....	500
Cornelis Chooper.....	5,000
Cornelis Van Borssum....	8,000
Cornelis Direksen (from westveen).....	1,200
Cornelis Barentse Vander Cuyll.....	400
Coenraet Ten Eyck (of Co- enties Slip).....	5,000
Christopher Hoogland (schepen).....	5,000
Cörel Van Brugge.....	1,000
David Wessels.	800
David Jochems.....	1,000
Dirck Smet (of Smet, Smith, or William St.)..	2,000
Dirck Van Cleef (of Van Clyff or Cliff St.).....	1,500
Dirck Wiggerse.....	800
Dirck Claesse (potter)....	700
Daniel Hendricks.....	500
Aegidius Luyk (rector of Latin school).....	5,000
Egbert Wouterse.....	400
Evert Pieterse.....	2,000
Evert Wesselse Kuyper...	300
Evert Duyckingh.....	1,600
Ephraim Harmans (Secre- tary to the sessions of the schout burgomaster and schepens).....	1,000
Elizabeth Bedloo.....	1,000
Elizabeth Driseus.....	2,000
Ffrancois Rombouts (sche- pen, afterward Mayor)..	5,000
Ffrederick Arentse(turner)	400
Ffredrick Gisberts..	400
Guiliane Verplanck (sche- pen).....	5,000
Guiliam de Honioud (a prominent Huguenot)....	400
Gabriel Minville (schepen)	10,000
Garret Gullevever.....	500
Mary Loockermans.....	2,000
Harmanus Burger.....	400
Harmanus Van Borsum...	600
Hendrick Kip, sen.....	300
Hendrick Bosch.....	400
Hendrick Gillesse (shoe- maker).....	300
Hendrick Wessels Smith..	1,200
Hendrick Willemse (back- er).....	2,000

	Guilders
Hendrick Van Dyke.....	300
Hans Kierstede.....	2,000
Hartman Wessels.....	300
Harmen Smecmar.....	300
Henry Bresier..	300
Isaacq Van Viecq.....	1,500
Isaac Van Tricht (in his brother's house).....	200
Isack de Foreest.....	1,500
Johannes Van Brugh (bur- gomaster).....	1,400
Johannis de Peyster (bur- gomaster).....	15,000
Jeronimus Ebbingh (sche- pen).....	30,000
Jacob Kip (presiding sche- pen).....	4,000
Jacob de Naers.....	5,000
Jacob Leumen.....	300
Jacob Abrahamse(shoe- maker).....	2,500
Jacob Teuniss Key.....	8,000
Jacob Leyslaer (Leisler)...	15,000
Jacob Varravanger.....	8,000
Jacobus Van de Water (mayor and "auditeur")..	2,500
Jan Meynder de Karman..	300
Jan Hendrick Van Bommel	1,500
Jan Dirckse Meyer.....	600
Jan Van Bree Steede.....	500
Jan Herberdingh.....	2,000
Jan Spiegelaer.....	500
Jan Jansen (carpenter)....	300
Jan Reay (pipe-maker)....	300
Jan Coely Smet.....	1,200
Jan Schakerley..	1,400
Jan Joosten (barquier)....	2,500
Jan Vigne (schepen).....	1,000
Junan Blanck.....	1,600
Jeremias Jansen Hagenae	400
Jonas Bartels.....	3,000
John Lawrence (merchant)	40,000
James Matheus.....	1,000
Laurens Jansen Smet.....	300
Laurens Van de Spiegel...	6,000
Laurens Holst.....	300
Luycas Andries (barquier)	1,500
Lammert Huybertse Moll.	300
Luyckes Tienhoven.....	600
Marten Kregier (schepen).	2,000
Marten Jansen Meyer.....	500
Matheys de Haert.	12,000
Nicholas de Meyer (chronic office holder).....	50,000
Nicholas Bayard.....	1,000
Nicholas du Puy.....	600
Nicholas Jansen (backer)..	700
Olof. Stevensen Van Cort- landt.....	45,000
Peter Jacobs Marius.....	5,000
Peter Nys.....	500
Peter de Riemer.....	800

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

	Guilders		Guilders
Pieter Van de Water.....	400	Sibout Claess.....	500
Paulus Richard.....	5,000	S'onwert Olpheresse.....	600
Paulus Tureq.....	300	Thomas Leurs.....	6,000
Peter Jansen Mesier.....	300	Thomas Louwerss (backer)	1,000
Philip Johns.....	600	Wilhelm Beeckman (bur-	
Reynier Willemse (backer)	5,000	gomaster).....	3,000
Stephanus Van Cortlandt		Wander Wessels.....	600
(schepen).....	5,000	William Van der Schneven	300
Simon Jantz Romeyn.....	1,200		

Notice the beautiful and practical alphabetical arrangement of these names. Just how many Cornelises, Dircks, Hendricks, Jans and Pieters there were, could be told in a moment. The surnames didn't count.

There were some curious trials of criminal charges at the Stadthuys on this corner, and the punishments were very severe. Frequently men and women were executed for theft. Sometimes torture by the rack and chains was used to extort confessions. In May, 1661, Marten Van Weert was threatened with the rack, and confessed a long list of crimes. His punishment was a scourging with rods in a closed chamber and ten years' banishment. Mesaack Martenzen was tortured in the same year, and finally confessed that he stole cabbages, fowls and turkeys. He was fastened to the whipping-post, severely whipped, and banished for ten years. In 1672, the hangman, Ben Johnson, was convicted of robbery, and would have been sentenced to be hung, except that he could not hang himself, and there was nobody else to do the job. His punishment was thirty-nine stripes, inflicted at the whipping-post, the cutting off of one ear, and banishment. This interesting case divided the keen interest of the inhabitants with another curious inci-

dent, which is recited in the "Historical Magazine" in these words:

"About twelve days since, a disaster befell a young man in this town, by name one Mr. Wright, a one-eyed man, & a muff-maker by trade, who drinking hard upon rum one evening, wth some friends, began a health of a whole halfe pint at a draught, w^{ch} hee had noe sooner done but downee hee fell and never rose more, w^{ch} prodigy may teach us all to have a care how wee drink, in imitation of that good old lesson, *Foelix quem faciunt*, &c. This young man's untimely (*end*) doth somewhat parallel that person in yo^r letter, who you write was killed with a sley, the w^{ch} in like manner could but strike a great amazem^t into all that heard it, by w^{ch} wee may see that though there is but one way of coming into the world, yet there is a thousand wayes of goeing out of it."

Severe punishments continued for many years, and were frequently ordered by the judges who sat in the more modern and elevated court at the City Hall on the site of the Sub-treasury. The New York "Mercury," of September, 1756, reported that, "This day, between the hours of nine and eleven, Mrs. Johanna Christian Young, and another *lady*, her associate from Philadelphia, being found guilty of grand larceny, at the Mayor's Court, last week, are to be set on two chairs exalted on a cart, with their heads and faces uncovered, and to be carted from the City Hall, to that part of the Broadway near the new English Church (Trinity), from thence

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

down Maiden Lane, then down the Fly to the Whitehall, thence to the Church aforesaid, and then to the Whipping Post (Broad and Wall Streets), where each of them are to receive 39 *lashes*, to remain in gaol for one week, and then to depart the city."

The New York "Gazette," in January, 1768, states that "John Clayton Morris was committed in the Supreme Court for sheep stealing, but inasmuch as he had granted to him the benefit of the clergy he was only burned in the hand." The "Chronicle," of September 14, 1769, recites the administering of fifteen lashes to William Smith and Daniel Martin for stealing fiddle-strings; and Richard Ely, convicted of fraud, "was exalted on a wooden horse in a triumphal car, with labels on his breast; after which he was conducted to the public whipping-post, where he received a proper chastisement." In the same year John Jubeart was executed for passing counterfeit money. According to the New York "Gazette," of November 4, 1773, Elizabeth Donohough was convicted of picking Mr. Van Gelder's pocket in the Fly Market, and a negro named "Neptune" was convicted of burglary, and they were sentenced to be hanged.

"At a Supreme Court of Judicature held at the City Hall of the City of New York (Wall St.), the fourth of December, 1727, were presented for sentence David Wallace and David Willson, having at the last Court been convicted of a cheat, in passing some bills of credit of the Province of New Jersey, were now brought to the bar, and received

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the following sentence; viz., That the said David Wallace and David Willson do stand in the pillory between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon of the same day (12th inst.), and after that be placed in a cart, so as to be publickly seen, with halters about their necks, and carted thro' the most publick streets in this city; and then be brought to the public Whipping-Post, and there David Wallis, on his bare back, to receive thirty-nine stripes, and David Willson twenty-eight stripes. And within some convenient time after, the Sheriff shall deliver said prisoners at the Ferry-House in Kings County, and on the third Tuesday in January next they shall be set on the pillory, and then Wallis to receive at Flatbush thirty-nine stripes, and Willson twenty-eight. Then they shall be conveyed to Jamaica, in Queens County, and there, on the fourth Tuesday in February, to stand on the pillory, and afterwards each of them to receive the same number of stripes. Then to be conveyed to Westchester, and there, on the fourth Tuesday in March, to stand on the pillory, and then at the Whipping-Post Wallace to receive twenty stripes on the bare back, and Willson ten. After which, at the end of King's Bridge, they shall be delivered to the High Sheriff of the City of New York, and from that time, Wallace to remain in prison six months, and Willson three months. And then each to be discharged, paying their fees!"

Some very interesting resolutions of the City Council were passed at the Stadthuys. Here is one in 1677:

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“Query—Whether attorneys are thought to be useful to plead in Courts or not. Answer—It is thought not. Whereupon, Resolved and Ordered, That pleading attorneys be no longer allowed to practice in the government, excepting in the pending cases.”

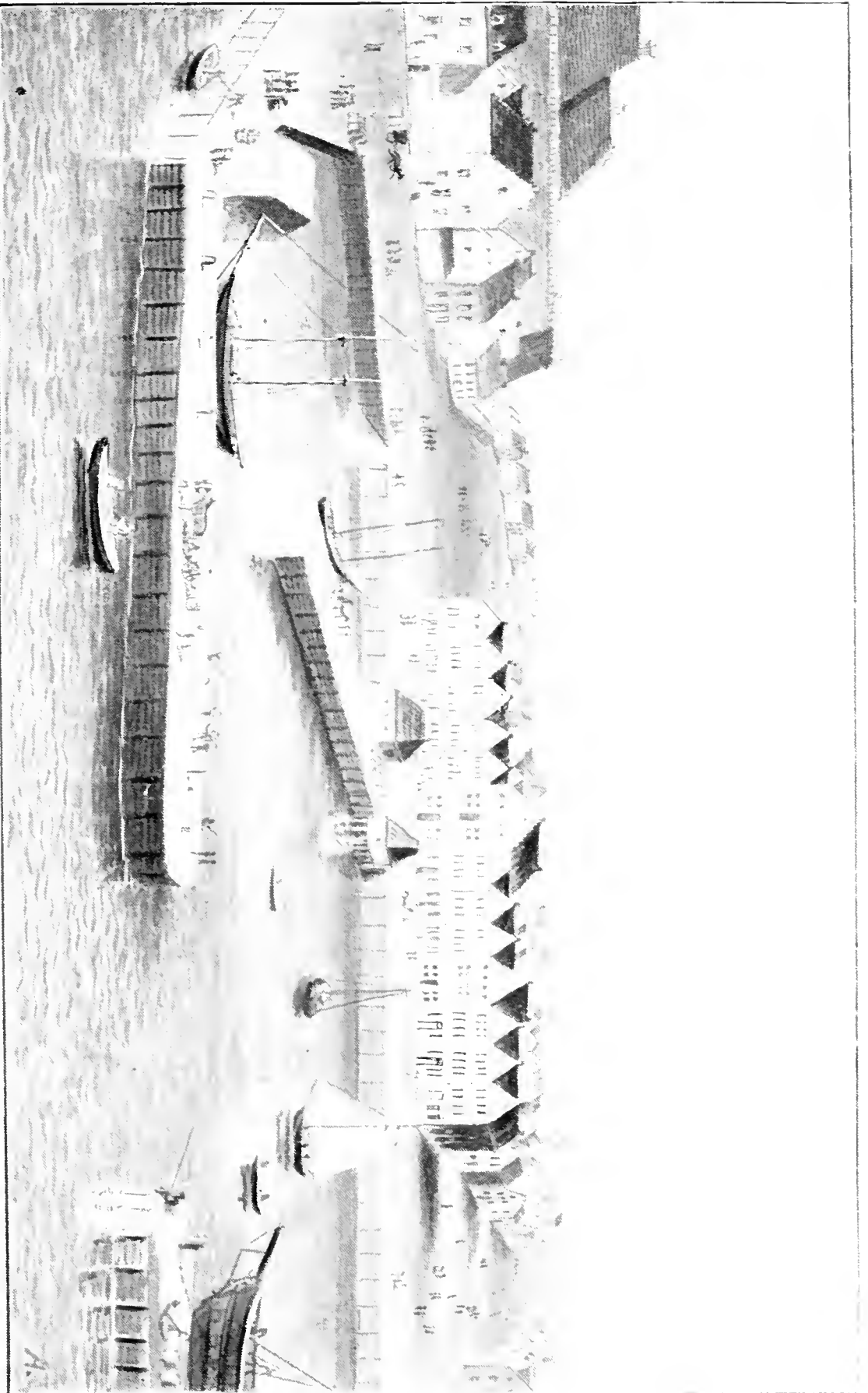
This resolution of 1691 contains a little picture of the City below Wall Street. “*Ordered*, That the poysonous and stinking weeds within this City before every one’s door be forthwith pluckt up upon the forfeiture of three shillings for the neglect thereof.”

It was also “*Ordered*, That Top-knot Betty and another person and her children be provided for as objects of charity and four shillings a week allowed.”

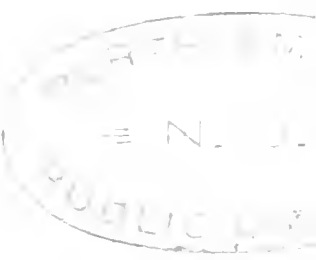
In 1700 it was enacted that Popish priests entering the colony to entice Indians from their allegiance be executed, and in the same year it was “*Ordered*, That the Mayor provide fire wood for bonfires on the fourth and fifth days of this instant, month of November, being the birthday of our sovereign Lord King William, and gunpowder treason” (the origin of our election-night bonfires), “and that the Mayor pay to the Rev. William Vesey the sum of five pounds for preaching a sermon before the Court on the 14th of October last.”

These specimens show how human were our early New Yorkers, and they illustrate their simplicity—the Dutch spirit appearing even in the preparations for the English holiday.

The first regular public school was held at this building while it was the *Stadt Herberg* (the tavern). After it became the *Stadthuys* the most im-



OLD BRIDGE AND DOCK AT THE WHITEHALL SLIP.



portant affairs of the colony were discussed there. There, too, during the conflict between Governor Leisler, who held the Fort in the name of the people, and Bayard, who claimed to represent kingly authority, the heavy rain of artillery fell, Leisler firing from the Fort upon the troops stationed there. The speed with which those iron messengers traveled was a revelation to the schepens and burgo-masters.

In the rear of the *Stadthuys* was *Slyk-steeg* (Mire Lane), where Coenraet Ten Eyck's tannery was, and where Antye no doubt had some share in the work (later Mill Street).

In the rear of Mire Lane was *De Warmoes Straet* (Street of Vegetables), later Garden Street and Exchange Place.

Let us retrace our steps through the road so thoroughly traveled by the Dutch officials, to the site of Fort Amsterdam, and from that spot we may see the place where the toilers were laid away after they had completed their work. The ancient graveyard was on Broadway, at Morris Street. The old City laid much lower than our present street levels, and the graves remain under the accumulations and the filling of later days; but not so deep as to bury the influence of the worthy people that were interred there. Their bones are still there, as was well proven when the excavations were made for the present buildings. West of Broadway, running to the water's edge, at Greenwich Street, were the governor's gardens, extending to Wall Street. The

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

first farm of the Dutch West India Company extended from Wall to Hudson Street, running mostly west of Broadway; and that farm was well occupied by Governor Van Twiller, who, while he made sorry work of governing the colony, never lost sight of his own interests. Lacking in all of the heroic qualities which distinguished Peter Stuyvesant, he managed to steer his own bark safely through the troubled political seas, and to enjoy life.

On the Fort was performed the first slave labor in New York. From 1630 to 1635 the Company's negroes were constantly employed in improving the Fort and building windmills for the grinding of grain. In 1641, inside of the Fort, the first hanging took place. There had been a fight between negroes and one of them had been killed. Six were suspected of having committed the crime, and they were put to torture, and confessed that they all had participated in it. The idea of executing six valuable slaves horrified the governor and his advisers. They had not yet got used to wholesaling. It was decided that one should suffer for all, and the lot fell upon the biggest man of the six, who stood head and shoulders above all the people in the Fort. It is strange that they did not draw lots again and select the smallest man; but they determined to execute this big fellow, and so the gallows was strengthened and the rope was doubled, and every arrangement was made for a thorough hanging; but the contortions and the weight of the poor negro, with the excitement and the inexperience of the execu-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

tioners, were too much for the gallows, and it broke down and dropped him on the ground. Then it was decided that sufficient punishment had been inflicted for the killing of a darky, and the man was released.

From the Fort, in the same year, was promulgated the first excise law, which was designed to prevent disorder during church time and during the late night; and there was as much outcry against that moderate excise system as there is in these days against the Raines Law.

In this year Governor Kieft started the annual fairs for the sale of cattle and hogs upon Bowling Green, which became the great social events of the year, and which, as we have noticed, made necessary the building of the tavern at Coenties Slip.

The Indian wars of Governor Kieft's administration caused more excitement in and around the Fort than any other event besides its capture by the English. The people knew something of Indian depredations, and they had a wholesome dread of the savages; but Kieft was proud, fearless and vindictive; and, against the advice of his counselors, he insisted upon chastising the Indians generally, and wherever he could find them, for the bad acts of individuals. When the voices of his counselors would not be hushed by arguments, he silenced them by an absolute order, and took his own methods for dealing with the natives. Governor Kieft became ferocious as the problem pressed him harder, and in 1643 he was guilty of a deliberate act of treachery,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

which cannot be palliated by any plea of necessity, and which was contrary to the earnestly expressed desires of nearly all who could speak to him.

On the site of the present Equitable Building, then the farm of Jan Jansen Dam, while the governor and three sycophantic friends were enjoying themselves over Shrovetide pancakes and other dainties, Kieft resolved to massacre a whole village of Indians who had been assailed by other tribes and had fled to New Amsterdam for protection. The defenseless and unsuspecting Indians were encamped at two places; some were in the neighborhood of the bluff at Hoboken, where the Stevens Castle has stood these many years, and others were at Corlears Hook, on the East River. Despite the pleas of Dominie Bogardus and of the military officers, the governor ordered the soldiers to surprise the sleeping Indians; and they butchered them as though they were animals. Many Indians were driven over the precipice on which the Stevens Castle now stands in its sweet and peaceful environment, and were maimed and killed by falling on the rocks below. A historian tells us that an Indian and his squaw, who were not in camp with their brethren, heard of the assault on the village, and supposing the assailants to be hostile savages, rushed to the gate of the Fort and begged Captain De Vries to admit them; but that he dared not let them in, and gave them directions for flight, rather than have them subjected to the "mercy" of Governor Kieft. Through the portals of the Fort, near Number 4 Bowling Green,

the returning soldiers marched, bearing horrid trophies of their success.

Then the Indians rose with one accord; and they were in the right; but hard it was upon those who had no share in Kieft's iniquity. Some of those who suffered had vainly protested against the perfidious act. Captain De Vries had the reward of his kindness to the two fugitives, in the sparing of his place in Westchester County from destruction, through their intercession. The shrieks of women and children rang out daily and nightly, and told of the terrible work of Indian vengeance. Farms were abandoned, and the settlers fled to the Fort for salvation. They poured in through that historic gateway until the place overflowed. Many of them camped under the walls of the Fort, and, recovering from their panic and calamity, built new houses and helped to tangle up the streets of the infant City, so that our surveyors and street officials have never since succeeded in untangling them. The people were all but ready to massacre the governor, who, in a moment of fear, declared that Dam and Adriaensen and Planck, who were with him at the Shrovetide boose aforementioned, were responsible for the war. Adriaensen tried to kill Governor Kieft in his room in the Fort, but failed, and was deported to Holland. Some of the people made their way to Fort Lee, where grew up a very respectable Dutch community, which survives to the present day. In *those* days every Dutchman was wide awake. There was no time for sleeping or blowing nicotine clouds;

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and some of the substantial New Yorkers of this day may owe their sturdiness to the conflicts with the Indians in Kieft's and Stuyvesant's times. The massacre of 1643 was contemplated in 1641, at which time the governor and his council submitted to certain leading citizens the following questions:

“1. If it is not just that the murder lately committed by a savage upon Claes Smits be avenged; and in case the Indians will not surrender the murderer, if it is not just to destroy the whole village to which he belongs?

“2. When and in what manner this should be executed?

“3. By whom it can be effected?”

And received these answers:

“To the *first*. They deem it every way expedient that the murder should be avenged, at such time as the opportunity, under God, shall offer best advantages. In the meantime, preparations should be made, and the Director-general is requested to provide a sufficient number of coats-of-mail for those who go out.

“To the *second*. Trade and intercourse should be kept up with them as usual until the time comes. All men to be on their guard, but none to adopt hostile measures. When the Indian warriors are absent on their hunting expeditions, then we may divide ourselves in two parties, one to land at Rapela, and the other at Wechquaeskeck, and take them by

surprise on both sides. The Director to employ as many negroes as he can spare, and arm them with a tomahawk and small half-pike.

“To the *third*. That, as the people recognize no other head than the Director-general, therefore they prefer that he should lead the van, while they, on their part, offer their persons to follow his steps and to obey his commands.

“They deem it further advisable that the Director should send once more, or twice, or even thrice, a shallop to demand the surrender of the murderer, and that this should be done in a manner of ostensible good understanding, and for the furtherance of justice merely, thus luring the savages into a sense of security, without using threats.”

The treacherous spirit of the governor and his immediate advisers appears in the answers. They all resolved to keep the matter a secret.

The order for the massacre was in these words:

“*February 25, 1643.*—We authorize Maryn Andriesen, at his request, with his associates, to attack a party of savages skulking behind Corlear’s Hook or plantation, and act with them in such a manner as they shall deem proper, and the time and opportunity will permit.

“Sergeant Rudolf is commanded to take a troop of soldiers, and lead them to Pavonia, there to drive away and destroy the savages lying near Jan Evertsen’s, but to spare, as much as possible, their

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

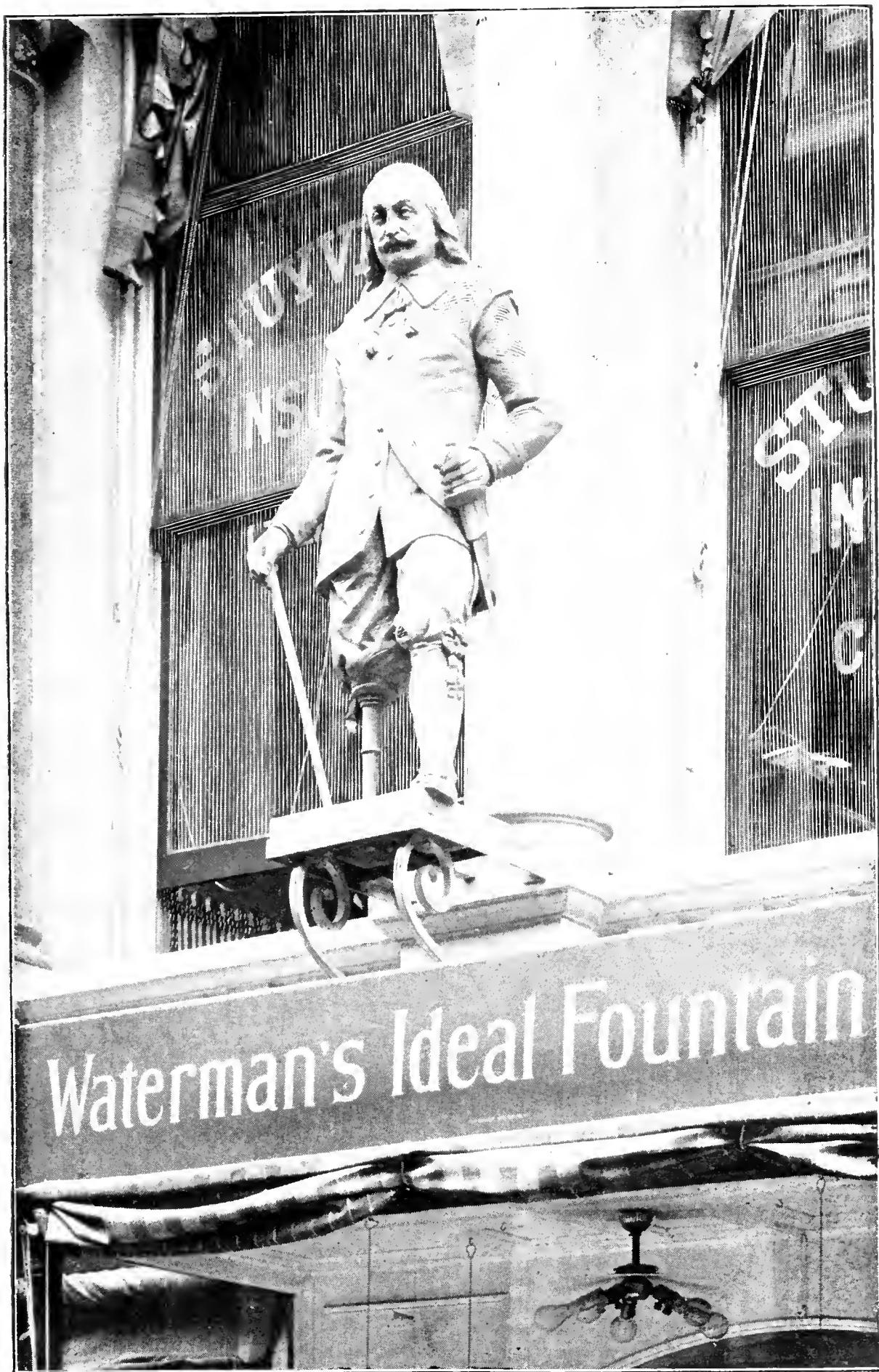
wives and children, and take them prisoners. Hans Stein, who is well acquainted with the haunts of the Indians, is to go with him. The exploit should be executed at night, with the greatest caution and prudence. God bless the expedition."

Maryn Andriesen (or Adriaensen) was the same man who secured the governor's drunken consent to his bloodthirsty proposition. Hans Stein had previously been punished for improper conduct with a squaw, by being reduced from corporal to the ranks and being compelled to ride the wooden horse. The governor made a defense of his own conduct, which was published, in this language:

"*February 27, 1643.* Whereas, the insolence of the savages roving all around us has within the last two or three years risen to such a height, notwithstanding the kindness continually bestowed by us upon them, under our wings, when they were persecuted by their enemies, yet their malice continually increased.

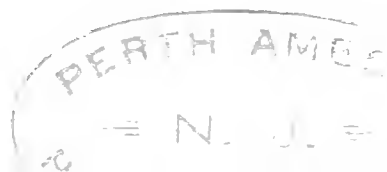
"They insolently destroyed many of the goats, hogs, cows and horses belonging to our people, and finally set their hands to destroy Christian people, and at various times several innocent persons were murdered under the cloak of friendship, so that no inhabitant felt himself safe in his own house, and much less might he in security cultivate his own fields.

"And whereas, we left nothing untried to per-



WOODEN STATUE OF GOVERNOR STUYVESANT ON BROADWAY.

New York, Vol. One, p. 66.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

suade them to surrender the murderers, but all in vain, but our efforts seemed rather to increase their insolence, and therefore it was, in the course of last year, concluded to send a body of men among the savages to appease the blood of our murdered ones. But the expedition was fruitless, having been misled in the darkness of the night; however, it spread terror among them, so that they sued for peace, which was listened to provided they surrendered the murderer of Claes Rademacker. But nothing came of it; on the contrary, going on further with their wanton injuries, they killed Gerrit Van Voorst, living behind the Col. (near Newark Bay), while he was roofing his house; and they also killed an Englishman in their own village, and refused either to deliver up, or to punish the murderer.

“Indeed, it now seems to appear as if they really had the opinion that we only landed here to become their vassals, as they have recently approached within half a mile of the fort in squads of fifty to a hundred men. Then crossed over the river to Pavonia (Jersey City), leaving behind them a suspicion that they were plotting to commit, as they boasted, a general massacre here, as had been actually committed in Virginia and other places.

“We were thus roused to seek for justice and revenge for Christian blood, for God would not permit us to endure their indignities any longer.

“In this mind, some persons, delegated by the people, petitioned us to be allowed to take revenge, while those savages were within our reach, appar-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ently delivered in our hands by Divine Providence. We entertained an aversion to bring the country into a condition of uproar, and pointed out to those persons the consequences to result from their design, particularly with regard to those whose dwellings were situated in exposed places, as our forces were too few to attempt to defend every house with a sufficient number of soldiers, and we also presented to them other considerations. They, however, persisted in their desire, and told us that if we refused our consent, the blood would come upon our own heads; and we finally found ourselves obliged to accede to their wishes, and give them the assistance of our soldiers. And these latter killed a considerable number, as did also the militia on their side.

“A party of the savages who escaped, assaulted the exposed and distant dwellings, in every direction, burned four houses with all the contents and the stock, killed ten Christians. Upon our advancing, however, with our soldiers, they were compelled to retreat, and further excesses were prevented. But our soldiers were too few to defend every place, and, considering the state the country was in, we thought it advisable to take as many of the farmers as offered themselves into our service. Indeed, they threatened that otherwise they would remove to the North, as it was in vain to attempt planting here until the heathens were curbed. This accomplished, every man might cultivate his land in peace. We engaged them therefore in our service for one or two months, and we do not at all doubt that in

the meantime we shall obtain a salutary peace. Our inhabitants are separated from each other at considerable distances, over a space of ten miles east and west, and seven miles north and south, from which it will be seen that we cannot provide for the protection of all with such scanty means as we here possess."

The awful retaliation of the Indians was felt so severely that a proclamation for prayer and fasting was made for the 4th of March, 1643.

"Whereas we continue to suffer much trouble and loss from these heathen, and many of the inhabitants find their lives and property in jeopardy, which no doubt is the consequence of our manifold sins; Therefore, the Director and Council have deemed it proper that next Wednesday, being the fourth of March, shall be holden a general fast and prayer, for which every individual is solicited to prepare himself, that we may all, with true penitence and incessant prayer, seek God's blessed mercy, and not give occasion through our iniquities that God's holy name may be contemned by the heathens."

The citizens whom Kieft called on for advice in 1641, concerning the murder of poor old Claes Smits at Deutal Bay (Turtle Bay, about 47th Street and East River), numbered twelve. They were Captain De Vries, Jacques Bentyen, Jan Dam, Hendrick Jansen, Jacob Stoffelsen, Maryn Adriaensen, Abram Molenaer, Frederick Lubbertsen, Jochem Pietersen,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Gerrit Dircksen, George Rapelje and Abram Planck. They were the first men chosen by the people and representing them, whose deliberations entered into the governing of New Amsterdam. Their advice as a body was never given for war, although Dam, Adriaensen and Planck, as individuals, humored the governor and aided in his preparations in 1643, and Adriaensen himself led the attacking party at Corlear's Hook. The governor's course, in trying to throw the blame for the Indian war upon these three men, estranged them from him, and the whole body joined in sending accounts of Kieft's misgovernment to Holland. They held many meetings against his orders, and were generally spoken of as the "Twelve Men," and as such became famous. They were dissolved by Kieft's edict; but it became necessary for him again to counsel with the people, and the "*Eight Men*" who were chosen (Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, Jan Jansen Dam, Barrent Dircksen, Abraham Pietersen, Thomas Hall, Gerrit Wolfertsen and Cornelis Melyn) were harder on the governor than were the "Twelve Men." The scourge of war in Kieft's administration was the cause of the planting of the seeds of representative government in New York.

With all of his hard lessons Governor Kieft could not acquire a peaceful disposition, and again, in 1644, he sent out a company of soldiers to annihilate the Canarsie Indians. They carried out their instructions, and returned with prisoners, two of whom were inhumanly hacked, stabbed and beheaded, one

at the Fort and the other in Beaver Street. Again, Kieft sent his soldiers to punish Indians in Connecticut, and they succeeded, surprising and burning the village of the savages and driving the fleeing Indians into the flames. A third horrible procession of victory passed through the portal near Number 4 Bowling Green—the soldiers carrying the heads of Indians on their spears. All of these moves by Kieft were requited with double vengeance by the Indians. The people became more and more distressed, and the little settlement trembled for existence. Finally the principal citizens (the Eight Men) managed to elude the governor's suspicious eyes, and they sent to the West India Company a full statement of their troubles. The Company ordered the return of Kieft; but it was a long time before their official summons arrived. Struggling resolutely with the difficulties which surrounded him, the governor succeeded in patching up a peace with the Indians, and the colonists once more spread out over the country.

The wars ended with a treaty of peace in August, 1645, which was signed by the governor and the members of his council, and by the Indian chiefs Orataney, of the Hackingsacks; Sessekeninck and Willem, of Tappan and Rechgewanank; Pacham and Pennekeck, of Majanwettenin; Marechawick and Nyack and Aepjen, for the Wappinecks, Wechquaesqueecks, Sintsings, and Kicktawanks.

The treaty conference was held and the treaty was executed on the open ground of Bowling Green,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

which was used for similar purposes on several occasions.

1647 brought to New Amsterdam the greatest of the Dutch governors, Peter Stuyvesant; a man as haughty, impatient of advice, self-willed and obstinate as Kieft was, but possessing better judgment and a truer sense of right. Stuyvesant gave to the people a paternal government, under which their safety and prosperity were the great objects of gubernatorial solicitude; but he had no sympathy with those who thought that the people should have something to say about their government. When he arrived, the guns of the little fort were loaded and fired over and over again, until the walls shook with the concussion, and the tiny City was enveloped with smoke. He hobbled through the gate, impressing the people with every thud of his wooden leg. They were proud of the brave soldier who had fought and bled in his country's service. Stuyvesant never lost sight of the commercial side of his position; but the longer he lived in New York the more he loved it, and when he could no longer fight the battles of New Amsterdam against foreign invaders, instead of returning to his native shore he exiled himself in the wilderness of Manhattan Island, which he could not desert.

The idea of popular government had taken root among the people, and, though Stuyvesant grumbled, they continued to select men to aid and advise him. Oloff S. Van Cortlandt was a prominent member of this body. He had a farm on the west side of

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Broadway, and his memory is perpetuated in Cortlandt Street. During Stuyvesant's administration the first lawyer appeared. His name was Dirck Van Schelluyne. He got a license in Holland to practice in New York. There was no other lawyer for him to fight, and consequently there were no suits. He should have brought another lawyer with him. He performed the functions of a notary public in a store, selling groceries for his rent; and finally he lost heart and migrated up the State. The successors of Van Schelluyne are doing better.

Those who opposed Stuyvesant were, notably, the vice-directors, Van Dincklagen and Vander Donck (who owned the site of the City of Yonkers). A great event transpired in Stuyvesant's time; to wit, the establishment of the City government. Stuyvesant yielded to the popular demands, and on February 2, 1653, he proclaimed the birth of the City and named its first officers; and the guns of the Fort boomed out a noisy approval. The City fathers undertook their offices with becoming diligence and rectitude, and they set a good example to the people by assembling regularly on Sundays at the City Hall (at Coenties Slip) to go to worship. Forming into procession, with bell-ringers preceding them, and carrying their insignia of office, they proceeded in all the pomp and sublimity of poor mortals to attend the services of the church in the Fort.

One of these early officials was Captain Martin Kregier. He opened a tavern (near Number 9 Broadway), which became a famous resort. William Beek-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

man was one of the schepens, and he was such a remarkable man that both of his names have been preserved to fame in William Street and Beekman Street. He prospered and bought the beautiful estate at Corlears Hook, which, as we all know, was originally held by Peter Stuyvesant's trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlear. Mr. Beekman filled his cup with joy when he married that petite damsel, Catherine Van Boogy. He was the original perpetual office-holder.

With all of Stuyvesant's wisdom he had his troubles with the Indians, who had not forgotten their treatment by the Kieft administration. One day, when Stuyvesant and his soldiers were absent on their expedition against the Swedes on the Delaware River, an Indian woman was prowling around in the orchard of Hendrick Van Dyke, near Rector Street, on the west side of Broadway, and she stole some fruit from the trees. With characteristic thoughtlessness and indifference to the value of Indian life, Van Dyke shot her dead. She fell on a spot near Broadway, now covered by buildings, in the block south of Trinity Church. The news of her murder reached her people quickly, and, before Stuyvesant could return, the Indians swooped down upon the City in overwhelming numbers. Van Dyke met his death on almost the same spot where he had shot the woman, and his next door neighbor, who lived just above Morris Street, perished in trying to save him. The people succeeded in driving the savages away; but their tigerish natures were

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

thoroughly aroused. They glutted their blood-thirst with ax, torch and gun, in all of the outlying districts. Once more the stream of fugitives appeared at the gate of the Fort, begging for protection. Governor Stuyvesant was equal to the task of protecting the people and restoring confidence, and this was the last of the great Indian massacres on or about Manhattan Island.

Stuyvesant's soldiers turned out regularly on the parade ground, and marched to the bugle notes of Albert Pietersen, the Swedish trumpeter. Whenever they broke ranks they charged on the tavern of their thrifty fellow soldier, Martin Kregier, and drank death and destruction to their enemies on sea and land, until they cooled off, when they wooed Peace, with their pipes and tobacco.

The affairs of the colony prospered, and the governor outgrew the accommodations of the house in the Fort, so he built himself a white mansion near the water, and Whitehall Street is a memento of the building. He enjoyed himself the most in his country residence, far out of the City of New Amsterdam, where at times he could escape from the affairs of state. Stuyvesant Street runs through the middle of that property.

During Stuyvesant's administration the list of citizens was divided into great citizenship and small citizenship. These were the great citizens:

Johann La Montagne, Jr.,
Jan Gillesen Van Bruggh,
Hendrickson Kip,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

De Herre General Stuyvesant,
Dominie Megapolensis,
Jacob Gerritsen Strycker,
Jean Vigne,
Cornelis Van Tienhoven's wife,
Hendrick Van Dyke,
Hendrick Kip, Jr.,
Capt. Martin Kregier,
Karl Van Brugghe,
Jacob Van Couwenhoven,
Laurisen Cornelisen Van Wyck,
Wilb Bogardus,
Daniel Litschoe,
Pieter Van Couwenhoven,
Johannus Petersen.

With Governor Stuyvesant in command at the Fort, and with his hand guiding the entire government, the Dutch colony reached its highest point. The people learned to love their city; and the officials, though they were hampered by the governor's continual interference, took great pride in their offices. The ties of mother country became weaker and weaker as the opportunities and resources of the City were developed, and the people began to reap the results of their hard work. Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, attracted by the freedom and the commercial opportunities, came and joined themselves to the embryo City. Lutherans, Jews and Quakers came, and the European prejudices against them quickly wore away. The time was ready for the coming in of the new forces which were to add breadth and enterprise to the solid characteristics which had been established.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The Dutch colonists of New York had held their own against the jealous New Englanders; but there was coming direct from old England forces sufficient to overcome Fort Amsterdam and its defenders. Justification for Richard Nicoll's expedition is hard to find; for there was no war between Holland and England, nor was there any declaration of war. If Governor Stuyvesant had received sufficient warning, he would have swung his advisers into line, aroused the people for defense, and given the invaders a hot battle; but while the hostile fleet was on its way, Stuyvesant, all unsuspecting of danger, was absent on the business of the City; and when, being warned of its approach, he hastened to the Fort, he had but three days to prepare for defense. There was no thought of surrender in this old soldier. He knew that his men couldn't fight on empty stomachs, so he set the windmills to work grinding grain, that they might withstand a siege. He laid in powder, and overhauled his guns. He bustled about, giving his orders for the defense and trying to stir his people up to resist the unjustifiable assault which was surely coming. But the attack had been well planned. Not only was a hostile fleet approaching the Narrows, but a printed call to arms had been scattered among the English residents on Manhattan Island and its neighborhood, and many of them were assembling to assist the English forces from the land side, while others were spreading reports that were calculated either to frighten the Dutch inhab-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

itants or to impress them with the kindly intentions of the invading force. One morning, while the governor and some trusted officers were hard at work in their preparations for battle, the expected fleet appeared in the bay, sailed up the harbor, and dropped anchor where its commander could rake the Fort with an overwhelming fire of the heaviest artillery then known. Sixty odd English guns were in position to be trained against the twenty-two guns of Fort Amsterdam, and the watchers plainly saw that there was a large force of soldiers upon the ships, ready to be landed for an attack on the northern end of the Fort (its home side), where there was no provision for defense with cannon. The summons to surrender was courteously presented and was indignantly refused. Stuyvesant's attempt to argue the wrongfulness of the Englishmen's position was met squarely by Nicoll's statement that the question was not one of "right or wrong," but was simply whether the Fort would be surrendered or whether he should capture it.

Nicoll knew of the work that had been going on among the people, and being desirous of preserving the City from great injury if possible, because England's interest in it was entirely commercial, he withdrew and allowed time for consideration. Still, there was no thought of surrender in the governor's mind. The schepens and the burgomasters and all the other officers, big and little, gathered at the *Stadthuys*, on *Perel Straet*, and compared their doubts and fears; but Stuyvesant thought not of

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

them; he was busy at his post of duty. Once he was about to command a gunner to open fire, but he was restrained by Dominie Megapolensis. The clamor of the City fathers and of the populace reached Stuyvesant's ears at last, and he was forced to turn from his warlike preparations. With mingled surprise, anger and disgust, he listened to the rabble of trembling, white-faced people, who impressed him only as cowards and traitors. There was a great discussion about a letter containing conditions for surrender which he had received from Nicoll, and which he had angrily torn to pieces without thinking that there were others in the City who had rights to consider the proposition. When he realized that the most of his countrymen, gathered in and around the *Stadthuys*, were bound to prevent him from defending the City, his anger was frightful. The people thought that they knew something of his temper before, but on that day he revealed himself anew. As he shook his fist and stamped his eloquent old stump upon the floor, and swore the roundest, bluest Holland oaths, they thought they smelled burning brimstone in his rage, and they feared him more than they did the British cannon. They fell on their knees and begged and entreated that he would save them, their families and their possessions, from the certain destruction of battle. No doubt the people and the officials were wiser than Stuyvesant at this critical time; but our hearts will always beat for the grand old soldiér-governor, who would rather fight and die for

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

his principles and his duty than to purchase peace and rewards with cowardice and self-abasement. On that day (September 5, 1664) there was more hurrying of feet through Pearl Street, between the Fort and the *Stadthuys*, than there had ever been before. The governor, more humiliated by the conduct of his own people than by the conquest, permitted the surrender flag to be displayed, and turning his back upon New Amsterdam, journeyed to his distant home (near Stuyvesant Street), and planted a row of trees between his house and the way to the City. And then, without bloodshed, a change occurred which did little violence to any man who lived on Manhattan Island; but it meant very much for the future of the colony. On September 7th the Dutch garrison marched out through the portal of the Fort on Bowling Green, and proceeded to Whitehall dock, where they went on board a Dutch vessel, which set sail for Holland. As they marched out, Col. Nicoll marched in with his troops, and in a few moments the flag of Holland was succeeded by England's flag, and then Fort Amsterdam became Fort James.

We are spending a long time here on this old block; but it is time well spent. We should know it better; we should think more about it. There is hardly a spot in our whole country which has had so varied, so interesting, and so momentous a history as this block. One thought that impresses us strongly at this time is the great and far-reaching results that follow small beginnings when men

strike out in new fields and live out what is in them. We cannot say that all that was done here was right or best, as viewed from our position; but we know that most of those whose lives made up the history of this place lived earnestly and honestly, and brought to their work all of the resources that they had.

Governor Nicoll spent more time at the Fort and less at the *Stadthuys* than his predecessors, the Dutch governors, had done; and while he brought Englishmen with him to assist in managing the colony, he wisely invited Dutchmen of standing in the community to join in his councils. After the excitement of the capture had subsided, the inhabitants realized that they had no fewer rights and privileges than before, and that they suffered nothing by dividing up the territory with the new-comers; but that, in fact, they had gained something, in being rid of the control of the West India Company—the original “soulless corporation.” The Sunday after Governor Nicoll took possession of the Fort, there occurred an event which was deeply significant of the spirit that was to prevail, more completely even than before he came. The English soldiers had respect enough for the Dutch church and its service, but they were unused to it, and could not understand it, and, moreover, they had their own chaplain with them; so for the first time in the history of New York the service of the Church of England was held in St. Nicholas Church, in this very block. It was commenced immediately at the close of the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Dutch service, which was conducted, as of old, by Dominie Megapolensis, and attended by the people as freely as though no strangers had seized their City.

It was a very curious little town that Governor Nicoll viewed when he walked through it to see what it was that he had come across the ocean to capture. The little buildings close to the Fort were huddled together as though, like their owners, they had fled from some terror; and the little lanes, which had opened themselves by some natural process, turned and twisted and rambled about, so that, with the outlandish names that belonged to them, it was easy for an Englishman to get lost. Stone Street was a little pathway called *Winkel Straet*; Bridge Street was *Brugh Straet*; Exchange Place was *De Warmoes Straet*; South William Street was *Slyk Steeg* (and was afterward called Mire Lane and Mill Street); Marketfield Street (once known as Petticoat Lane) was *Markt velt Steeje*; the southern part of Broadway was *Breede weg*; Broad Street was *Breede gracht* or *Heeren gracht*; the lower end of William Street was *Smet Straet*. The City had not outgrown the wall which had been constructed on the line of the present Wall Street, called the *Cingle*. There was a sweet little place a short distance out, which was called *Maagde Paetje* (or the Maidens' Path). The English soldiers had less difficulty in finding and remembering that lane than with any other of the *Straets*, *Steejes*, *Grachts* or *Paetjes* abovementioned. It is now Maiden Lane.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Many of the Dutch citizens took the oath of allegiance to England, and, strange as it may seem, Stuyvesant himself did so. The rule of Nicoll was of the greatest consequence, not only to the people to whom he came, but to their descendants and successors; for in it were instituted courts and legal procedures and citizens' rights, which were added to under subsequent governors, till the rights of the people became established. Nicoll's great wisdom was shown in 1665, when New York was declared to be a corporation, with the name of "Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriff of New York," and the offices of Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriff were confided to three Englishmen and four Dutchmen. His government had its successes and its trials; but when he departed to give way to Governor Lovelace, he went with the respect and the good-will of the inhabitants of the new City of New York, who had become closely united under his wise sway.

During Lovelace's administration war between England and Holland was carried on in earnest, and the Dutch swept the seas. The taking of New York had disturbed the government in Holland more than it had the people of New Amsterdam, and it took the first opportunity that appeared to proceed to the recapture of New York. This move had a justification that Nicoll's attack had not, and the Dutch admiral, profiting by the previous event, counted largely upon the sympathy of the Dutch inhabitants of New York, and the natural difficulties of a defense against warships.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

When the Dutch fleet, commanded by Admirals Evertsen and Binckes, appeared, Captain Manning stood by his guns; but no time was spent in ceremonies or in diplomatic approaches. The Dutch gunners fired solid shot into the Fort, killing and wounding English soldiers, and balls passed through many of the buildings which were crowded about its walls.

While the artillery fight was progressing briskly, a battalion of Dutch soldiers was landed in the orchard near the present corner of Vesey and Greenwich Streets, and they speedily marched down to attack the Fort in the rear. Then the difficulty of a defense from the land side embarrassed the English troops. With the bombardment going on in front, and an assault impending in the rear, there was nothing left to do but to surrender. They yielded to the inevitable without any of the fuss that Stuyvesant had made. Captain Colve led his soldiers into the Fort through the old gateway, took the English garrison prisoners, and restored the Dutch flag to its old place on the flagstaff. New York then became New Orange, and the Fort was named William Hendrick. Captain Colve became the new governor, and, as might be expected, he upset the English system and restored the burgomasters and schepens; and there wasn't an Englishman among them. They were:

Johannes Van Brugh,
Johannes De Peyster,
Aegidius Luyck,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

William Beekman (who was
always around when offices
were given out),
Jeronimus Ebbing,
Jacob Kip,
Lawrence Van der Spiegel,
Gulian Verplanck.

As we have said, this was the period when New York was thoroughly governed; but it didn't last long. England and Holland fixed things across the ocean, and Governor Colve had to march out, while the English governor, Andros, marched in, and ran up the English flag once more, and restored the name of New York. Again, on Sundays, the Dutch service in the old church in the Fort was followed by the Church of England's service, which Governor Andros attended.

In Governor Andros's time, Stephanus Van Cortlandt became mayor, with the distinction of being the first man born on Manhattan Island to fill that position. His dwelling was in sight of the Fort, at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets. Here in the Fort Governor Andros held Governor Carteret of New Jersey a prisoner. Governor Andros was succeeded by Governor Dongan, whose charter is one of the most important State papers affecting the City, being to this day a fountain of authority on questions of the rights of the people and of titles to real estate. The immunities and privileges granted to New York and its citizens by the charter which was promulgated at this Fort were broader and

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

more liberal than those which were granted to any other of the possessions of the Duke of York. But Dongan was a Catholic, and Europe was intensely agitated by the great struggle between the Catholics and the Protestants. That struggle was reflected in New York, and as much as Dongan worked for the best interests of the City, he was regarded with suspicion. His administration at the Fort was jealously watched and deeply criticised. The revolution in England took place, and William and Mary ascended the throne. The news of this move did not reach New York quickly, and the people were in great uncertainty. Their sympathies were deeply with the Protestant cause, for as yet there were few Catholics upon Manhattan Island. The English government was looked upon as devoted to the Catholic interests, while the Dutch were considered to be the champions of Protestantism. There was a fear that the success of Catholic plans would result in depriving the people of the rights which they had begun to receive, and the Dutch spirit revived. While there were many who deprecated haste or radical action, and while the business people were conservative as usual, a large proportion of the people thought it necessary to take measures for their own defense and for the upholding of the cause of Protestantism.

It seemed as though the home governments had broken loose from their moorings and the people of this distant colony knew not what to expect, nor how soon they would be put to the test. It was

not long before leaders of the people appeared; men who had seen service in the struggles of the colony, and who were able and willing to lead in a defense of the principles which they espoused, and in a defense of their own City against attempts to seize it in the interests of a rival faith. The tides of opinion met and clashed at the Fort; that was the center toward which the people hastened in all times of excitement and uncertainty. The militia were Dutch and intensely Protestant; they took to themselves the right to lead, in the defense of the City.

One man leaped to the front—Jacob Leisler, born not in Holland, but in Germany, at Frankfort. He was a typical republican, an active, powerful man, born to command, but constantly in danger of being led to extremes by an impetuous nature. Rumors came in that the Catholics of adjoining colonies were preparing to march upon the City, and that there were many citizens who sympathized with Catholicism and would betray the City into their hands. It was reported even that Governor Dongan was in the plot. Finally, in a wave of terror and excitement which swept over the City, Leisler was called to the head of the militia, and, followed by a crowd of the excited people, he marched into the Fort, seized it and turned out the English troops who occupied it. Leisler had gone so far that it was dangerous to retreat. Several of his associated captains backed out, but he determined to stick to his position. He believed himself to be charged with the salvation of the people.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Colonel Bayard was Leisler's enemy, and he jealously watched every movement of the people's governor, resolved to take advantage of all his mistakes. It was a pity that Leisler did not know that William and Mary had ascended the throne, and that the dangers which he feared were all in his imagination; but there was no cable in those days, and storms and adverse winds delayed the news which would have been welcome.

Leisler met his opponents sometimes at the point of the sword, and so intent was he upon his course that he did not hesitate to throw some of his strongest foes into prison and to concentrate the whole government into his own hands. Then Captain Ingoldsby, who represented Governor Sloughter, appeared, and his favor was won by Bayard and the aristocratic party, which pandered to his appetites and ministered to his vanity. Leisler would not yield to him, but stubbornly maintained his position, awaiting the arrival of Sloughter himself, fearing the vengeance of his enemies in the absence of the real governor. Being wild with uncertainty, and keyed up to a tension that he could not maintain quietly, he caused the cannon of the Fort to be fired upon Ingoldsby's troops, who were near the *Stadthuys*. The fire was returned with spirit. Several of the soldiers were killed. While Leisler and Ingoldsby were confronting each other, Governor Sloughter appeared, and Leisler immediately turned the Fort over to him. Then Leisler and his associates had to stand trial for their actions. Eight

of them were pronounced guilty. Meanwhile Bayard and others of Leisler's enemies were plotting against his life. At Colonel Bayard's house the governor was plied with wine, and while incompetent he assented to a decree for the execution of Leisler and Milbourne, his son-in-law.

No time was lost by those who were bound to secure the killing of these men. The doomed men were promptly apprehended, and the next morning they were led to the place of execution, just about where the statue of Benjamin Franklin stands, in Printing House Square, and there they were hanged and buried beneath the gallows. Their families were beggared by the confiscation of their estates. When Governor Sloughter came to himself, and realized what he had done, he nearly lost his reason; but he could not recall the act, and it brought on a melancholy that lasted to the end of his life. Four years later the finding of treason was reversed, and Leisler's estates were returned to his family, and the bodies were exhumed from their despised resting place and honorably buried; but the shame of the governor and of those aristocratic citizens who took advantage of his condition to murder their political enemy, and the blot on New York's history, cannot be removed. These were the only executions for political reasons that ever occurred in New York. Leisler was executed on his own estate. Frankfort Street, which runs east from Printing House Square over his lands, was named after the city of his birth, and is his memorial. Jacob Street, near the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Bridge, reminds us of Jacob Milbourne, his companion in misery. We will take occasion hereafter to make a more extended reference to this sad event. (See Chapter IV.)

Our thoughts have strayed a little from the block on which we stand; but our interest is still here, and it will be a little while before we can move away from it.

Governor Sloughter did not live long to administer the affairs of the colony; but, dying very suddenly, was buried alongside Governor Stuyvesant. Both bodies still lie together, under St. Mark's Church on Stuyvesant Street.

His successor, Governor Fletcher, saw the church in the Fort superseded by a new one on Garden Street, now Exchange Place. He maintained a chapel in the Fort for the English service, and in 1697 he caused the establishment of Trinity Church on the King's Farm.

Deeply concerned for the church, as Fletcher was, he was also interested in smuggling and piracy, and he entertained Captain Kidd and other pirates in the Fort. Kidd lived in Liberty Street, and that is the only spot which it is known that he touched where he did not bury treasure.

This seems to be the first instance where it was charged that a person in high official position in New York City used his influence corruptly for personal gain. Would that we could point to some one and say: "This is the last instance—there will be no more." Lord Bellomont was sent to investigate the

charges of corruption, and to deal justice; and, amid the greatest excitement of the populace, which thronged about the Fort daily, he removed Colonel Bayard, Gabriel Minville, Thomas Willett, Richard Townley and John Lawrence from their positions in the council. Frederick Phillipse resigned. These men were rich, and it was commonly believed that their wealth was in large part the accumulations of robbery and murder on the high seas.

Among the new members of the council were Robert Livingston, Abraham De Peyster, Johannes Kip, John Van Cortlandt and Rip Van Dam. Rip Van Dam was a fine specimen of the Dutch citizen.

Bellomont charged right and left into the corruptionists, and played havoc with the great men who had seized the choice public lands; and he finally captured Kidd, the great pirate, who was executed in England, while his family continued to live in Liberty Street. He uttered a sentiment then which is as good to-day as it was then. "I would rather have an honest judge and a trustworthy prosecuting-attorney than two warships."

During Bellomont's time the tide of official travel changed from Pearl Street to Broad Street; for in 1699 a new City Hall was built at the head of Broad Street, on a portion of Colonel de Peyster's Wall Street garden, which he donated to the City. The old City Hall had been so racked by the heavy usage of many generations of Dutch officials that it had become shaky and dangerous, and it was sold to John Rodman for 920 pounds.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

No governor labored so zealously and so continuously, under circumstances so embarrassing, as Bellomont. He rooted the pirates out of New York, and he gave the people a great lesson of honesty in office. He fell a victim to his labors, and, utterly worn out, died in the Fort in 1700. There he was buried, and there his body stayed until it was found in a vault on the demolition of the Fort, recognized by the silver plate on the coffin, and removed to an unmarked grave in St. Paul's burying-ground, at Vesey Street and Broadway. The heirs of the finder of the coffin converted the silver plate into tablespoons.

Let us still linger on this old block and recall those events of the past which are so pregnant with suggestions for the present.

The next governor, Lord Cornbury, was a wonderful contrast to Bellomont. He was loose, care-



LORD CORNBURY.

less, extravagant, disreputable; and the most notable thing he did was to dress himself in women's clothes to show how much he looked like Queen Anne, which he frequently did; parading in gaudy attire on the ramparts of the Fort, where the people and the soldiers might see and admire him. He was the original "dude." Governor Cornbury died, and Lovelace, his successor, held his place at the Fort but a few

months, when he was stricken down by disease, and Ingoldsby's short term followed. Hunter, Burnett, Montgomery, Cosby, succeeded in turn to the governorship. We quote these advertisements of the sale of Governor Montgomery's effects, which reveal some of the luxurious tastes in the highest circles a hundred and sixty years ago.

"To-Morrow being the twelfth day of this Instant, at two o'Clock in the afternoon, at the Fort, will be exposed to sale by publick Vendue the following Goods, belonging to the Estate of his late deceased Excellency Governour Montgomery, viz.:

"A fine new yallow Camblet Bed, lined with Silk & laced, which came from London with Capt Downing, with the Bedding. One fine Field Bedstead and Curtains, some blew Cloth lately come from London, for Liveries; and some white Drap Cloth, with proper triming. Some Broad Gold Lace. A very fine Medicine Chest with great variety of valuable Medicines. A parcel of Sweet Meat & Jelly Glasses. A Case with 12 Knives and twelve Forks with Silver Handles gilded. Some good Barbados Rum. A considerable Quantity of Cytorn Water. A Flask with fine Jesseme Oyl. A fine Jack with Chain and Pullies, &c. A large fixt Copper Boiling Pot. A large Iron Fire-place. Iron Bars and Doors for a Copper. A large lined Fire Skreen. And several other things. All to be seen at the Fort.

"And also at the same Time and Place there

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

will be Sold, One Gold Watch, of Mr. Tompkin's make, and one Silver Watch. Two Demi-Peak Saddles, one with blew Cloth Laced with Gold, and the other Plain Furniture. Two Hunting Saddles. One Pair of fine Pistols. A Fine Fuzee mounted with Silver, and one long Fowling Piece."

"On *Thursday*, the Fifth day of *August* next, will be exposed to Sale by way of Publick Vendue, Four Negro Men and Four Negro Women; The Times of Two Men and one Woman Servant. Also several sorts of Fashionable wrought Plate; most sorts of very good Household Furniture. And after the Sale of the above Goods will be Sold several fine Saddle Horses, Breeding Mares and Colts, Coach Horses, and Harness, and several other things belonging to the Estate of his late Excellency, Governor *Montgomerie*.

"Those Persons who incline to buy any of the above Goods may view the same at *Fort George*, in *New York*, where Attendance will be given to shew the same, and the Buyers may be informed of the Conditions of Sale.

"The Sale will begin at two in the Afternoon, and be continued daily till Sold.

"All Persons who have any Demands on the Estate of his late Excellency, are desired to bring in their Accompts."—"New England Journal," 1731.

There was romance at the old Fort during Cosby's rule in 1733. Lord Fitzroy courted Cosby's

daughter, and not getting the consent of her parents, arranged with a minister named Campbell to climb over the Bowling Green wall on a ladder and to perform the ceremony at night. So over the wall they went, lord and minister—the guard being bribed to shut his eyes—and the two were made one. Then the governor and his wife were aroused, and their forgiveness was begged and was obtained without difficulty.

It was in Governor Cosby's term of office that open resistance to tyranny first appeared in New York, and indeed in America. We shall have occasion to refer particularly to the trial of the editor Zenger for denouncing the governor in his newspaper. This account of the arrival of the governor will prove interesting:

“New York, August 7.—On Tuesday last his Excellency William Cosby, Esq., Governour of this Province, arrived at Sandy Hook in his Majesty's Ship ‘Seaford,’ Capt. Long, Commander, in seven Weeks from Great Britain, and landed here about 10 o'clock, in the evening, and was received at the Water side by several Gentlemen, who attended him to the Fort. The next Day between the Hours of 11 and 12 his Excellency walked to the City Hall (a Company of Halbertiers and a Troop of Horse marching before, and the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Council, the Corporation, and a great number of Gentlemen and Merchants of this City following, the streets being lin'd on each side with the Militia), where his Com-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

mission was published, and then his Excellency returned (attended as before) back to the Fort. The Militia then drew upon the Parade and saluted him with three Volleys.

“The same day his Excellency was pleased to issue the following Proclamation, viz.:

“By his Excellency William Cosby, Esq., Captain-General and Governour-in-Chief of the Provinces of New York, New Jersey, and Territories thereon depending in America, and Vice-Admiral of the same, and Colonel in his Majesty’s Army, &c.

“A PROCLAMATION.

“Whereas, His Majesty by His Commission under the Great Seal of Great Britain has been pleased to appoint Me Captain-General & Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New York, I have thought fit to issue this Proclamation, hereby directing and requiring all Officers, both Civil and Military, within the said Province, to continue in and hold the several and respective Places, Stations & Commissions, and to exercise & perform their several Offices, Duties & Functions, according to their several Stations & Commissions until further Order. Of which all His Majesty’s Subjects, and concerned are to take Notice and govern themselves accordingly.

“Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at Fort George in New York, the First Day of August, in the Sixth Year of His Majesty’s Reign, Annoq; Dom. 1732.

“W. COSBY.

“By his Excellency’s Command.

“Fr. Morris, D. *Sec’ry*.

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

—“Boston Weekly News Letter,” Aug. 17, 1732.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

That Governor Cosby believed in a liberal use of beer, where it would do good, may be seen from this account of festivities:

“New York, June 17.—Tuesday the 11th Inst. being the Anniversary of His Majesty’s Accession to the Crown, the same was observed here with great Solemnity. At 12 at Noon, the Gentlemen of the Council, Assembly, and the City waited upon his Excellency the Governor at the Fort, where their Majesties, the Royal Family’s, and the Prince and Princess of Orange’s Healths were drank, under the Discharge of the Cannon; the regular Troops, in their new Cloathing, all the while standing under Arms, who made a fine Appearance. Afterwards his Excellency, attended by the Gentlemen of the Council, &c. went into the Field, and review’d the Militia of the City drawn up there, and express’d great Satisfaction at their Order, Discipline, and Appearance, and was pleased to order 12 Barrels of Beer to be distributed among them to drink their Majesties and the Royal Healths.”—New York “Gazette.” June 17, 1734.

An exciting fire visited the Fort in 1741. Governor Clarke’s home (the governor’s house), the chapel which Governor Fletcher had erected, and several other buildings were destroyed. This conflagration, happening close to other fires in the City, was connected in the minds of the citizens with the negro plot to destroy the City. We will have occasion to refer to this deplorable matter again.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

The governor's house was rebuilt; and when Admiral George Clinton arrived, in 1743, to take his place in the line of colonial governors, it was ready for him, and he received a cordial welcome by the people. There was a reception by the leading men of the City and a parade by the soldiers, and then the new governor marched into the Fort through the Bowling Green gate, which had already been the portal of so many momentous movements. Notwithstanding the auspicious opening of Governor Clinton's term, his life in office was not a comfortable one; for the people were becoming more and more restive under the rule of governors sent them from across the ocean. There had been a rapid succession of these rulers, some of them being good and some of them very bad, and all of them beginning their work with a lack of essential knowledge of the wants, customs and condition of the people. Gradually the citizens of New York came to look upon the interference of the governors as a hardship, and began to think of the mother country as a foreign nation.

A quarrel occurred between Chief-justice De Lancey and Governor Clinton, and the people unhesitatingly sided with their fellow-citizen, De Lancey. The chief-justice humbled the governor and secured his recall to England, and a new ruler was appointed—Governor Osborne. In 1752 Clinton and Osborne and De Lancey—who had received a commission as lieutenant-governor—met in the Fort, and Osborne was sworn in by Clinton. A proces-

sion, including a detachment of the soldiers of the Fort, was formed to escort the new governor to the City Hall, on Broad Street. When it started, the joyful demonstrations of the people were so unmistakable that Clinton, unable to restrain his emotions of disappointment and humiliation, gave way to his feelings, and rushed back to the Fort, leaving Osborne and De Lancey to proceed without him to the City Hall. We cannot help sympathizing with the man who was thus broken down. There was a greater cloud hanging over Osborne than there was over Clinton; throughout the day he was strangely agitated, and in the morning he was discovered in the Fort, dead, hanging by his handkerchief, which he had made into a noose. The poor governor, being declared insane, was allowed Christian burial at the entrance of Trinity Church. Chief-justice De Lancey, whom the people loved, and who was one of them, then became the acting governor of New York, and moved into the governor's house in the Fort. Then came the French and Indian war, and the Fort became a center of activity. A new governor came in the person of Sir Charles Hardy. Like most of the other governors, he had no understanding of the place he was to govern; but this time there was a strong, true and brave man in the lieutenant-governorship, who sustained the prestige of New York during the war.

De Lancey died while acting as governor, and Governor Monckton succeeded him. Then came the Stamp Act of 1764, and the various oppressive meas-

ures which resulted in the Revolutionary War. On October 23, 1765, a ship arrived bearing the first consignment of stamps to be used under the Stamp Act. The people were in a ferment of excitement and action, and adopted the most vigorous measures for destroying the stamps and showing their contempt for the authority that sought to force them upon the colony. Lieutenant-governor Colden then was in command at the Fort; and while he felt that he had behind him the power of England, and realized his duty to protect the stamps, he was afraid of the people. He double-shotted his guns and filled the Fort with troops, and supported the batteries on the Capsey rocks and at Whitehall with strong forces of soldiers. The people, who realized that a crisis had come, flocked into the City in turbulent throngs, and they surged against the walls of the Fort and the batteries. They beat against the gate on Bowling Green, defied the governor and the soldiers, and dared them to fire their artillery. On the night of October 31st the merchants met at the Burns tavern, which was located where the Boreel Building now stands, at 111 Broadway, and resolved that they would buy no more English goods and that they would have no more commerce with England. That was the earliest radical measure taken by the people of the United States to demonstrate their independence of Great Britain. The governors of other States were taking oath that they would enforce the Stamp Act, and the question was whether Colden would do the same. Royal

soldiers, drawn from other parts, marched through the crowds and entered the Fort. Again, at night, the excitement raged, and processions were formed which marched from the Commons to the Fort, displaying the governor hanged in effigy. The people pelted the soldiers with bricks and stones. They made a bonfire on the Bowling Green and burned the governor's carriage on it. The Sons of Liberty arranged to attack the Fort in dead earnest, and the time for assault was fixed by anonymous circulars that were handed about. The excitement was so great that it seemed a matter of only a little time when a bloody battle would occur about the Fort; but at last the people achieved a momentous victory without bloodshed. Colden yielded and delivered the stamps to Mayor Cruger, who took them to the City Hall, where they were safely lodged. The people then dispersed, and they were so delighted with their success that when the new governor, Sir Henry Moore, arrived they received him with the greatest honors. There was no mistaking the temper of the people upon the question of taxation without representation, and New York's non-importation agreement, and her prompt seizure of the hated stamps, some of which were publicly burned (near the present Catharine Market), entitle her to as much credit as has been bestowed upon other colonies that were prompt in rebelling against tyrannous acts. The news of the events created consternation in England, and fired William Pitt, so that he delivered his magnificent addresses under

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

the direct inspiration of the action of New York. Governor Moore died suddenly, and again the unpopular Colden became the representative of England, and the fire of discontent which had smoldered flashed up again. The Sons of Liberty never slumbered, and conflicts between them and the British soldiers were frequent. On May 1, 1775, matters had reached such a crisis that a popular meeting was called, and a committee of one hundred citizens was selected by it to take charge of public affairs. Governor Colden and his troops found themselves practically locked up in the Fort and in the other military positions in the City. The governor was asked to guarantee that British troops would not be landed for the subjugation of New York; but of course he could give no such assurance. A provisional congress came together in the City Hall, while similar gatherings were being held at other points near New York. The battle of Bunker Hill happened, and the news came to the City.

The New York Congress was in session at the City Hall, and troops were being recruited for the American army, when Tryon, the last English governor, arrived, and landed and took command of the Fort. The Americans had seized the battery on the Capsey rocks, in the neighborhood of the present Battery flagstaff, and were fired upon by Tryon's ship the "Asia," as they were removing the guns. Several Americans were injured. Meanwhile the Americans were working hard on fortifications designed to protect the City from the British forces,

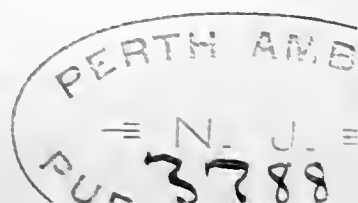
NEW YORK CITY LIFE

which had begun their operations in Massachusetts, and which, it was expected, would appear in New York speedily. General Washington and Governor Tryon arrived in New York at the same time. The streets were thronged with people, the church bells were ringing, the militia were gathering, to welcome Washington, and the beating of drums was heard in all the streets. Tryon's vessel had not been boarded by any modern Sandy Hook pilot with the daily papers, and he had not heard the news; so, very naturally, he thought the bustle indicated the preparation of a splendid reception for himself. He turned to the English officers who welcomed him, his face glowing with pride and gratification, and exclaimed, "Is this all for me!" Painfully they explained the situation, and then they took him into a house on Broadway, and pointed out General Washington as he passed, attended by an enthusiastic crowd of the people. The poor governor realized that things had changed.

Tryon found that governing New York consisted in shutting himself in the Fort and wondering what would happen next; and fearing that there might be some very serious happenings, he changed his headquarters to his ship, which lay in the Hudson River, and tried to govern the colony from the river.

He succeeded in fastening his name on the City; for Tryon Row, at the head of Printing House Square, commemorates him, and the fortification which he caused to be built at Chambers Street.

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THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

This work had a gate through which the Boston Road passed, close to the ground occupied by the "Staats Zeitung" building.

The governor did not succeed so well in another undertaking which has been charged to him. Washington's body servant, Patrick Hickie, was corrupted at the instance of the governor, and tried to poison his master at his headquarters. Tryon was safe on his ship, but Hickie was exposed by his own friend, the waitress at Washington's table, who sacrificed her lover for her duty to her master and her country; and Hickie was hanged on Rutgers Street.

(The governor's house in the Fort burned down during Tryon's time, and one of his servants perished in the flames.)

After the Declaration of Independence the British troops evacuated the Fort, which was occupied at once by the Americans, and General Washington made his headquarters at the Kennedy House, Number 1 Broadway. Then there passed in and out of the old Fort, through its historic gateway, the noblest form of the Revolution. Lord Howe arrived with his fleet, and he vainly tried by the arts of diplomacy to separate New York from the other colonies, and to make terms with General Washington. His representative, Colonel Patterson, waited on Washington at the Kennedy House, bearing flattering letters addressed to G. Washington, Esq., which were politely declined, as not bearing a correct superscription.

Seeing that Washington could not be won

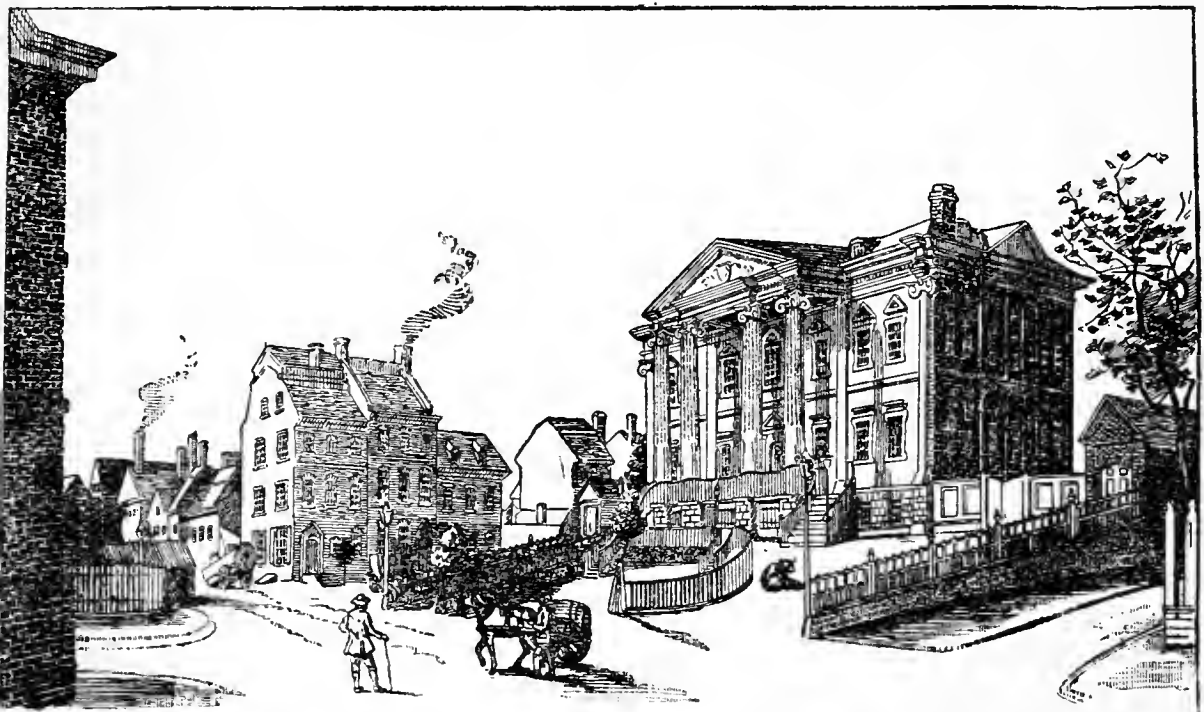
over, and that New York could not be saved to England by any diplomacy whatever, Howe settled down to the regular operations of war, and the battle of Long Island occurred. After the defeat of the Americans the old Fort was abandoned, and when the retreat of the American army had been accomplished it passed again into the possession of the British, who retained it as a center of operations during the whole of the Revolutionary War.

There is no chronicle of the occurrences on this old block during that time; but we know that it was the last point that the British army held. While their ships waited in the harbor, on November, 25, 1783, the English soldiers marched out and embarked for home, and a detachment of picked veterans under command of General Knox, accompanied by General Washington and General Clinton, marched down Broadway and took possession of the Fort. The flag-pole had been greased and the halyards cut away; but before the English ships were out of sight those difficulties were overcome and the new American flag was flying in the place of the red flag that had floated there so many years.

With the evacuation, the final act in the struggle for independence, the history of the old Fort was almost at an end. A few years later it was torn down, and an elegant government house was built in its place, with the design that it should be occupied by the President of the United States;

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

but the removal of the seat of government to Philadelphia left it useless. It was occupied by Governors Clinton and Jay, and then the land was sold and the present row of fine old dwellings was erected on the spot. These houses were occupied by some of the wealthiest and the noblest of our early citizens, but the steady removal of residences northward, and the growth of the enterprises which have always been concentrated in the southern part of



Government House on site of old Fort.

the island, long since made it necessary that the site be devoted to business. The most prominent residents in this row were Stephen Whitney, a millionaire merchant, John Hone, brother of Mayor Philip Hone, and the Gihons.

Now we may walk around this block and call up unending pictures of the characters that worked out there the most important periods of their lives, and of the events that occurred there, fraught with

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the destinies of the nation. Here is a spot for reflection. All around this block there lived men of renown. It was the center of the social and the political life of the times. The most interesting house in the neighborhood of the Fort was Number 1 Broadway, which was torn down in 1882. It was built in 1742. Colonel Stone says that •previous to that date the site was occupied by a tavern kept by the wife of a Dutch soldier, Peter Kocks, who served in the Indian wars. The house was occupied by Captain Archibald Kennedy, collector of the revenue, who, while living there, became an earl. It is said that, prior to the Revolution, Sears, the intrepid leader of the Sons of Liberty, lived there, as did also Talleyrand. General Washington made it his headquarters at the outset of the Revolution, and a number of the American leaders stayed there, including Generals Gates, Lee and Putnam. When the British took possession of the City it became their headquarters, and Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe and Lord Clinton, Generals Robertson, Carleton and Gage, and Major Andre, lived there. In the rear of the house was a small battery. After the Revolution it was occupied by Edward Prime. In later years it was known as the Washington Hotel.

The row of houses north of Number 1 Broadway contained notable occupants. The dwellings were spacious and elegantly furnished. Benedict Arnold, John Watts and Robert Fulton lived at Number 3, and Chief-justice Livingston at Number 5. John

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Stevens and his son John, who was an inventor of steamships, the builder of the Stevens battery, the owner of the Stevens Castle at Hoboken, and one of the first company that crossed the Atlantic on a steamship, lived at Number 7. There were some interesting marriages between members of these old families. Numbers 9 and 11, on the site of Martin Kregier's old tavern, were occupied by members of the Van Cortlandt family, and subsequently were joined together and became a famous tavern, under the name of the King's Arms and the Atlantic Garden. The *King's Arms Tavern* had its share of the interesting associations of this neighborhood. It was opened in 1763 with this announcement: "Mrs. Steel takes this method to acquaint her friends and customers, that the King's Arms Tavern, which she formerly kept opposite the Exchange, she hath now removed into Broadway (the lower end opposite the fort), a more commodious house, where she will not only have it in her power to accommodate gentlemen with conveniences requisite as a tavern, but also with genteel lodging apartments, which she doubts not will give satisfaction to every one who will be pleased to give her that honor." In the garden of this house the party gathered which pulled down the statue of King George on the night of the announcement of the Declaration of Independence. Benedict Arnold lodged there after his flight from West Point. Poor Andre had his quarters close by, at Number 3 Broadway, and wrote his letters to Arnold from that house; but when Ar-



STONE LIONS ON STOOP OF NO. 17 BROADWAY.

New York, Vol. One, p. 104.

nold made his way to the English general, whose headquarters were at Number 1 Broadway, Andre was in the hands of Major Tallmadge, the friend of Nathan Hale, who had already been shot as a spy by the English. It was a poor exchange that the English general made—Arnold for Andre. Arnold was a lion in the field while fighting for his country, but his brilliant powers waned when he turned his sword against his companions in arms. We can hardly realize that it was the traitor Arnold that, while trying to besiege Quebec with five hundred men (!), said: “I have no thought of leaving this town until I enter it in triumph. I am in the way of my duty and I know no fear.” As Irving said: “Happy for him had he fallen there!”

In this house Sergeant Champe made his plans to kidnap Arnold and carry him back into the American lines. The sergeant, as brave a man as ever lived, with the knowledge of his superiors, deserted from the American army, was chased by a troop of his own comrades, was rescued from them by a boat from an English ship, enlisted in the English army, managed to be assigned to duty close to Arnold, conducted a precarious correspondence with his own superior officers, and had his plans apparently well made for the capture, when they were suddenly disarranged by the sending away of Arnold. It was with great difficulty that the sergeant effected his second desertion and got back to the American army; and although his venture was not successful,

he was treated as a hero for the risk that he had run, and for the wise measures that he had adopted.

The King's Arms Tavern has been confounded by a number of writers with the Burns Coffee House, where the merchants signed the Non-importation Agreement. The reason for this mistake probably is the fact that before the agreement was actually signed at the Burns Coffee House many of the merchants met at the King's Arms Tavern, discussed the proposed step, and agreed to take it. Daniel Webster lived in the house which has the stone lions on its stoop. The Stevens House, at the end of the row, was the original "Delmonico's." It is said that years ago an elderly foreigner and his son, strangers in New York, went into this place for their dinner. It looked very plain and simple from the outside, and they were unsuspecting of the bill which their appetites were piling up. When the reckoning time came it was like the day of judgment. Five dollars and seventy cents was demanded. The strangers stormed, threatened, expostulated and begged; but the bill of fare, which they had not used in ordering, was the waiter's unfailing defense. They paid with heavy hearts and glowering brows. "Fader," said the son, when they reached the street. "Fader, will not God punish dot man for his exdortion?"—"Psh!" my son. "Sh!" was the reply. "He has punished him alretty. I've got his silver spoons in mine pocket!"

The upper end of State Street, as we have said,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

was opened over the west wall of the Fort. The Broadway cars run over the very rampart. The lower part of State Street, where stand those remarkably interesting old residences, existed longer as a street than the upper part. At Number 6 lived James Watson, the first president of the New England Society. Number 7 was occupied by Moses Rogers. The son of Bishop Moore lived at Number 8, and John Morton, the "rebel banker," as the English called him, lived at Number 9. Numbers 9, 10 and 11 State Street are now let out in floors, as tenements, and they are the sightliest and healthiest tenement houses in New York.

At 3 Bridge Street, near State Street, lived Washington Irving. This was the "Hive" where much of his writing was done. (His last residence still stands at Seventeenth Street and Irving Place.) At the corner of Bridge and State Streets was the Lenox Mansion, which was occupied by Robert Lenox and his son James, who founded the Presbyterian Hospital and the Lenox Library. It degenerated into a tenement house and grog shop, and was demolished. General Jacob Morton, commander of the militia, lived at 13 State Street. The Heisers lived at Number 26. Mayor James K. Paulding lived at 29 Whitehall Street.

During the Revolution and the War of 1812, a complete line of earthworks extended along the water front, south of the Fort, nearly on the line of the present elevated railroad structure, running from the Whitehall battery, at the foot of Whitehall Street,

to the battery in the rear of Number 1 Broadway (at Greenwich Street).

It is both interesting and profitable to walk slowly through the streets adjacent to the Battery, remembering the old water-lines and the particular points of interest, and looking at the old buildings of the Revolutionary period, a number of which survive. Water and Front Streets and Greenwich and Washington Streets were not built until after the fire of 1776, but buildings are often found on these newer streets which appear to be older than those on Pearl Street, which was swept by the fire of 1835.

West Street and South Street are newer streets yet, but there are to be found some odd and weather-beaten structures on South Street. Among the interesting old buildings fronting the Battery, there is one at the corner of Whitehall and Front Streets, where the east side elevated railroads turn, and another on Whitehall Street, just north of Front Street, with curious oval windows on the face of the building, and a quaint building is on the corner of West Street and the Battery; but there are few real relics of the ancient history of New York. The great fires very thoroughly cleared the ground. The buildings which succeeded the fire of 1835 are uninteresting. They seem to have been built upon one model, and there is a tiresome sameness of detail about them. The most notable feature about them is the iron shutters, which suggest the treasures and the darkness inside. But in every direction the ground has been broken by builders. Palaces have

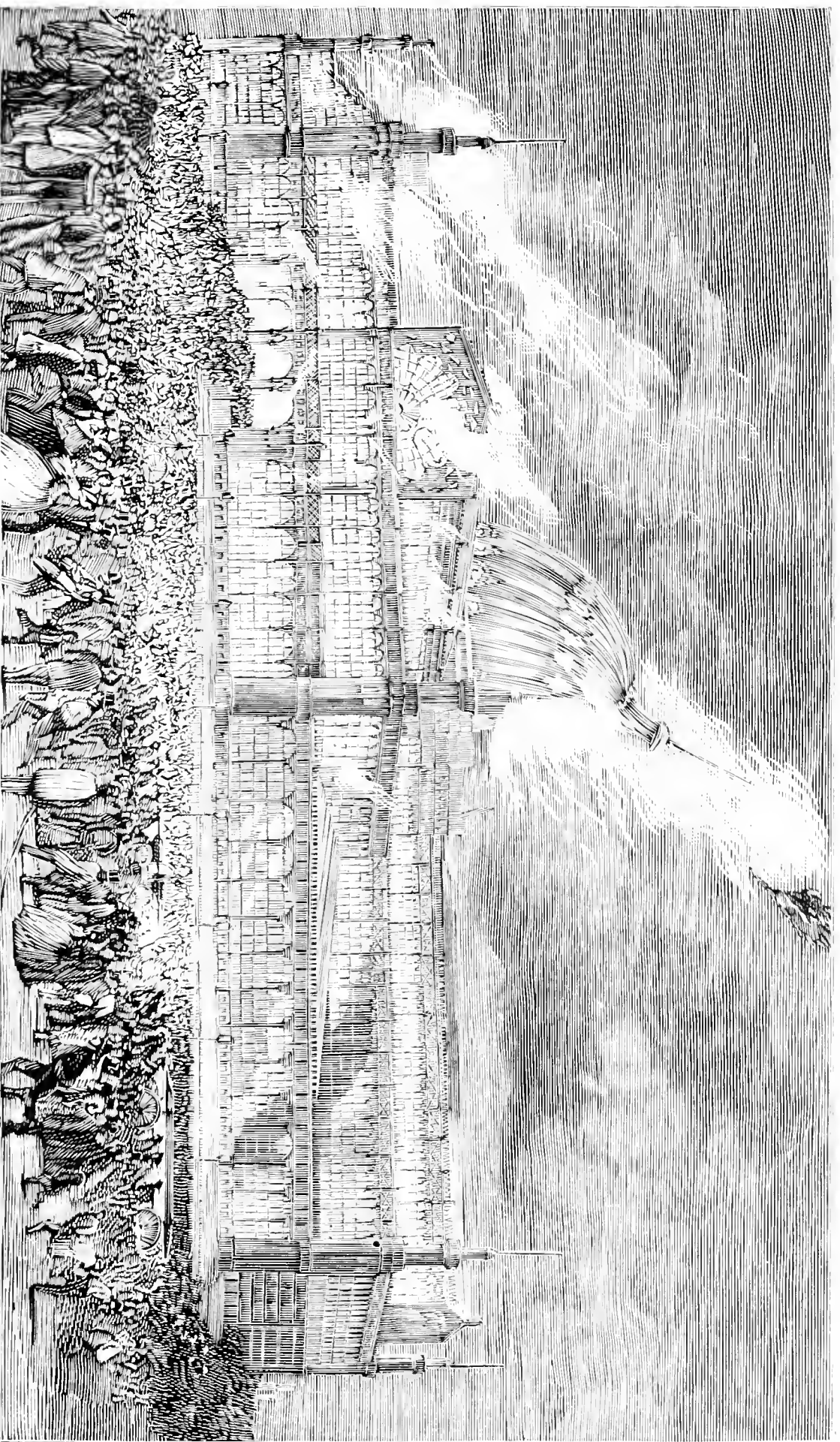


THE BATTERY IN 1869.

risen on every hand, surrounded often, as in European cities, by uninteresting and squalid buildings. There is no direction in which the eye can be turned, in the lower part of the town, where the great stone and iron piles do not tower to the skies, or where building operations have not been commenced. The values of land have risen to such fabulous figures that owners miss their opportunities if they do not make the ground support the choicest and tallest structures.

Before we leave the neighborhood of Battery Park we should spend a few moments at the Castle Garden fort. Here is indeed an antiquated building. It was built in 1805, and was then called Fort Clinton. It has been patched and touched up recently, so that it looks quite modern; but its value as a relic has been impaired. When it was constructed out upon the rocks, the water surrounding it on all sides, its thick walls were considered to be a very efficient protection against the cannon of a hostile fleet, and the soldiers who occupied it during the War of 1812 ached for a chance to try the weight of their metal upon an English fleet. The ceasing of war, and then the advances in the art of war, left the structure upon the hands of the government, a useless relic; and when the Battery was the great pleasure resort of the City, frequented not only by the common people, but by the wealthy and the exclusive classes, it was devoted to purposes of pleasure. There occurred the great concerts and entertainments for several generations. Fifty years ago it

was used for the first concert of our excellent Symphony Society. Jullien conducted his famous, if less classic, concerts there, and his gift for working novel attractions into his schemes has never been equaled by any leader, excepting Gilmore. His orchestra was a wonder to New Yorkers, who have since his day become so highly educated by leaders who have followed him that they would turn with contempt from his programmes; but the people went there in great numbers, and listened to the music and partook of the refreshments which were at hand. Jenny Lind there sang herself into the peoples' hearts and made Barnum's fortune, and Steffanone and Benedetti lifted the people on the waves of song. There, too, was the fountain of real champagne, falling over the rocks of a mimic grotto, from which the people dipped the sparkling fluid in amazed bewilderment. Jullien was at his greatest in the "firemen's quadrilles" at Crystal Palace. The music was simple, but it was rendered with power and gusto, not only by the band, but by the popular choruses that were called upon to assist. There are men of means and influence in New York to-day who spend twenty-five or fifty dollars to enjoy with their families an evening of Italian opera, who remember with delight the occasions when they sang in Jullien's choruses. The firemen always take the popular fancy, and the way they entered into those performances brought solid joy to the hearts of the observers. Round about the outside of the building were arranged torches and piles of inflammable ma-



BURNING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

New York, Vol. One, p. 109.

terial, which could be touched off at a signal. Under the stage were the fire-engines and the ladder-carriages, with their volunteer companies. Connections with the water were all ready to be made. Then showman Barnum told the audience not to be frightened. The descriptive music began and grew with dramatic force. The breathless attention of the audience was riveted upon the fire story, as told by band, soloist, choruses and agitated leader, with baton waving in air. Then at the right moment the torches were applied, the fiery billows leaped skyward, and with the crash of cymbals, the booming of the bass drum, the rattle of the snares, the blare of the trumpets, and the shrieks and howls of the choruses, the volunteer firemen rushed upon the mimic conflagration and outdid each other in gallant struggles with the Fire Fiend. The battle shows at Coney Island may be more elaborate, more artistic, and more expensive than Jullien's firemen's quadrilles were, but they cannot match them in what the Westener graphically called the "*git thar.*" One day the "Fire Fiend" took hold in real earnest and ended the mimic representation.

When the elevated railroads grabbed their slice of the Battery Park, a good many people thought it would have been well to reopen Castle Garden for a place of public amusement, but it had become a fixture in the immigration system of the port, and the suggestion did not take. The time came when the lower part of the city was full of arriving immigrants, who knew nothing of the city or the coun-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

try, and were the easy prey of boarding-house runners and all sorts of land sharks; so the matter was taken in hand and the system of receiving and caring for immigrants, as now practiced was begun, with Castle Garden as a center. They have made an aquarium of the old garden; but whatever they do with it, it will always be famous as the greatest immigrant depot of the United States. Out on the rocks, near Whitehall Street, years before, was established the Capsey Battery to protect the growing city; and it had its tragedy too; for in the celebration of the completion of the battery by Governor Cosby in 1735 a cannon burst, killing a number of the guests, including Colonel Van Cortlandt's daughter.

“*New York, July 21.*—On Wednesday last the first stone of the Platform of the New Battery on Whitehall Rocks was laid by his Excellency our Governour, and it was called *George Augustus's Royal Battery*. As His Excellency was returning, and the last round was firing, the last piece of the Cannon (being very much Honny-Comb'd and eaten almost through, as it afterwards appeared by the Pieces) burst and the Pieces flying different ways, kill'd three Persons; *viz.*, *John Symes*, Esq., High Sheriff for the City and County of New York, *Miss Courtlandt*, only Daughter to the Hon. Col. *Courtlandt*, a Member of His Majesty's Council in this Province, and a Son-in-Law of Alderman *Romur*. The next day the Coroner's Inquest sate on the

Bodies, and bro't in their Verdict *Accidental Death*; and in the Evening they were decently inter'd."—"American Weekly Mercury," July 24, 1735.

On this spot have been received hundreds of thousands of immigrants, who have come to try for themselves the blessing of freedom, and to make their fortunes or the fortunes of their children. All over the land may be found people, many of them thrifty and respected, who remember Castle Garden not only as the portal of the new world, but the gate of fortune to themselves. It is but a short time since the crowds of immigrants, sunning themselves about the old fort, or strolling through the paths of the Battery Park, made an interesting picture of life at the Battery. The immigrants are now on Ellis Island, where they have better accommodations, and are freer from bad influences than was possible at Castle Garden; but even now may be seen the strange people of many nations landing at the Battery pier from the boats of the immigrant commissioners and making their way, often in procession, up through the Battery Park, Broadway and other streets, to become part of the mixed life of Manhattan Island.

The Battery Park was formerly the city parade ground, and there Gen. Morton reviewed the militia. There was a small pond in the southeastern corner, in view of the general's house, where the boys skated. The famous baseball games between the "red-stockings" and the "blue-stockings" were

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

played there. Lafayette was received there in 1824. Daniel Webster spoke in the garden on the night of the famous election in 1834, when the Whigs were victorious after a day of rioting, which required the services of the militia to restrain. In 1847 there was a memorial concert in honor of Mendelssohn, and in 1847 and 1848 Italian opera reigned there. Louis Kossuth was given a reception there in 1849. Tyler and Clay had receptions there. Dodworth's famous band played there in 1852. This was the first American military band that competed with the English bands that came to America to give concerts, and it blazed the way for the magnificent organizations of more modern days. The sea wall which surrounds the park was built under the direction of General McClellan in 1872.

The Staten Island Ferry, at the southeastern corner of the Battery Park, is on the spot where boats have landed from the earliest days of the commerce of Manhattan Island. The first ferry rights were sold there by the City in 1745. After the War of 1812 the original Vanderbilt ran his market boat there from Staten Island.

In the slip the boiler of the steamboat "Westfield" exploded, July 30, 1871. One hundred persons were killed. The gallant service of the Whitehall and Battery boatmen on that awful occasion is commemorated in the little basin that has been given them for their boats.

Some old newspaper references to the neighborhood will be interesting.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

From the "New York Gazette," Nov. 7, 1737.

"Last Monday being the Anniversary of His Majesty's Birthday the same was observed here with the usual Solemnity (!). The honourable the gentlemen of his Majesty's Council, the gentlemen of the Assembly and those of the Corporation, with most of the principal Gentlemen of the City waited on the Hon. George Clarke, Esq., Lieut. Governor of the Province of New York, at the Council Chamber in the Fort, to pay him the usual compliments of the Day, where his Honour and the Gentlemen assembled drank the Royal Healths under the discharge of the Cannon from the Fort (his Majesty's Regular Troops being the whole Time under Arms). The Evening was concluded by the City being illuminated and other demonstrations of Joy and Satisfaction more than of late, in that all distinction of Party and Faction being Removed.

"Saturday last being the fifth of November it was observed here in memory of that horrid and Treasonable Popish Gunpowder Plot to blow up and destroy King, Lords and Commons; and the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Council, the Assembly and Corporation, and other the principal Gentlemen and Merchants of this City waited upon his Honour the Lieut. Governor at Fort George, where the Royal Healths were drank AS USUAL (!), under the Discharge of the Cannon, and at night the City was illuminated."

This custom of punctuating drinks by cannon shot ought not to have died out.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

From the "New York Weekly Post Boy," Jan. 30, 1744.

"Yesterday a small dead Infant was found lying on a Linnen Rag among the Rocks near the new Battery in this City: It was dried up by the Sun, and is supposed to have been thrown into the water and wash'd up. Great numbers flock'd to see it, but we don't hear that the least conjecture has been made who its Parent is."

From the same paper, July 22, 1745.

"Last Night died in the Prime of Life, to the almost universal Regret and Sorrow of this City, Mr. *John Dupuy*, M.D. and Man Midwife; in which last character, it may be truly said here as David did of Goliath's Sword, '*There is none like him!*' "

"*New York, May 22.*—On Wednesday last (17th instant) a Woman in this City of *New York* had Liberty to go into a Garden to gather a Mess of green Herbs, and in gathering them she took hold of the Top of a radish, and pulling it up found that the Stem of the Radish grew out of the Appearance of a Child's Hand and Fingers, which being surprizingly strange, it was carried before a Magistrate, who ordered it to be put in some spirits to preserve it. The Spirits became thick and muddy like Blood and Water, and did stink; whereupon they put it into fresh Spirits, and it continues in the Shape and Colour of a humane Hand and Five Fingers with Sinews and Joynts which open and shut.

“It is to be seen at Serjeant *Tingle’s* in this City, and Abundance of People resort daily to see it. Some are of Opinion, that an Infant has been burried in that Place, and the Seed of the Radish to have taken Root in the Wrist of the Child’s hand, and the Vegetative Quality of the Radish to have preserved the Flesh from putrefying, or at least to retain the Colour and appearance of a Hand and Fingers of human flesh, it being hard and tough like flesh.”—New York “Gazette,” May, 1732.

“Lost on Sunday the 26th of *July*, on the Road betwixt *New York* and *Harlem*, about five Miles from New-York, a large Young Mastiff Dog, of a Yellowish brown Colour, his Head black from mouth up to the Eyes, his Ears also Black, with four white Feet; and about two Inches of the tip of his Tail is White. Whoever will bring the said Dog to the Governor’s House at the Fort in *New York*, or give Notice of him, so that he may be had again, shall have *Twenty Shillings* Reward.”—New York “Gazette,” 1735.

From the “Post Boy,” April 17, 1749.

“It seems as if many of the Inhabitants of this City were minded to brave the good Laws thereof; or else imagine the Doctors want employ: why else should Fish Guts and Garbage be lodged on almost every Dock and street that a person can’t walk them without being attack’d by the most nauseous smells? Strange infatuation that one Inhabitant of a City should have so much Ill will to the whole,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

or Laziness ill-tim'd as to Cause such Nuisances dangerous to the public Good!"

The residences of the prominent citizens that used to surround the Battery Park have long since given place to office buildings and storehouses; but the grandeur and the glory of the City have in no wise departed from the neighborhood. Such superb structures as the Produce Exchange and the Washington and Bowling Green buildings, with the great congregation of lesser business palaces about them, tell a story to the strangers who first see New



New York in the Beginning.

York from the bay that we, who are familiar with them, are the last to heed. The opulent Kings of Commerce are here, the holders of the accumulated power of generations that are gone; and as they push out their growing enterprises, the City, the State, the Nation, the whole World, all feel, and respond to the impulse. We are sensible of many defects in our present business system, and of much that is harsh and selfish in the use of the power of wealth; and yet, when we compare our financial condition with the conditions that prevail in other nations, we are impressed with the fact that there

are few of our great business systems which, when they prosper, do not lift the people with them. The substantial establishments that abound in the vicinity of the old Fort are a national protection, far more potent than batteries and ships and mines of dynamite. The decimation of the business interests that surround the Bowling Green by the fierce hand of war would send a shiver of pain and a pang of distress through the whole world.

Let us strive as we may to learn, to measure, and to appreciate the colossal interests that are centered in this part of the City, and we will fail consciously; but when we have come the nearest to the truth and the reality, we will miss the impressiveness of the calculation and the usefulness of the study, if we forget the founders of the vast commercial state and the history of its development from its small beginning.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER ONE

FORMER NAMES OF SOME OF THE STREETS MENTIONED IN CHAPTER ONE

Broad Street, between Beaver and Wall Streets:

The Ditch, Schaape Waytie, Sheep Pasture, Smell Street Lane, Smell Ditch Street Lane, Prince Graft;

between Beaver and Pearl Streets:

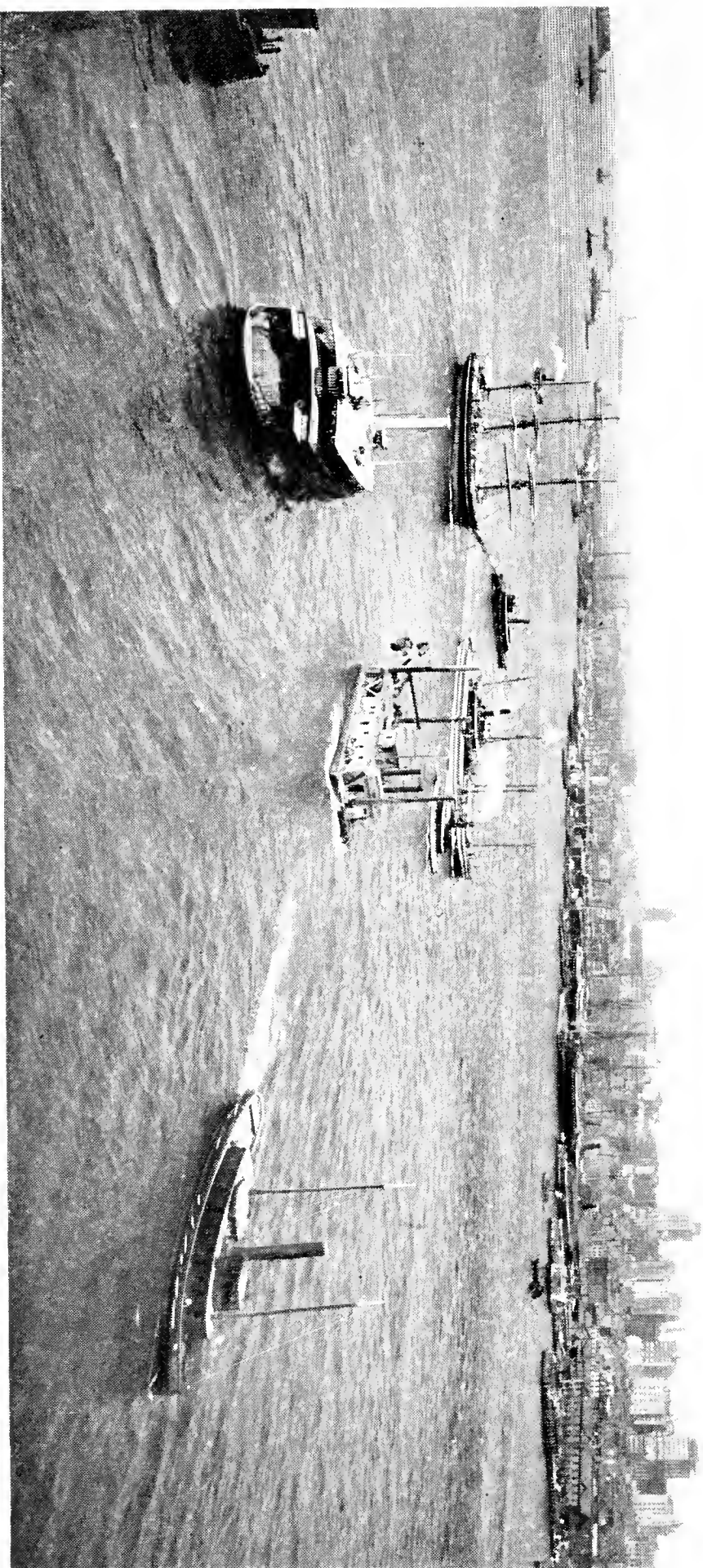
Ditch, Great Graft, Heere Graft, Heere Gracht, Common Ditch;

between Wall Street and Exchange Place:

Smell Street Lane.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

- Beaver Street, between Broadway and Broad Street:
Old Ditch, Beaver Ditch, Bever Graft, Company's Valley, Bevers Patje;
between William and Hanover Streets (and Hanover Street, between Beaver and Pearl Streets):
Slaughter-house Lane, Sloat's Lane, Slot Street;
between Broad and William Streets:
Princen Straat.
- Marketfield Street:
Marcktveltsteegie, Oblique Road, Petticoat Lane.
- South William Street:
Slyck Straat, Slyck Steege, Dirty Lane, Mill Street Alley, Jews' Alley.
- William Street, between Pearl and Wall Streets:
Smeede's Straat, Smit Street, Smith Street;
between Wall Street and Hanover Square:
Suice Street, Burger Joursen's Path, generally: Glassmaker's Street, Horse and Cart Lane.
- Whitehall Street:
Winkel Street, Shop Street.
- Broadway, between Bowling Green and Wall Streets:
Sheera Street;
south of Vesey Street:
Great Highway, Great Public Road, Public Highway, Heere Waage, Heere Wegh.
- Water Street, between Broad and Wall Streets:
Low Water Street.
- Pearl Street, between Wall and Bridge Streets:
Sheet-pile Street;
between Wall Street and Franklin Square:
De Smit's Valley.
- Hanover Street, between Pearl and Beaver Streets:
Drain Ditch.



VIEW OF THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND FROM THE BROOKLYN SHORE.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Exchange Place:

Oyster-pasty Alley, Tin-pot Alley, Flattenbar-rack, Dwars Street.

SOME THINGS RELIGIOUS THAT WE HAVE SECURED BY TOLERATION.

(See daily newspapers.)

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Salvation Army, 120 West 14th St.—Tuesday noon meeting, led by Commander Booth-Tucker; auction of children.

S W A M I V I V E K A N A N D A .

ON VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.

Sundays, February 16 and 23, at 3.30 P.M., at Madison Square Concert Hall, Madison Ave. and 26th Street; subject to-morrow, "The Real and the Apparent Man." Admission free; collection.

SPIRITUALISM.

Carnegie Hall.—Mrs. Cora Richmond speaks, morning 11; evening 8; afternoon 2.45: Facts and Phenomena. Miss Richmond answers questions at opening of meeting.

THEOSOPHY.

Claude Falls Wright will lecture Sunday morning, Chickering Hall, 11 o'clock, on "Esoteric Buddhism." Admission free. Organ recitals by Miss Alice M. Judge.

"FOOLS."

Lecture at Chickering Hall by Rev. Thomas Dixon. Solos, Abbie Totten; also Miss Dickinson, phenomenal whistler. Admission 50c., reserved 75c. Commence 8.

MORMON REVIVAL SERVICES.

Brigham Roberts, a Powerful Orator, and George Pyper, Tenor, Will Begin a Campaign To-Morrow.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

TINY PLACES OF WORSHIP.

The Humble Synagogues of the Poorer East Side. Some of the Congregations include not more than a dozen families. The study of the Talmud.

NEW YORK'S LOURDES.

MIRACLES WROUGHT BY ST. ANNE.

Virtues of the Holy Oil. The Blessing of Heaven and the Curative Properties of the Oil, Produce the Wondrous Result. Conveyed in a Carriage to the Miraculous Bone in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, East 76th Street.

SYRIAN MIDNIGHT PASS.

Elaborate Ceremony of a Downtown Church. Priest cannot speak English. Sent by the Holy Synod. Differences in the Masses of Eastern and Western Churches.

THE FEAST OF HANAKA.

Eight days of Fun for Yiddische Families during the Festival of Lights.

AN ITALIAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

(307 Mulberry Street.)

PASTOR SCHNEIDER.

Pastor Schneider has Joined Almost Sixteen Thousand Couples. He has Presided at seven thousand Christenings, and he never Preaches. He devotes his entire time to making German citizens happy in this World, and Introducing them to the next.

THIS SECT STRANGE.

Expects the end of the World in September. Its Weird Form of Worship. North Pole to be the Heaven after the second coming of Christ. Meets at 413 East 75th Street.

AFRICAN VOODOOS IN NEW YORK.

Priestess invokes the Great One to help Love along. Solemn Nonsense of her Rites. Petition to be effective

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

must be signed in Human Blood. Believers not all Ignorant.

RIGHTEOUS DIP BEFORE FLIGHT.

Stutzke's Disciples Wash Away Worldliness in Preparation for Transfiguration at Port Morris Beach. Do penance on Sharp Stones in their Pilgrimage to the Rain-beaten water, clad only in Night gowns. Beer and Sarsaparilla before Baptism. Coffee after the Immersion.

ARE DIVINE HEALER SCHRADER'S CURES REALLY MODERN MIRACLES!

President of the Faith Curists says Schrader works his cures as Christ did of old. Seven Cases of Alleviation and Cure Investigated by the "Journal."

SOMETHING THAT WE HAVE MISSED.

FEES OF MEDIEVAL EXECUTIONER.

	fl.	kr.
To boil a malefactor in oil	24	00
To quarter a living person	15	00
To execute a person with the sword	15	30
To lay a body on the wheel	5	60
To stick the head of the same on a pole	5	00
To rend a man into four parts	18	00
To hang a man or any delinquent	10	00
To bury the body	1	00
To burn a man alive	14	00
To wait upon a torture if so called	2	00
To place in a Spanish boot	2	00
To place a delinquent in the rack	5	00
To put a person in the iron collar	1	00
To scourge one with rods	3	30
To brand the gallows upon the back or upon the forehead or cheeks.	5	00
To cut off a person's nose or ears	5	00
To lead a person out of the country	1	30

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

CHAPTER TWO

CONTRASTS—THROUGH PEARL STREET TO THE SWAMP—PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE AND PARK ROW

Pearl Street—Processions—Elevated Railroad—The Nations—Humors of Travel—Italians—A backward Glance—Number 19 Pearl Street: a Relic—Stuyvesant's White Hall—The Weigh House—The Royal Exchange—Old Streets—Fire of 1835—Fly Market—The United States, the first large Hotel—Hanover Square—Wingate and the Twilight Club—Hunter—Franklin Square—Walton House and its Ghost—The Harpers and their Magazine—Fires—Washington's Residence, with Reminiscences—Inauguration Parade—Cherry Street—Old Residents—The Fight at Fayal—The Flag—The Swamp—Tanners and Shoemakers—The Carleton House and its Mystery—Printing House Square—The old Road—"Sun" Building—"Tribune" Building—Tammany Hall; its Ancient and Honorable Origin, its Splendid Past, its Corruption: a Contrast—St. Tammany and the Tiger—Pictures of Ancient and Modern Tammany Leaders—Park Pickpockets, formerly protected, now run out—The Stool-pigeon Plan—Newspapers—The Modern breed of Editors—Extracts from Newspapers of early and of recent Times—Exciting Times in the Square—Recollections of Greeley—The Richardson Murder—A Modern Slave Hunt—Brick Church—St. George's Park Theater—St. Paul Building—Barnum's Museum

STARTING from the old Fort, at Pearl and State Streets, and following the line of Pearl Street, we will pass over the ground which was most traveled during the Dutch period, and which was the road for some of the most imposing and important parades of the later periods. To-day it is one of the greatest thoroughfares of the City. There were notable processions along this old Dutch road in the early days, but the unending procession which

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

moves both ways at once without intermission, day and night, from one year's end to the other, is more significant of the life, the genius, the condition and the prospects of New York than any which has preceded it.

Straddling the street on scarecrow legs, cross-gartered in yellow like Malvolio's, is the ugly structure of the elevated railroad, and the trains rush over it, carrying millions of passengers each year. The narrow street is darkened by the jaundiced monstrosity, and its brick walls re-echo the rattle of trains, the grinding of wheels, and the snorting of locomotives; but the business of the street goes on, apparently undisturbed, while the gloomy iron shutters tell of the precious stores of merchandise that they hide.

The multitudes pass along the sidewalk, through all the hours of the day, intent upon their business, and heeding little the great procession endlessly moving above them, except as individuals are forced to take a recess to pick cinders and chips of car wheels out of their eyes. One of the marvelous things about this uninteresting street (for to those who care nothing about history, and the significance of passing events, Pearl Street has no charms) is the absolute unconcern of the people who pass through it about the impertinent invention which overshadows them, and about the marvelous host which is transported overhead at a speed far exceeding even that which was displayed by the Dutch officials at the *Stadthuys*, when they broke forth at

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

dinner time. We have not forgotten the similar stream of travel which runs from the Battery through Greenwich Street; but this is much more interesting, and presents more completely the resources and the problems of our City life. Here we find the mingling of the nations. A large proportion of the immigrants who remain in New York City get their first startling lesson of our City life by being jerked through the air over the heads of the people, so close to the houses that they have a free exhibition of the domestic economy prevailing in different sections of the City.

The through trains of both the Second and Third Avenue lines run through this street. From 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning the downtown trains are thronged with business men located in the Swamp, in the neighborhood of Fulton Street, among the warehouses and storehouses of Hanover Square, and in the financial neighborhood of Wall Street; and these classes are to be seen in large numbers on the returning trains from half-past 4 to half-past 5 o'clock in the evening. Then there are large numbers of clerks, salesmen and book-keepers, who reside in Yorkville and Harlem, west of Second Avenue, and there will be found, too, great numbers of artisans and mechanics. There is, too, a large, noisy and onion-smelling crowd from Little Italy, who always get their money's worth out of a ride on the elevated railroad, and many of them make the whole trip, taking ferries at the Battery for the places where they work. The Polish, Rus-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

sian, Roumanian, and seventeen other distinct kinds of Hebrews, who pervade the neighborhood of Grand and Canal Streets, pass over this route; and when you have seen some of their women thatched with wigs, so that no man save their husband may see their natural hair, and wrapped in shawls of many hues, and their men with long curly beards and shiny, long, aged black coats, you will realize that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. But the Jewish women cannot compare for rainbow effects with the Italian women, who add strange and startling colors to those of the old-fashioned rainbow, and liven up the effect with flashes from fire-gilt jewelry; and, if they be not too old, with dazzling illuminations from white teeth and sparkling black eyes.

A quiet and observant passenger was riding downtown on a Second Avenue train. When it left Chatham Square there were three Italians sitting opposite to him, talking very loudly, as they always do, and evidently enjoying life to its utmost; for an Italian in New York can luxuriate, and live in the ante-room of Paradise, on half an existence. Across the aisle was a German Jew of evident prosperity, probably hailing from Yorkville, and two or three seats from him was a recent importation of the Polish genus. The curly-bearded Pole, whose eyes twitched with native cunning, appeared to be studying the meaning of the Italian words out of the gestures and contortions of the Italian group. The German Jew was likewise studying the Italians; but it was evident that his

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

observation was a critical one, conducted from a standpoint of conscious superiority. Presently the leading Italian burst out in a most infectious laugh (and, if you will notice it, people laugh about the same in all languages). The German addressed him. He said: "Say! Dere vas twelve hundred of you fellows came in on von day, de oder day." The Italian, not doubting that he was honored by the interest of a direct descendant of George Washington, laughed back, waved his hands almost to the roof of the car, and said, "Alla right, alla right; me here; me stay."—"Yah," said the German, "dere vas seven hundred on von ship and five hundred on annuder, and vat I vant to know is vat is going to become of *us Americans?*" The cheerful response of the Italian was, "Alla right, alla right! Italiana coma. Alla gooda. Me Americano, me stay. Alla right! Alla good!" He glanced affectionately at his wife, and she returned his look with interest added. It was evident that they intended to do their best, together, for the land of their adoption, and the probability is that the future will hear from them. The time came for the Italians to leave the train, and they waved a jolly good-by to their critical friend, who immediately turned to his Polish compatriot and delivered himself of a tremendous invective in Jewish jargon about the coming of the Italians to interfere with the rights of American citizens. The observer's amusement was a little dashed when he bethought himself of his own strain of foreign blood.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

A friend says that a few years ago he sat alone in a beer garden in Germany. The proprietor kept one or two waiters who spoke English. He addressed an order in English to one of the waiters, when up jumped a full-bearded man, who rushed over, grabbed him by his hand, and acted as though he would devour him, saying, "Mine friend, mine countryman, I vas so glad to find a bruder American in dis foreign land." After burying their noses in foaming *steins*, and drinking each other's very good health, it turned out that the thickset, black-bearded man had been an immigrant from Germany to America some thirty years before, had become a clerk in a retail business, had saved up his money, and had finally bought out his "boss" (as thousands of thrifty Germans in New York have done), had married and raised a family of children, who had gone to public school, taken a full share of the prizes and graduated well, and that he had gone back to see his native place once more. He said there was no place in the world like America, and no place in America like New York, and that he loved the country of his adoption with all his heart.

A New York daily gives this picture from life:

"There might have been a serious fight on board the midnight Sixth Avenue car last night; but there was not, because one of the passengers had much wit and also a gift of song. Somewhere downtown the car had taken on a dozen Frenchmen, and somewhere else downtown the Frenchmen had taken a

THE AMFRICAN METROPOLIS

load of strong drink; not a fighting load—for Frenchmen are not built that way—but a jolly, laughing and singing load. Just as the car pulled out of Carmine Street one of the party struck up the ‘Marseillaise,’ and by the time they reached Ninth Street they were all shouting at the top of their voices—‘Auz armes, mes citoyens.’ At Ninth Street six German musicians got aboard. They had evidently come up from the Pavonia Ferry, and, in spite of Lent, it was a fair inference that they had been assisting at a dance in Hoboken. By the time the big German with the double bass had got his unwieldy instrument stowed away, he and his companions began to take stock of the Frenchmen. The latter, by this time, having noted the nationality of the newcomers, were shouting De Lisle’s words and music louder than ever. If the words were offensive to the newcomers, they were made doubly so by the pointed manner in which they were shouted at them. The German is slow to wrath, but there are some things he will not stand; and one of them is the ‘Marseillaise.’ Any one with half an eye would see that these particular Teutons were swelling with anger. They grew red in the face and fidgeted in their seats. A Franco-Prussian war was imminent.

“Then the man with the double bass opened his jaws, and a great volume of sound was let loose. ‘Das braucht mir nicht!’ and in less than a minute the car was throbbing with ‘Die Wacht am Rhein! —Fest steht und treu die wacht, Die wacht am

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Rhein!’ Frenchmen cannot rival Germans in noise. The ‘Marseillaise’ was drowned. Then it was the Frenchmen’s turn to be angry. In half a minute they were on their feet, shaking their fists in the Germans’ faces. The latter were shedding their coats, and the conductor was preparing to stop the car and call a policeman—when, up arose the little American. He hadn’t said a word while the merry war was going on; but now he braced himself and let go. His shrill voice penetrated the din, and these were the words:

“ ‘The Star-spangled Banner,
O long may it wave
O’er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!’

“There was a lull; then all, French and Germans, anger forgotten, joined in the ‘Star-spangled Banner.’

“The Franco-Prussian war was over.”

The Italians are much harder to Americanize than most of the other immigrants from Europe. The majority of them come from the worst part of Italy. They are superstitious, and there is among them a very large share of the vices of poverty and ignorance. They are positively the dirtiest people that our sun shines on, not even excepting the downtown Jews. There is not a great deal to be hoped for from the majority of the adult Italians who have come to us. They herd together in the meanest quarters, resenting all efforts to reach them. They seem to be devoid of progressive ideas. It

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

must be admitted that, so far as they have been brought into contact with our people, they have not been helped much. They have been padroned by their own scoundrelly leaders, they have been fleeced and tyrannized by their American (or Irish) landlords and "bosses," and they have been treated with unfeeling harshness, and at times with terrific brutality, by policemen, and occasionally by police justices. These experiences with representative Americans have driven them even closer together, and have made them more thoroughly the prey of the padrones, who grind handsome commissions for services rendered or not rendered (it makes no difference) out of the starvation wages which they get. The children of the Italians are very promising. They learn our language readily, and break away from the traditions of their parents. They learn quickly the American idea of personal rights, without which no people are fit to be free; and there are other hopeful indications which we will have opportunity to notice when we come to consider Italy and Little Italy. The reader should study the books written by Mr. Jacob A. Riis upon the lower classes in our City. He tells a little story which illuminates one aspect of the Italian condition very nicely. A poor man was found occupying very squalid apartments and paying a remarkably exorbitant rent to an Irish landlord. He was asked, "Why do you not see your landlord and tell him that you will not pay such a rent?" His answer was, "I did tell him so, but he said, 'Damma man

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

if a you talka that way I throw your things on the street walk.' ''

The Chinese colony is also represented in these trains; laundrymen from the upper part of town making frequent visits to Mott Street to see their friends and to gamble.

The student of New York should not neglect the studies of these inhabitants, which he may have daily by paying five cents for a ride; and when he goes through Pearl Street he may let his mind slip back to the Revolutionary period and the Dutch period, and see if he be magician enough to conjure up pictures, not of fancied scenes, but of realities, as they might have been viewed from his perch, could he have got there one hundred, two hundred, or nearly three hundred years ago.

If the average New Yorker could suddenly jump himself back twenty, or even fifteen years, blotting out the gradual process of growth which has made the changing pictures to merge into each other in kinetoscopic fashion; if he could do that, and bring up before his mind a clear and vivid picture of the City as he knew it then, he would be startled at the wonderful change, the growth and the power of progression which he would then realize.

The uniting of the two ends of the island by our elevated railroads has done more for New York's progress than any other public improvement of recent years. Even this new and mighty engine of progress has become unable to supply the demand for transportation, of which it has been largely the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

creator, and before many years have passed we will have a system of rapid transit that will supplant the elevated railroads, or push them into second place.

Let us start at State and Pearl Streets, and follow the old cow path, or shore road, as we may choose to call it. We notice a peculiar angle on that first block. That angle is about as old as anything in lower New York. Near Broadway we see an immigrant's hotel flying the Danish flag and surrounded with typical Danes, and at Number 19 Pearl Street is the queer little building that we have already noticed. The alley and the yard are the only vacant ground in the whole block.

The house has nine or ten rooms of the old-fashioned type, low pitched but large; and the interior arrangements, though modified in accordance with modern ideas, reveal the early period of its construction. There were blue Dutch tilings on the walls; but, unfortunately, they were removed during the making of repairs, about thirty years ago, and were lost. The foundations are of stone; and it would require the shock of a cannon ball or an explosive, even at this date, to disturb them. Though the frontage on Pearl Street is small, the lot has a depth of 119 feet. The early occupants of the houses planted their tulips right under the guns of Fort Amsterdam. Mr. D. R. Jacques, its present owner, has in his possession the deed of the lot handed to his ancestors by the English governor, Francis Lovelace. The present tenant, who has been there



OLD DOORWAY OF NO. 8 PEARL STREET.

forty-five years, still plants the yard with flowers, as his predecessors did before American independence was dreamed of.

We cross Whitehall Street, and turning our faces southward, we see the spot, half way between Pearl and Front Streets, where the shore used to be, and where Governor Stuyvesant's white house stood, and where the Whitehall Battery was built in later days. From that point eastward and southward, where solid blocks of warehouses now stand, stretched the basin that gave shelter to vessels whose skippers paid the City for the privilege of harbor. On our right, as we cross Whitehall Street, is the block formerly occupied by the Produce Exchange, and on it stood the ancient Weigh House. In this part of the street (Number 33 Pearl Street) was the first church, which was used before Dominie Bogardus built one in the Fort. In the English days the street at this point was called Dock Street. At Broad Street was the spot where the Dutch traders used to meet, where the Royal Exchange stood, and where the Board of Trade had its inception. For many blocks around us ground is of the utmost value, and almost every inch of it is occupied by the business interests that are crowded together. It is but a few steps to Number 73 Pearl Street, the site of the *Stadthuys*, with which we have become somewhat familiar; and here we may stand a few minutes to look over the place where the cage and the stocks, the pillory, the ducking-stool, the whipping-post and the gallows stood,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and where the battery was erected, and where Coen and Antye spent their happy days. Now there is not a vestige of any of these old things, and there is nothing to help the memory but the tablet on 73 Pearl Street (the invitation of which is rudely checked by the warning sign in the window) and the old lamp frame on the alley. Here, forty years ago, the target companies from the Bowery often came to carouse and to compete for prizes. We have read of one where the contestants fought it out blindfolded, with augers: the prize—a pig—going to the man who got his auger most squarely into the bull's-eye. Some of the contestants missed the target altogether, and were almost in the river before they were stopped. In 1820 the body of a murdered man was found in Coenties Alley, near the *Stadthuys* site. A remarkable man, Jacob Hays, was head constable. He suspected the keeper of a low place in the neighborhood of committing the murder. He caused the body of the dead man to be taken to the old Rotunda, in the City Hall Park, and covered with a sheet. Then he arrested the suspect, took him rapidly to the Rotunda, suddenly pulled the sheet off the body, and screamed in his ear: "Do you know that man?"—"Yes, I murdered him," was the quick, half-conscious answer. That was the original "third degree." Since that day it has been greatly improved. Through Coenties Alley we have a glimpse of a block on Stone Street, long, narrow, and covered to the last inch by brick buildings, running through from street

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

to street. This Stone Street, the first paved street in the City, was called by the English Duke Street, and by the Dutch Brower (or Brewers), and the street back of that, now South William, was called by the English Mill Street, after the horse mill in which the first religious exercises were held by the Dutch. We must resist the temptation to slip off on side journeys. The only way that we will be able to understand our ground is to return to the old Fort for our various expeditions through this part of the City. We will continue then through Pearl Street, and but a few doors further, on the same side of the street, marked by a tablet, we will find the spot where William Bradford, the first printer, had his press, and where he printed our first books. This is the place where our printing and publishing had its beginning, and when we go to Trinity churchyard we will see the tomb in which the printer was interred. Across the street, a little further north, is a bonded warehouse, on which is an impressive memorial tablet. It records the fact that the building is constructed from the stones of the house which previously stood there, and which was destroyed in the fire of 1835. That terrible conflagration swept over the business part of New York during a day and night in winter, while the thermometer registered 17 degrees below zero. The firemen were tired out with their struggle against a large fire on the preceding night, and, with their inefficient apparatus, they were absolutely powerless to check the flames. Seventeen blocks,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

containing nearly seven hundred buildings, were burned over. The direct loss was over twenty million dollars. Banks were compelled to suspend, and insurance companies were unable to meet the great demands that were made upon them. The fire began at Number 25 Merchant Street, and speedily traveled into Pearl Street and Exchange Place. It burned southward, nearly to Broad Street, eastward to the river, and from Wall Street to Coenties Slip. The south side of Wall Street was demolished from William Street to the river. In this space were churches, banks, exchanges, warehouses, stores, dwellings, taverns; and the excitement, confusion and terror of the people, who were directly concerned in the disaster, cannot be described. The entire population of the City watched the flames from every position which could be held against the heat and the onrush of the flames. The most expensive fabrics, the choicest foods, the rarest importations, were carried out of buildings and piled up in the streets, where it was hoped they would be out of danger; and the lawless classes took advantage of the many opportunities for pillage and plunder. The Dutch Church, on Exchange Place, and the Merchants' Exchange, on Wall Street, were filled with goods that were hastily piled up with the hope that they might be saved, but all was lost in the flames. The watchmen of the City were as powerless to restrain the crowds as the firemen were to stay the fire. It was not until the militia were hastily gathered together, and sailors and marines came from



RUINS OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AFTER THE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE OF DECEMBER 16 AND 17, 1835.

the harbor forts, that even a semblance of order could be attained; but before that time hundreds of thieves had enriched themselves from the piles of goods that unfortunate owners were trying to save, and hundreds of men had become noisily intoxicated with the wines and spirits to which they found access. There was no water supply, except that which was laboriously pumped up from the river, and the firemen had to chop through thick ice to reach the water with their hose pipes. During the night it became apparent that the only way to stop the fire was to blow down the buildings which might be in its path, and so to make a gap which the flames could not cross. This work was undertaken by the marines, who brought kegs of powder from the government stores, bravely carried them through the City on their shoulders, and placed them in the buildings which were selected for destruction. The mines were sprung, there was an awful explosion, and the doomed houses tumbled to the ground. The sacrifice was successful. At that point the fire spent itself. The Merchants' Exchange and the Dutch Church, and their deposit of valuables, were ruined, together with the mass of buildings that surrounded them. While the fire was at its height, some one, inspired by the tremendous occasion, opened the great organ in the church and played dirge upon dirge, until he was driven out by the hot blast of the advancing holocaust. A man was caught setting fire to a building at the corner of Stone and Broad Streets, and was lynched on the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

spot. There has never been seen in our City such an awful condition of desolation as was beheld by the sorrowing inhabitants on the following morning, and it was many years before the City recovered from the disaster. This terrible event gave an impulse to the movement for an adequate water supply, and for the improvement of the fire department. This fire destroyed many buildings that were valuable for their historic associations; but it prepared the way for a greater City, and for a more substantial business development, by clearing the ground of hundreds of old buildings which otherwise would have remained for many years to prevent the coming in of large business interests, and perhaps to divert such business to other parts of the City. The fires in early New York were frequent and terrible, and they have left to us very few of the buildings which would now be venerated for their history. The fire annals of those times make thrilling reading even at this remote day. Among the hard-working firemen in 1835 was William M. Tweed.

Only a short time ago workmen, excavating for a building at Water Street and Old Slip, came upon a mass of slag formed by the melting of a store of metals in the fire of 1835.

That fire was confined to the business part of the City, lying east of Broadway; but the fire of 1776 crossed to the west side of Broadway. It began in a low saloon called the "Fighting Cock," at Whitehall Wharf, on the night of the day when

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the British took possession of New York. The English soldiers believed that the Americans had fired the City, and in their anger they killed a number of people, and threw some of them into the flames. The fire extended to Broad Street, burned the blocks between Whitehall and Broad Streets, crossed Broadway, between Morris and Wall Streets, burned Trinity Church and the Lutheran Church, and swept everything before it from Broadway to the North River, between Morris and Murray Streets. The burned district remained desolate until the return of the Americans in 1783, though a portion of it was filled with tents that were occupied in great part by dissolute people.

Another great fire occurred on December 9, 1796. It is remembered as the Coffee House Slip Fire. It started at the foot of Wall Street and East River, and extended to the Fly Market in Maiden Lane, which it damaged; all the buildings in this district east of Front Street were totally destroyed. Prior to this, in 1778, sixty-four houses were burned at Cruger's Wharf.

In 1804 there was another great fire, which burned forty houses on Front, Pearl and Wall Streets, including the Tontine Coffee House. The loss was two million dollars. In 1845 there occurred a fire in the same district which approached the fire of 1835 in its destructiveness; for three hundred buildings were burned, and the loss exceeded ten million dollars. Thirty people lost their lives. Many of these were firemen. The fire broke

out at Number 34 New Street, where a great quantity of oil was stored. Soon it reached Exchange Place and Broad Street. A building on Broad Street was full of saltpeter, and when the flames reached it, there was an explosion that shook the City and was felt for miles out of town. Men were killed, an engine was blown across the street, adjoining houses were thrown down, and the doors of buildings on Wall Street were burst open. This terrible explosion spread the burning brands in every direction, and the fire broke out in new places. All the buildings on Broad Street, from Wall to Beaver, and on Exchange Place, from William to Broadway, and on New Street, from Wall to Beaver, were destroyed. Besides these great fires there were many smaller ones all through this district. These events are mentioned here as a partial explanation of the disappearance of so many landmarks of former days. Some of the most interesting parts of the lower City have been burned over several times. Continuing through Pearl Street, at Hanover Square, we are in one of the choicest residence sections of the English colonial and the Revolutionary periods; and here, too, we find imposing buildings, notably the new Cotton Exchange and the Coffee Exchange, which seem fitted to succeed the grand homes which once surrounded the square. Here lived Mayor Thomas Willett in 1665, Mayor John Lawrence in 1673, Mayor Nicholas Bayard in 1685; and the principal men of the different epochs were largely represented in the neighborhood. It was a great head-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

quarters for Royalists during the Revolution. Here, it is recorded, the newsboys cried the news of the American defeat at Germantown in this fashion: "Glorious news from the Southward! Washington everywhere defeated! The bloodiest battle in America! Six thousand rebels killed, and one hundred wagonloads wounded!"



New York Cotton Exchange, Beaver and William Streets.

The Cotton Exchange was organized in 1870, and its beautiful building, which we now see, was completed in 1895, and cost a million dollars.

The old Cotton Exchange building across the way is occupied by the offices of William R. Grace, who has been mayor, and who mixes politics, religion and business very naturally.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Looking down Old Slip we see the buildings of the police station and the fire company, which have been erected by the City in the middle of the street, that being the most available location for the police and fire services, which are so important to that congested section of the City. In olden times Old Slip was the home of enterprise, as may be seen from this advertisement:

“Teeth drawn and old broken Stumps taken out very safely and with much ease, by James Mills, who was instructed in that art by the late James Reading, deceased, so fam’d for drawing of teeth. He is to be spoke with at his shop in the house of the Deceased near the Old Slip Market.”—
“Weekly Journal,” Jan. 1735.

The new buildings of the Cotton Exchange and the Coffee Exchange give an appearance of dignity to one side of the square, well in keeping with the character that it once had; but some of the surroundings of those great buildings are rather incongruous. The two little houses north of the Coffee Exchange must soon give way to the onward march of towering structures; but there are some features about those two buildings that we shall sadly miss when they go. Nowhere else can be found such roof windows.

The first house is occupied on the ground floor by one Hummer with a restaurant; but the name does not nearly so well describe the keeper of the restaurant as it does the man who holds forth in the upper

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

part of the building as a sanitary engineer. There is the office of one of the most able, versatile and successful men of our business life. What he doesn't know about sanitary engineering wouldn't pay any one to find out; but it is as the organizer, secretary and principal figure of the Twilight Club that the people know him best. New York is full of odd institutions and peculiar societies, but the Twilight Club is the only one of its kind. It is made up of negations. It has no president, no club house, no constitution, no dues, no political discussions, no religious harangues, no long-winded speakers, no platform. The list of things it has not might be extended indefinitely. But it does contain a host of genial, witty men, whom Wingate has discovered, like Captain Codman, the martyr of the Grace Church chimes, and Professor Packard, of saintly character, who manage on stated occasions to perform imposing gastronomic feats, and at the same time to evolve the most extraordinary mental gymnastics in flowing speech that can be observed on Manhattan Island. The club meets twice a month at the St. Denis hotel, eats a good dinner, which the members pay for on the spot, and then spends two hours in free speech upon the interesting questions of the day, with the express understanding that each orator shall speak his inmost thoughts without hesitation or reserve, and with the perfect assurance of the esteem and good-will of all his listeners. Mr. Wingate's bulletins of the meetings are brimful of humor and common sense. We consider Wingate

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

one of the characters of New York, and, reverently we say it, one of its curiosities. This building was the home of the famous French general, Victor Moreau, who was banished from France on a charge of conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon. In the rear of this house was the Bell Tavern, kept by the father-in-law of William Niblo from 1806 to 1812.



Certificate of Membership

in

Ye Twilight Club

of New York.

Founded Jan. 4, 1883, to Cultivate Good Fellowship
and Enjoy Rational Recreation.

To all Whom it may Concern :

THIS CERTIFICATE WITNESSETH, That We, The Undersigned, Members of The Executive Committee of YE TWILIGHT CLUB, being in session lawfully assembled; and being clothed with full authority under the (no) Constitution, in consideration of the warrantees and agreements made to them in the application for membership and of the sum of Two DOLLARS, in hand paid, Do Hereby Accept , by occupation, profession or employment, a , residing in the State of New York, as a full member in Division A of this most Honorable, August, and Dignified Body, established Anno Domini 1883, for the Maintenance and Preservation of Public Order and Good Fellowship, and the Welfare of Mankind, and in accordance with the Laws of Nature

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and the Precepts of Morality, in the City and County of New York, and finding, *ad hoc conditiones sine qua non*, the said to be of the proper Voting Age, of High Intellectual Attainments, Fair Moral Character, Comely Carriage, a Philosopher's Digestion, *un bon esprit*, and having forsworn Evil and All Formality; and understanding, moreover, that he is not *in forma pauperis*, but that he is of adequate pecuniary responsibility [up to One (1) Dollar], and furthermore is not *loquendi non facilis de census Averni*, We, therefore, do hereby Solemnly pronounce him to be a Reasonable and not Extra Hazardous Risk, and a full member *cum privilegis*, including full liberty to Pay Promptly such Assessments as may be levied upon him *add infinitum*.

Given and established under the great seal (*Phoca grænlantica*) of the Commonwealth and of the TWILIGHT CLUB, before the Hanover Square Station of the Elevated Railway, and within sight of the Brooklyn Bridge, this 29th day of November, in the year of (ex-Mayor) Grace, 1890.

Sic (rapid) transit gloria mundi—Eringounom-epluribusbragh.

(Signed) J. C. Zachos,	Andrew H. H. Dawson,
S. S. Packard,	E. W. Chamberlain,
W. O. McDowell,	Geo. W. Wingate,
J. H. Suydam,	C. N. Bovee,
Rossiter Johnson.	

Attest: Executive Committee.

SEAL.

Chas. W. Wingate, *Secretary*.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

PRINCIPLES.

No Debts.	No Scandal.
By-Laws.	Bribery.
President.	No Personalities.
Constitution.	Party Politics.
Salaries.	Preaching.
No Full Dress.	Gambling.
Mutual Admiration.	Dynamite.
Defalcations.	"Bouncer."
Decamping Treasurer.	No Conventionality.
Watered Stock.	Grand Reform.
Parliamentary Rules.	High Ideal.
"Previous Questions."	"Papers."
No Lengthy Speeches.	"Dudes."
Late Hours.	No Puns.
Profanity.	Gush.
"Fish Stories."	Cant.
"Sailors' Yarns."	Red Tape.
Dueling.	Formality.
Free Dinners.	Humbug.

Another figure that will be sadly missed, when the aforesaid march of improvements shall have cleared off these two buildings, is the zealous and enterprising Robert F. Hunter, who combines a number of worthy occupations in his office in the corner building. He is agent, custom-house broker, notary public, and tea dealer, all at once, and you may see the original packages of tea from the elevated station. His various occupations are stated on several signs, and the people are informed that they may purchase at his office, "tea at retail at very low prices." Mr. Hunter combines in himself the old and new business types. This is a sample of

the old style: "Gerardus Duyckinck Living near the Old Slip Market in New York continues to carry on the business of his late Father deceased, viz., Limning, Painting, Varnishing, Japanning, Gilding, Glazing and Silvering of Looking Glasses, all done in the best Manner. He also will teach any young gentleman the Art of Drawing, with Painting on Glass, white lead oil and Painters Colours."

One of the most notable buildings on the square is an ordinary new flat tenement with the common paper signs pasted in the windows, "Flat to Let." Occasionally the round old face of some homely dame, pressed against the window-pane in the middle of the day, looks out upon the exchanges across the street, and the immense traffic of the square, regardless entirely of the memories of the grand persons who once lived there, and unconscious of being a curiosity at that spot. It will be interesting to watch the "flat" and see what becomes of it during the next ten years.

Number 140 Pearl Street was the residence of Admiral Digby and Prince William (William IV. of England), and Governor Clinton lived at Number 178.

Proceeding a little further, we cross Wall Street. Resisting the temptation to stray over this thoroughfare, we stop only a moment to notice the Seamen's Savings Bank and the Marine Bank, on two Wall Street corners, and the Tontine Building, at the corner of Water Street, standing on the old

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

water-line of Dutch times. It is a memorial of the Tontine Coffee House, which was a great institution in the early days of New York.

At Pine Street was the home of Colonel Abraham De Peyster, built in 1695, occupying an entire block and fronting on the river. At Cedar Street were the first brick buildings after Governor Leisler's (which stood next to Governor Stuyvesant's White Hall, near the Fort). Colonel De Peyster's houses were three stories high, and were built in 1696.

The Dutch leaders, like De Peyster, Van Cortlandt and Van Dam, congregating in this section and maintaining their interest in it, Pearl Street became the Dutch Broadway.

At Liberty Street was the famous King's Head Tavern. The sign, the King's Head, passed from this place to others, and finally landed in Montagne's, on Broadway, where it was put out of use.

Continuing our walk past the places formerly occupied by the residences of many of the most prominent people of early New York, we come in a few moments to Maiden Lane, and here, if we had arrived in the real old Dutch times, we would either have been compelled to *swim* across the Maagdepatje gracht, or to have walked up to such a point as we could jump across it. Had we lived in those days we would have made the detour; for, if tradition is good for anything, there would have been plenty of enjoyable company on the shores; and, by the way, is it not interesting to note that along

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

this pathway, so much frequented by the Dutch maidens, are located so many of the leading jewelry shops of the City? Here at Maiden Lane, where we cross on dry ground, stood the famous Fly Market, not named after the flies, who were undoubtedly as populous and insistent a community there as at other markets, but so called because the Dutchmen pronounced their V's like F's, and instead of saying Valley, which they meant, they said V'ly or Fly. Here was the valley of the maidens, and undoubtedly it was a happy thought of some thrifty merchant that where they came down to wash their clothes they might be induced to buy the family provisions and to take them home. We know that some carping critics will insist on applying the rule, the compass and the tape to everything; but we defy them to prove that the Fly Market had not its origin in the congregating of traders at that spot to sell produce and family stores to the "women folks." This old market was in full bloom during the days of the privateers, and it was a favorite spot for procuring supplies by the captains of those vessels.

At this point will be seen a few interesting old buildings, and none more interesting than the tavern (which we will insist on calling it), at the point where Maiden Lane and Liberty Street come together. The building was erected in 1823. Plainly it was a notable house in its day, but as you stand in front of it, with similar old establishments about you, and look toward Broadway, veritable

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

mountains of stone, iron and brick rise up behind it, so that it presents an amusing appearance of shabby and antique gentility.

The Fly Market was one of the most interesting gathering spots on Manhattan Island. It seems to have been established about the year 1706, for the purpose of securing regular supplies and of fixing regular charges for meat and fish. As the City grew, the market became more important, and after a while it was the great meeting place for purchasers and consumers. In those days the finest gentlemen of the City did their own marketing and carried their purchases home in their own hands, and they met and bargained with the humblest and the commonest marketmen who had food for sale. The butchers of the Fly Market were an enterprising lot, and in time came to have considerable influence in affairs of the town. Bustle and jollity were the characteristics of the market's life, but there were times of trial and distress. The scourge of yellow fever was most severe in the neighborhood of the market, and several times its stalls were deserted; the marketmen fleeing from the neighborhood and endeavoring to carry on their business at their temporary homes in places far distant. Dutch farmers from Jersey, and English farmers from Long Island, brought their vegetables in rowboats or skiffs. Occasionally Indians came with game and fish, and at all times there were crowds of careless darkies, uncouthly attired, ready to laugh, swear, or dance for pennies or eels. The butchers

of the Fly Market were in the front in the fight for liberty. They swelled the gatherings of the Sons of Liberty, and many of them were in the crowd of patriots at the battle of Golden Hill. Among the prominent butchers of the market were Richard Green, Isaac Varian, John Stockford, Peter Jay, Samuel Lawrence and John Pessenger. Pessenger was a great patriot, and did substantial work in supplying meat to the Continental army. He became connected by marriage with Henry Astor, brother of John Jacob Astor (who spelled his name Ashdor). Henry Astor married a daughter of the estimable woman whom Mr. Pessenger married. Astor was very proud of his wife, frequently saying to his associates, "Dolly is de pink of de Powery." Pessenger cared for Major Leitch, who was fatally wounded at the "Battle of Harlem Plains." He was so faithful in supplying General Washington's army that his ability was made known to General Howe, who endeavored to secure his services at a large price, but he patriotically refused to have any dealings with Howe. When General Washington became President, and took up his residence in New York City, he sought out his friend Pessenger at the Fly Market and traded with him exclusively. Henry Astor also became a butcher in the Fly Market. He made his purchases at the Bull's Head (on the site of the old Bowery Theater, now Thalia Theater), and brought them home in a wheelbarrow, and hours before daylight he was arranging his stock in a stall in the Fly Market. When his

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

brother, John Jacob Astor, arrived in New York, Henry gave him his first stock in trade—a basket of trinkets—with which he traded for furs and skins on the vessels which brought them to New York. There were famous farmers among the business men of the Fly Market, such as Henry Brevoort, whose notable tablet memorial is in the vestibule of Grace Church on Broadway; Henry Spingler, whose farm was north of Union Square, where the Spingler house stood for so many years; Nicholas Romaine, Lawrence Ulshofer, Yellis Mandeville and Gilbert Coutant. Other notable merchants of the market were William Wright, John Fink, Joseph O. Bogart, William Mooney, John Lovell, Daniel Winship, Benjamin Cornell, and Cornelius Schuyler. There were huckster women as well, who, in their way, were quite remarkable characters, like Arabella Truce, Mary Appleby, Caty Buyshe, Barbary Varvosar and Abigail Doil. Grant Thorburn started the florist business in this market.

In April, 1805, he saw a man for the first time selling flower-plants in the market. He wrote: “As I carelessly passed along I took a leaf, and rubbing it between my fingers and thumb, asked him what was the name of it? He answered, ‘A *rose geranium*.’ I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and thought it would look well if removed into one of my green flower-pots, to stand on my counter to draw attention. Next day some one fancied, and purchased plant and pot. Next day I went when the market

was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river, as he lived at Brooklyn; and in those days there was neither steam nor horse-boats. Accordingly I purchased two plants, and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done this way, and so I continued to go at the close of the market, and always bargained for the unsold plants. The man, finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and show me how to shift the plants out of his pots and put them into green pots, if my customers wished it. So I found by his tongue that he was a Scotchman, and being countrymen, we wrought to one another's hands; thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty.

“The thing, being a novelty, began to draw attention; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the City would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits the strangers would express a wish to have some of the plants; but, having so far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask for the seeds, and also those of cabbage, turnip, or radish seeds, etc.; but here lay the difficulty, as no one sold seed in New York, not one of the farmers or gardeners saving more than what they wanted for their own use — there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma, I told my situation to George Inglis, the man from whom I had always bought the plants in the Fly Market. He said he was now raising seeds, with

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

the intention of selling them next spring, along with his plants in the market; but if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me to sell. A bargain was immediately struck; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to *fifteen dollars*; and thus commenced a business on the 17th of September, 1805, that became the most extensive of the sort in the United States."

No man was more noted in New York than Thorburn—a wise, energetic little fellow, less than five feet tall, who became really a distinguished citizen. The business founded by him is still continued at Number 15 John Street, on the site of the first theater. Close by this old market, at the corner of Cliff and John Streets, lived a colored woman named Mary Simpson, who originated the observance of Washington's birthday in New York City. She had been a slave in the family of General Washington, who set her free while living in New York. She opened a little store in the basement of her house, where she sold milk, butter, and eggs, with cookies, pies, and sweetmeats of her own manufacture; and she also took in washing for several bachelor gentlemen who resided in the neighborhood. She never forgot her old master's birthday, nor did she want her friends or patrons to forget it, as that day was above all the holidays with her; and she kept it most faithfully, by preparing a very large cake, which she called "Washington Cake" (once a favorite of Washington), a large quantity

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

of punch, then a fashionable drink, and hot coffee. These were nicely arranged upon a large table; then against the wall hung an old portrait of Washington, and near it was displayed a small leather trunk, on which was marked the initials "G. W.," made of brass-head nails; both of which had been given to her by Washington himself. Every anniversary morning, some of the first men, old and young, paid a ceremonious visit to this much-respected colored woman, to eat her "Washington Cake," drink her punch and coffee, praise her old master's portrait, and his many noble and heroic deeds; and thus was passed every Washington's birthday until her death. She said she "was fearful that if she did not keep up the day by her display, Washington would be soon forgotten." Mr. Thorburn, whom we have just mentioned, said, "When the yellow fever prevailed, people fled, and left their cats to starve; soon the hungry cats came howling round the dwellings of those whose doors were open. *Mary Washington* and her stout colored servant-girl went every morning with two large sacks to the butchers, who always cheerfully gave them as many sheep-heads as they could carry. On arriving home, they found fivescore and five starving cats waiting their return; straightway each with her hatchet split the skulls and scattered the brains, when the cats ate and were satisfied. I had full share of starving cats to provide for. The weather being hot, and the windows open, the cats came in. We were obliged to keep a woman with a stick

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

to sit by the table, while the servant was placing the food before us; every day I placed dishes on the sidewalks, and got many gallons of milk from the kind milkmen for the poor cats. Soon the cats found their way up town, and got better quarters." (Thus began New York's back fence opera. When the artists sing, please thank Mary and the Scotchman.) The market was a favorite place for the victualing of privateers, both in the Colonial period and during the War of 1812. During that war the marketmen stood firmly for the war. There were many fishing smacks which brought their catches to the market, and in July, 1813, one of these smacks, the "Yankee," was fitted up for the purpose of capturing a British sloop named the "Eagle," which was cruising around Sandy Hook and capturing American trading vessels. This is the account of the engagement, published in the "Naval Monument," 1836:

"The fishing smack, named the 'Yankee,' was borrowed of some fishermen at Fly Market, in the city of New York, and a calf, a sheep, and a goose purchased, and secured on deck. Between 30 and 40 men, well armed with muskets, were secreted in the cabin and forepeak of the smack. Thus prepared, she stood out to sea, as if going on a fishing trip to the banks, three men only being on deck, dressed in fishermen's apparel, with buff caps on. The 'Eagle,' on perceiving the smack, immediately gave chase, and after coming up with her,



UNITED STATES HOTEL, FULTON AND PEARL STREETS.

New York. Vol. One, p. 160

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and finding she had live stock on deck, ordered her to go down to the commodore, then about five miles distant. The helmsman answered, Aye, aye, sir, and apparently put up the helm for the purpose, which brought him alongside of the 'Eagle,' not more than three yards distant. The watchword 'Lawrence' was then given, when the armed men rushed on deck from their hiding places, and poured into her a volley of musketry, which struck the crew with dismay, and drove them all down so precipitately into the hold of the vessel that they had not time to strike their colors. The 'Eagle,' with the prisoners, was carried to the city and landed at Whitehall, amidst the shouts and plaudits of thousands of spectators, assembled on the Battery, celebrating the 4th of July.

"Henry Morris, commander of the 'Eagle,' was buried at Sandy Hook with military honors, and in the most respectful manner. Mr. Price, who died soon after, was buried in Trinity Churchyard, with every testimony of regard."

In January, February, March and April, of 1816, there were sold in this old market 3,665 sheep, 2,275 cattle, 3,822 calves and 669 hogs. The market was closed up on the 22d December, 1821. Some of the butchers held on to the last. David Sims was selling a piece of meat to a ship captain, and while weighing it a piece of the roof, loosened by those who were tearing down the market, fell down in the midst of the party and marked the last sale

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

in the market, which had been a continuous mart for one hundred and twenty-three years. In a few years the space occupied by the market was built upon. The "tavern," at the intersection of Maiden Lane and Liberty Street, was erected two years after the tearing down of the market. Fulton Market is the successor of the Fly Market. Many of the Fly Market butchers moved directly to the new market, which was a great improvement upon the old one. There was one year when its stall-keepers had to flee from the yellow fever, as they had done before in the Fly Market. In 1830 an Englishman named Fowler visited Fulton Market and said of it: "I have repeatedly visited it, and have no hesitation in saying that, for the richness and abundance of its supply, it surpasses any market I ever saw, especially in fruits and vegetables; and in fish, flesh and fowl there is every profusion and excellence. I have been frequently asked by my American friends whether I considered their beef equal to the roast beef of Old England, but I would confess myself not epicure enough to tell the difference." This part of the City was so desolated by the plague of yellow fever that vegetables grew in the streets. When the people came back they plucked beans and melons from plants which grew up out of the openings in the sidewalks in the roadways.

When the privateers took their supplies from the Fly Market the papers were full of notices like these:

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

“To all Gentlemen, Sailors and others, who have a mind to try their Fortunes on a cruizing Voyage against the enemy; That the Brig ‘Hester’ and Sloop ‘Polly’ are now fitting out at *New York* in the best Manner; (under Command of Capt. *Francis Rosewell* and Capt. *S. Bayard*) the Owners of said Vessels being to find every Thing necessary for such an undertaking. The Brig is a fine new single Deck Vessell of 150 Tons, to mount 32 Guns, and to be mann’d with 120 Men; the Sloop is also new, Burthen 100 Tons, to mount 26 Guns, and be mann’d with 80 men; being both prime Sailers, and are to go in Company. Whoever inclines to go in either of said Vessels, may see the Articles at the house of Mr. *Benjamin Kierstede*, Tavern-Keeper on the New Dock.”—“Post Boy,” Oct. 17, 1743.

“Saturday last arrived here our two Privateers, the Brig ‘Hester,’ Capt. *Bayard*, and Sloop ‘Polly,’ Capt. *Jefferies*, with their Prize so much talk’d of, from *Cape Fare*; she is a beautiful Ship, almost new, of near 200 Tons, and laden chiefly with Cocoa: but we don’t hear that the Pieces of Eight have been found, as was reported: After unloading her at *Cape Fare*, several of the Men took their shares and left the Vessels: It is said they share about 1,100 wt. of Cocoa per Man.”—“Post Boy,” June 11, 1774.

Here is an advertisement from the New York “Gazette” of Oct. 3, 1737.

“*Moses Slaughter*, Stay Maker, from London has brought with him a Parcel of extraordinary good

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and Fashionable Stays of his own making of several sizes and Prices.

“The work of them he will warrant to be good, and for shape inferior to none that are made.

“He lodges at present at the house of William Bradford” (here is our great printer!), “next Door but one to the Treasurer’s near the Fly Market, where he is ready to suit those that want, with extraordinary good stays. Or he is ready to wait upon any Ladys or Gentlewomen that please to send for him to their Houses. If any desire to be informed of the work he has done, let them enquire of Mrs. Elliston in the Broad Street, or of Mrs. Nichols in the Broadway, who have had his work.”

Three blocks further we come to Fulton Street, where the elevated railroad and the United States Hotel have made a sort of alliance offensive and defensive. There the railroad must have a station, and the old-fashioned hotel makes up for the damage which it sustains by renting rooms for passage and for the sale of tickets, and by treating the throngs of passengers who go through its halls to the seductive odors of the kitchen and dining-room.

From the “American Advertiser,” 1851:

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

Cors. Fulton, Water and Pearl Sts.,

NEW-YORK.

H. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.

This well-known and extensive Establishment has recently undergone a complete renovation, been thor-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

oughly painted throughout, and refurnished in such a manner as not to be inferior to any other Hotel in the City of New-York. Its location, being directly in the center of the principal mercantile community, affords to country merchants an opportunity of transacting their business whilst sojourning in the City, without being compelled to sacrifice much of their time as is the case in many instances. Thankful for the many favors extended to him during the past, the proprietor most respectfully asks a continuance of their hospitality, at the same time assuring them that every exertion on his part will be used to merit a continuance of their favors. Carriages belonging to the Hotel will be in readiness at all times to convey passengers to and from the different lines of Steamboats and Railroads; or to any part of the City or its vicinity.—H. JOHNSON.

At the time of this advertisement the hotel was eighteen years old. It was the pioneer of the "great" hotels of New York City and of America. It was considered a wonder, and its rates of a dollar and a half a day and upward were thought to be "high" and "exclusive." Its proprietor was named Holt, and the building was generally called "Holt's Folly," because the venture seemed too stupendous to succeed. The popular judgment was vindicated by its failure, but the venture was renewed. Even at the time of the advertisement it was one of the sights of the City. At that time it was well supported by regular boarders, and was frequented by sea captains.

The odd, discolored, ungainly observatory on the building was erected for the use of owners of ves-

sels. These worthy people watched from the observatory for the coming in of their ships; and daily the distant bay was scanned with telescopes by anxious and expectant merchants.

The watchers in the old observatory received the first information of the safe arrival of ocean voyagers; for there was no telegraph in those days to announce arrivals from Fire Island, and no means of communicating news quicker than the vessels could bring it. A bulletin was rigged up on the roof, and on it was spread the announcements which filled the merchants with joy. Then it was that New Yorkers learned the exquisite meaning of the famous phrase, "When our ship comes in." How many plans were laid by the good folks on the hope of their ship coming in!

Only fifty or sixty years have passed, but we have forgotten entirely the watchers in the old observatory; and still we lay our plans and wait for our ship to come in, and to bring the golden means of fortune.

New York has grown away from the old hotel, and has quite forgotten it.

There are some old buildings on the south side of Fulton Street, opposite the market, with high-pitched roofs and tall chimneys, fastened together with iron rods, so that one will not yield to the wind unless all go. They were storehouses on the slip that ran up to the old hotel. As we cross the street we notice that the character of the stores changes. South of Fulton Street we had the ware-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

houses and exchanges, the tobacco warehouses, the metal concerns—all indicating business enterprises of large size; but from Fulton Street northward there are many smaller establishments which plainly show their age.

Numbers 276 and 306 Pearl Street are good examples of old-fashioned business establishments, and numbers of buildings are seen where the old-fashioned fancy roof windows appear, and the cornices and the lintels are of old pattern and are weather-beaten.

From the “American Advertiser,” 1851:

CHAMBERLIN’S SALOON,

310 Pearl Street.

Bill of Fare.

DINNER.

SOUPS.		BOILED.	
	s. d.		s. d.
Beef	6	Corned Beef	6
Mutton	6	“ Pork	6
Chicken	6	“ Ham	6
ROAST.		Ham	6
Beef	6	Beef Tongue	6
Lamb	6	Mutton	6
Veal	6	MADE DISHES.	
Pork	6	Pork and Beans . . .	6
Mutton	6	Veal Pie	6
Roast Pig	1	Beef Steak Pie . . .	6
ROAST POULTRY.		Lamb Pie	6
Turkey	1	Mutton Pie	6
Goose	1	Clam Pie	6
Chicken	1	Oyster Pie	1
Duck	1	Chicken Pot Pie . . .	1

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

This was a famous restaurant and a great bill of fare.

Franklin Square, at which we have arrived, is no stranger to tenement houses, and tenement houses of the lowest character; for that former center of respectability, so far as it has not been captured by business, has developed the worst slums of the entire City. We have read in histories of the famous Walton House on Franklin Square, whose luxurious appointments and costly furniture were the talk not only of New York, but of England also. We stand in front of Harper's great publishing house, and under the rushing trains of the railroad, and we look in vain for any sign of such magnificence. There are one or two dwellings, old in appearance, and showing former respectability, and there are modern buildings opposite Harper's filled up with manufacturing concerns; but the Walton House, where is it—or where was it? Years ago, the grand people who lived in the mansion forsook it. In it was organized the first bank, the Bank of New York, in which Alexander Hamilton's masterhand was felt. Little by little it yielded to the corrupting influences of the neighborhood, and within the memory of many New Yorkers it was a miserable, dilapidated tenement, overflowing with a squalid army of dirty, ragged children, and of parents to match. The building stood at about Number 326 Pearl Street, and was burned down in the great fire which destroyed the Harper's establishment in 1853.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

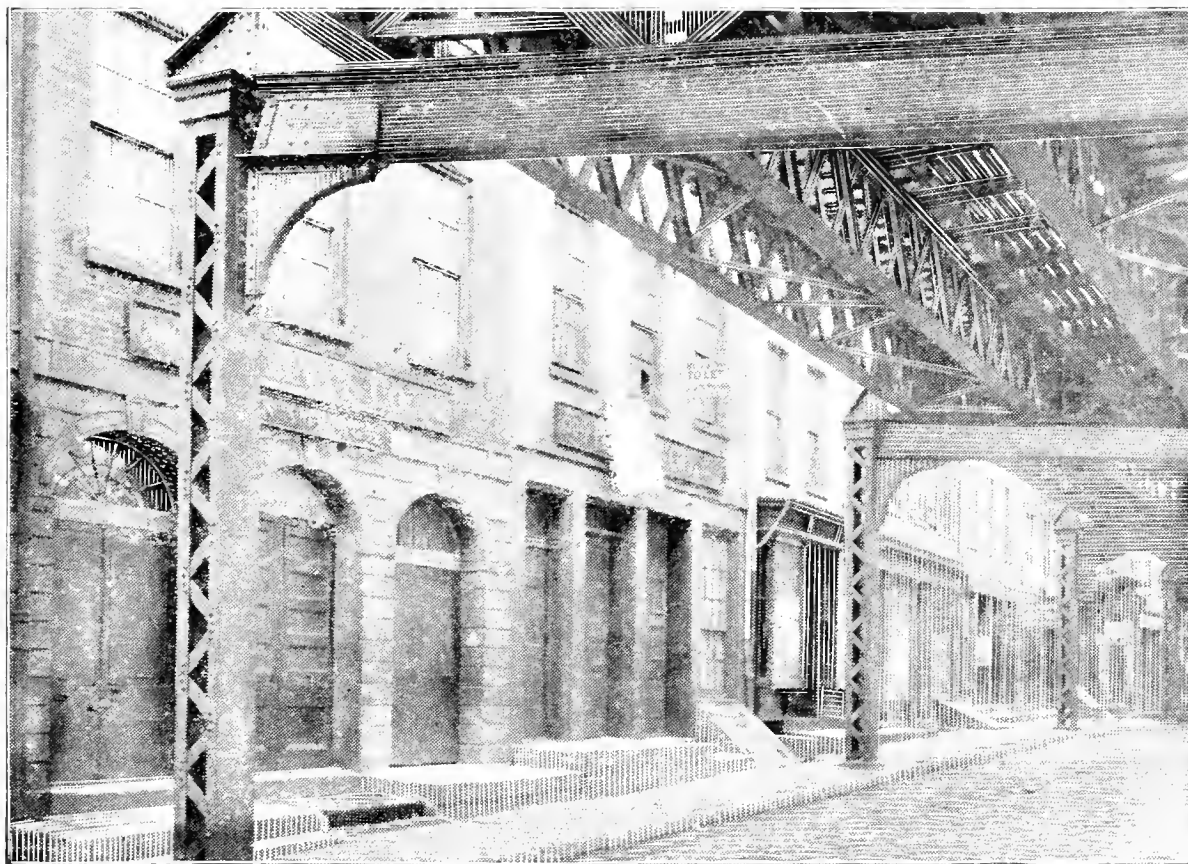
The mansion was built by William Walton in 1752. He was the first man called "Boss" in New York City. He died childless in 1768, and it passed to his nephew, William Walton, who joined the British cause in the Revolution. The Waltons stood in the very first ranks in business and society, and all that money and taste could accomplish were worked into this suburban residence, as it was then considered. The grounds extended to the river, and were beautifully developed. There was a strange old story connected with the house many years ago, the belief in which had something to do with its decadence. The house had become a boarding-house, and it was supposed that the Waltons were extinct; but there appeared a sea captain who claimed to be Guilford Walton, directly descended from the original William Walton. He professed a fondness for the old house, and hired rooms in it. He did not mix much in society, though he retained the respect of the many prominent people with whom he had become acquainted through his professed connection with the Walton family.

He met a young lady who resided near the present Spring Street, Anna Barrington, and becoming greatly attached to her, began to make her regular visits. The walk between the Walton house and Kirtle Grove, Miss Barrington's residence, was principally through Mulberry Street, then nothing but a rough path adjoining the Collect Pond. This walk at night was very lonely, and occasionally it happened that Captain Walton had to return home

at a late hour. On these occasions he was dogged by a mysterious stranger, who followed him persistently, but would never allow himself to be closely observed. Sometimes the captain would turn and try to catch him, but he always failed. Soon a vague terror, at this unnatural visitation, possessed the captain's mind. Then Captain Walton began to receive strange letters, signed "The Detective," warning him to keep away from Mulberry Street. He did take a circuitous route in obedience to the letters, striking from Miss Barrington's house into the neighborhood of the present Hudson Street, turning east at Vesey Street, and coming into Pearl Street through Fulton (then called Partition) Street. For a while it seemed as though he had shaken off his close attendant; but one night he realized the same presence while passing St. George's Chapel on Beekman Street, and again, as before, he was unable to get away from his pursuer, or to see him closely. "The Detective" renewed his letter writing, and reminded Walton that if his conscience were clear he would have nothing to fear. Captain Walton then recalled an incident in his early life which he had almost forced out of his mind. Though he undertook various methods to divert his thoughts the presence continued to haunt his mind, until it seemed to him that he saw the figure continually. The famous Dr. Hosack was called to prescribe for the captain, who put several curious questions to him, as to the possibility of a man being restored to life when he had been pronounced dead by a surgeon.



OLD HOUSE, 276 PEARL STREET.



OLD HOUSE, 306 PEARL STREET.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

After that an advertisement appeared in the "Commercial Advertiser," to the effect that if Godfrey Burton, formerly boatswain of the ship "Petrel" (Captain Walton's vessel), would apply to Edward King, 14 Wall Street, he would hear of something to his advantage. Shortly after that the captain, while walking home in the neighborhood of Duane Street and Broadway (where will be seen some of the oldest buildings on Broadway), again met his pursuer, and this time face to face. Captain Walton became more unsettled. He went to Dr. Mason, pastor of the Cedar Street Church, and sought for comfort, saying that he knew that retribution follows guilt, and that he was haunted by a demon, who charged him with hideous crimes, and threatened him with vengeance. In deep agony he talked with Dr. Mason, who was moved by his sympathies almost into the same condition of terror. Some of Walton's friends saw his pursuer, believed that he was a mortal, and endeavored to seize him, but failed. Finally this terror came to an end. One night Walton's friends heard appalling groans and a strange voice in his room. They heard Walton say, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" several times, and then utter a scream of agony. They could hardly summon resolution to enter the chamber. They went in and pulled aside the bed curtains; and there, huddled up in one corner of the bed, with eyes fixed and staring, and mouth drawn with mingled horror and terror, was the old captain—lifeless; and on the foot of the bed was a mark as though some one

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

had stepped there. The mystery was never explained.

This is a fitting story for this neighborhood, where magnificence, grandeur, nobility and glory have been succeeded by squalor, poverty, vice and shame.

There is a great contrast between this mighty printing and publishing house of Harper's and the first printing place of Bradford's, which we passed near the *Stadthuys*. It is but a



Carriage Costume.—“Harper’s,” Vol. 1.

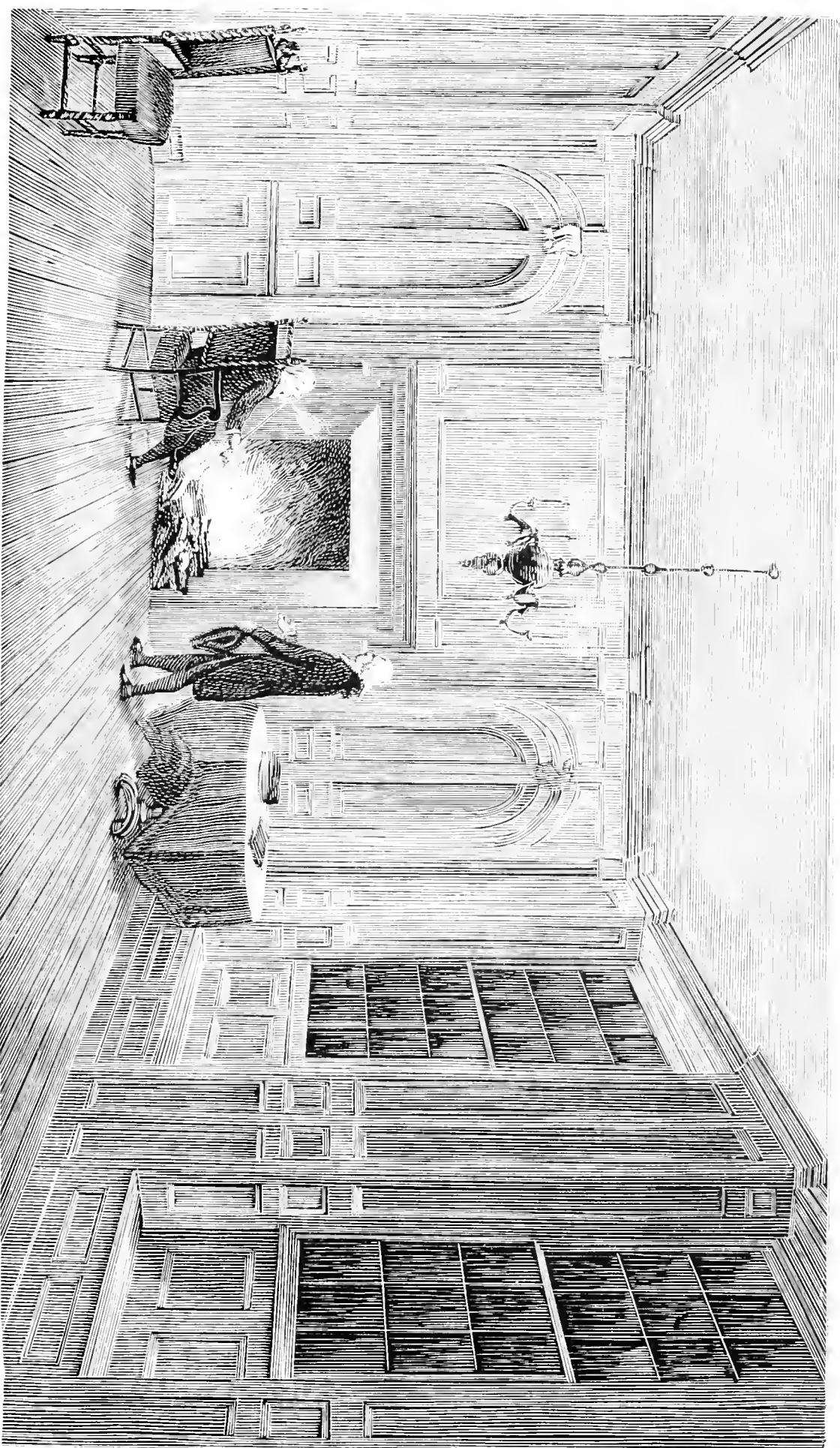


Coiffure.—“Harper’s,” Vol. 2.

short space of time that separates them, and the trains on the elevated railroad cover the distance in five minutes.

This contrast is hardly more striking than that which may be made between Harper's of to-day and Harper's of 1850.

Here is the first volume of “Harper's New



SITTING-ROOM OF WALTON HOUSE, IN PEARL STREET, 1810.

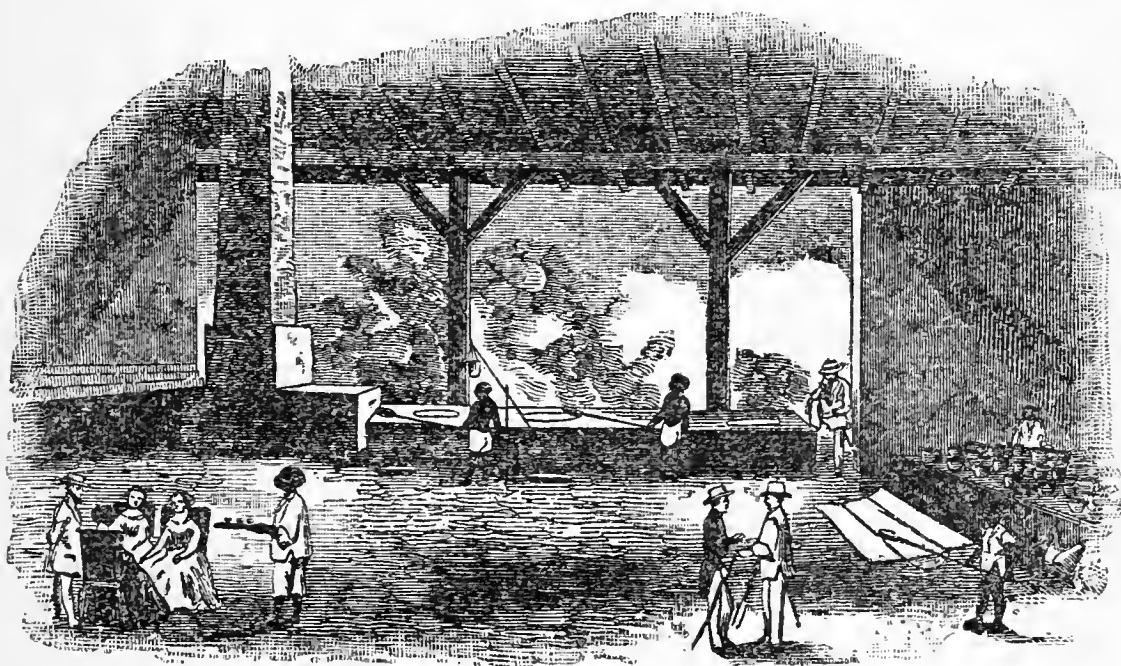
New York, Vol. One, p. 164.

PERTH AME
= N. J.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Monthly Magazine," issued in 1850, the pioneer of the monthly magazines that so splendidly illustrate the development not only of our City, but of all the great cities of our land.

In the editorial announcement the publishers say "They will spare neither labor nor expense in any department of the work; freely lavishing both upon the editorial aid, the pictorial embellishments, the typography, and the general literary resources; by



Sugar Boiling.—"Harper's," Vol. 6.

which they hope to give the magazine a popular circulation, unequaled by that of any similar periodical ever published in the world."

The first six months gave the magazine a circulation of 50,000 copies; but the boasted pictorial embellishments consisted almost entirely of fashion plates.

The announcement in the second volume states that "the embellishments will be furnished by distinguished artists, and selected, not less for their

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

permanent value, as vehicles of agreeable instruction, than for the gratification of an æsthetic taste."

Among the articles in the table of contents, so grandly announced, may be noticed these articles:

	Page
Anecdotes of a Dog	97
" " a Hawk	490
" " Napoleon	231
" " Serpents	663
" " Wordsworth	319



DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.

Fast Youth—"Filthy weed, do you call this! I should like to know where you have lived all your life not to know what a cigar is?"—"Harper's," Vol. 6.

Anecdotes of the dog, the hawk and the serpents are artistically and æsthetically mixed up with the antithetical characters of Napoleon and Wordsworth. Then we have the "Chapter on Bears," "Chapter on Dreams," "Chapter on Shawls," and

the "Chapter on Wolves." Then we have the "Death of a Goblin," and the "Death of Howard." What the editors lacked in general topics they made up by their magnificent articles and plates on the fashions, which were divided into



AN AMERICAN METHUSELAH.

First Young Lady—"Cicy, dear, I want to introduce that tall gentleman to you. You'll like him, he's so talented. He's written a book."

Second Young Lady—"No—no! Anne, don't introduce him, he looks as old as the hills. Why, he's twenty-five if he's a day. And then look at his collar and his cravat—and (whispering) such pantaloons! Did you ever! He don't belong to our set at all."—"Harper's," Vol. 6.

"Fashions for December," "Fashions for Early Winter," "Fashions for Later Winter," "Fashions for Early Spring," "Fashions for Spring," "Fashions for May."

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

In the fifth volume was begun a series of pictorial comicalities, which undoubtedly had their inspiration in the London "Punch." "Harper's" has improved, but "Punch" remains the same.

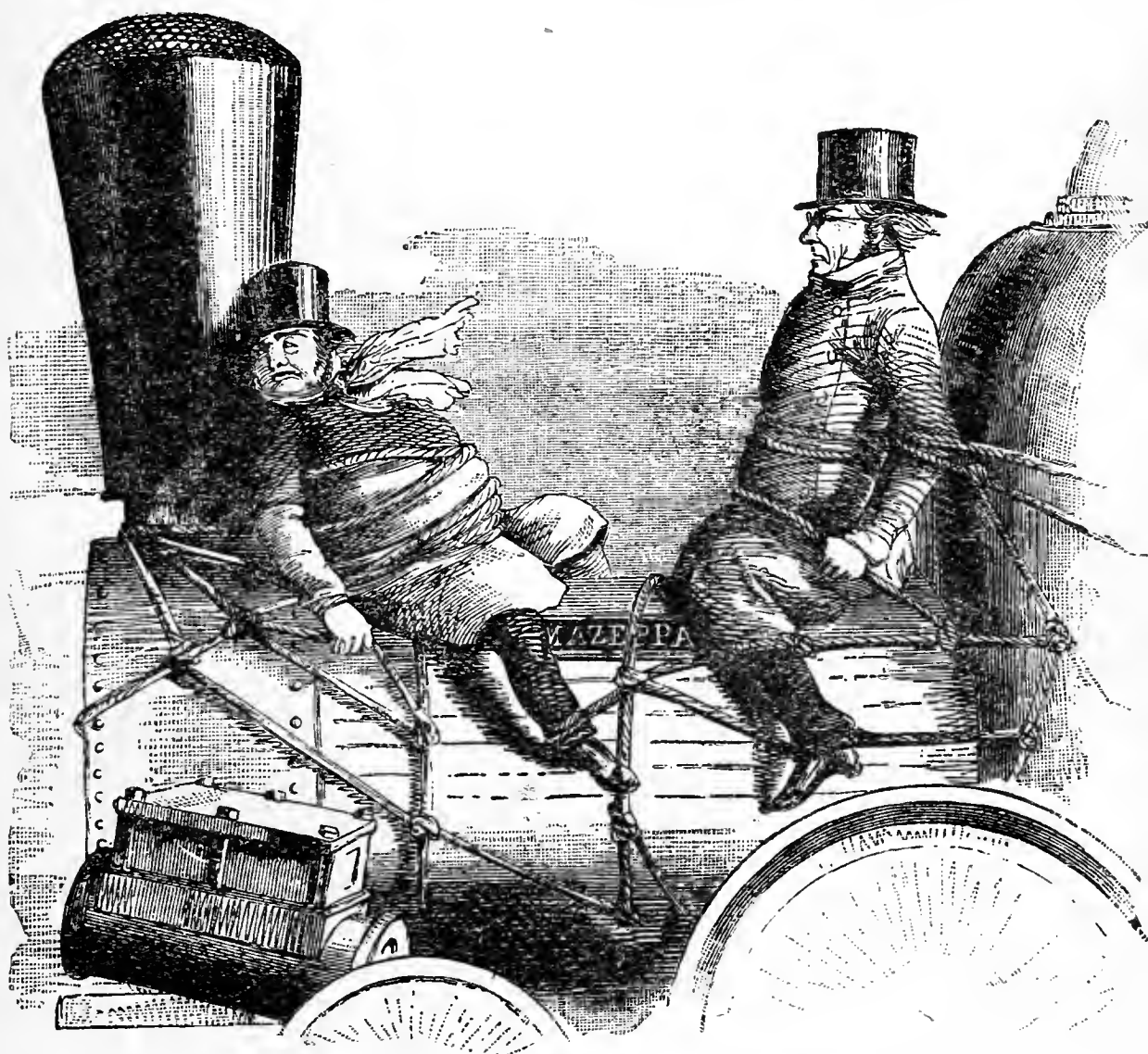


Mr. Smithers being sick sends for a lady doctress to attend upon him professionally. Being a singularly bashful young man his pulse is greatly accelerated on being manipulated by the delicate fingers of the lady practitioner, whereupon she naturally imagines him to be in a high fever and incontinently physicks him for the same — "Harper's," Vol. 7.

In volume six the publishers say that "they give the finest pictorial illustrations that a lavish expendi-

ture of money can command." This volume is notable for its publication of "Bleak House."

The original establishment and several adjacent buildings were destroyed by a terrible fire in 1853. Almost every engine in the City was on hand, and



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Tie a couple of directors on every engine that starts with a train.

several fire companies came from Brooklyn. The Harper's firm lost \$800,000.

Out of the ruins rose the present building, and enterprise so completely triumphed over disaster that the firm continued to lead the publishing concerns of the country. It is only within a few years that

they have been equaled or distanced. This old picture from volume 4 is not unlike some that we see in these days.

This splendid printing establishment is another monument to character and worth; another illustration of the great development of our City, and



A "Bloomer" (in leap year)—"Say! Oh, say, dearest, you will be mine?"

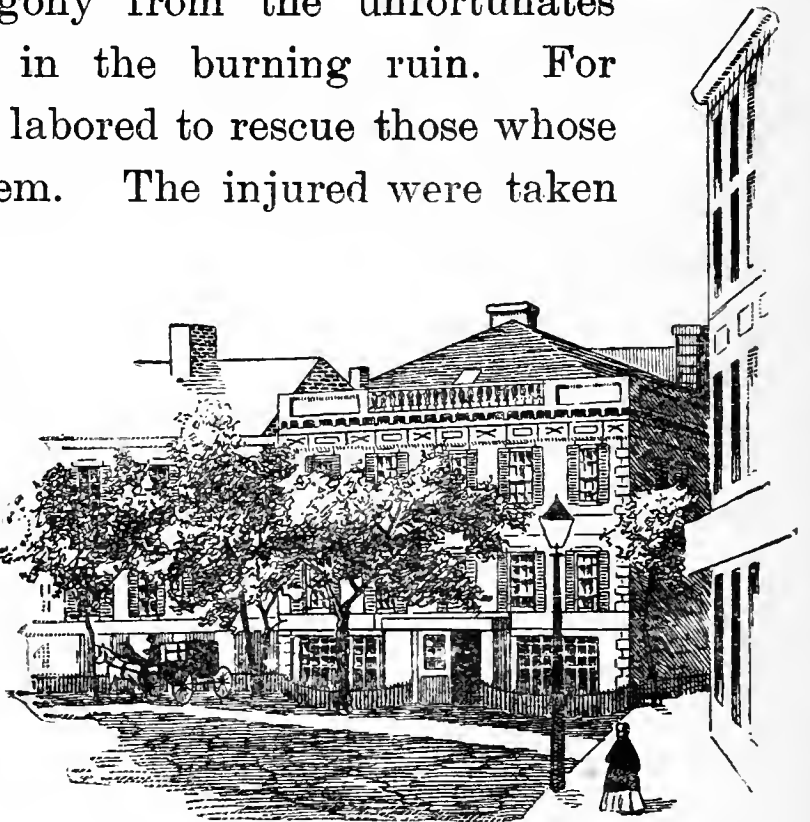
of the opportunities it has given to young men of energy and honor.

James Harper, its founder, came to New York from a Long Island farm in 1810. Though very poor, he had been carefully brought up in a Methodist home, and he came to the City enjoying the benefits of good parentage and training. He became a printer's "devil," not far from the present great

house. The young "bloods" of the neighborhood made fun of his shabby clothes, but he would not go into debt to purchase better garments. When his time was up he determined to start his own business; so, getting his brother John to join him, he opened a little room in Dover Street, and their first job was the printing of two thousand copies of Seneca's *Morals* for Evert Duyckinck. Soon they undertook to get out a stereotyped edition of the *Prayer-book* for the Episcopal Church. They found that they could not get the stereotyping done for them at such a price as to allow them to make a profit, so they did it themselves, and turned out the finest work that had then been seen. That put the young firm in the front. By degrees the humble establishment was enlarged, and it moved on until it reached the first place among the publishing houses of the world, which it has steadily maintained under the management of the various members of the Harper family, who have not fallen below the high positions established by James and John Harper.

There was a fire in 1850 in Hague Street close by, which for terror and completeness of destruction has never been exceeded in our City. To this day the residents of the neighborhood talk of the Hague Street explosion with expressions of horror. It was about eight o'clock in the morning of February 4th that an explosion at the factory, Numbers 5 and 7 Hague Street, shook the adjoining buildings almost from their foundations, knocked down people who

were passing on the adjacent streets, smashed innumerable windows, and frightened the people for many blocks. The buildings rose up from their base, and then split apart, and tumbled into ruins, while the fire darted up through the wreckage. A two-hundred horse-power boiler had exploded while over a hundred people were at work. The noise of the explosion and the falling building did not drown the screams of agony from the unfortunates who were buried in the burning ruin. For hours the firemen labored to rescue those whose moans directed them. The injured were taken into Dr. Trap-hagen's drug store, at 308 Pearl Street. Sixty-four persons were killed and forty-eight were badly injured.



Washington's Residence, Franklin House.

A few steps from the site of the Walton house bring us to the land pier of the Brooklyn Bridge. Do we know how well founded that bridge is? There, near the corner of Franklin Square and Cherry Street, stood the Walter Franklin mansion, which was the residence of George Washington when he was inaugurated as the first President. Daily he made the journey from that corner to the Federal Hall at Wall and Broad Streets. When we

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

look down Cherry Street and see the horrible characters who infest its tenement houses, many of which are the former mansions of New York's best citizens, we can hardly believe that we are in the right place. It does not seem possible that such awful degeneration should have come to a noble neighborhood. As we notice the doors and entrances of many of those houses, and entering them perceive the noble halls and high-ceiled rooms and the simple but elegant old decorations, which remain in many places, we begin to realize that there has been a noble past in this home of crime. What a jubilant day it was when General Washington landed at Wall Street and was met and escorted by the City officials and the soldiers up through Pearl Street to his home, then unshaded by the Brooklyn Bridge! The procession moved through Pearl Street, between solid masses of wildly shouting patriots crowded into the narrow passageway. The troops lined up on Cherry Street while the general entered his home. Three days after that he was escorted down Pearl Street into Broad Street and to the Federal building, there to take the oath of office as the first President. There have been many notable parades and demonstrations in this City; but there have been none which so fully embodied the elements of national progress as did that inauguration procession. In its front was the noble figure of our country's father, carrying in himself the destinies of a whole people. It was through this commonplace, dirty, noisy and uninteresting

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

street, as it now is, that he went to start a new nation upon its great career.

This procession had been preceded by one, only a little less imposing and thrilling, which filled the people of New York with pride; for it commemorated the adoption of the Constitution, that was so largely the work of her favorite son, Alexander Hamilton. This celebration occurred on July 23, 1788. The projectors of the parade seemed to realize the significance of the occasion, and no previous parade had even approached it in the thoroughness with which it represented the Constitution and the people. The central figure in the pageant was a miniature ship called the "Hamilton," which was intended to typify the Constitution. It was full-rigged and carried a crew of men who went through the process of furling and unfurling the sails as the vessel was drawn through the street. A battery of cannon fired salutes from the ship. The car on which it was drawn was beautifully draped. By this exhibit, the Constitution was likened to a ship which would sustain and carry the nation. All of the important professions and trades were represented in the civic part of the parade, which followed a military division. The grand-marshal was Colonel Richard Platt, and among his aides were Morgan Lewis, who subsequently became governor of the State, and Nicholas Fish, father of Hamilton Fish. Among the farmers were Nicholas Cruger and John Watts, each clad in conventional costume. The Society of the Cincinnati occupied a place. There were

bakers, shoemakers, brewers, coopers, tailors, tanners, butchers, carpenters—all in the costume of their trades. The judges and lawyers were in a prominent place, and bore with them an engrossed copy of the new Constitution. Professors, students, doctors, merchants, bank officers, and clergymen were in line. There was even a division for strangers. The procession was nearly two miles long, and it didn't stop marching until it reached the place of refreshment, on Nicholas Bayard's farm, in the region above Grand Street and west of Broadway, where provision had been made for six thousand persons. The procession formed along Broadway, but was not in full swing until it reached Great Dock Street (included within the present Pearl Street at the Battery). When the ship passed Beaver Street going down, it was boarded by a pilot, who went out to it in a rowboat carried on a float. The "Hamilton's" first salute was fired at Bowling Green, and while passing Old Slip in Pearl Street she responded to the guns of a Spanish war vessel lying in the East River. The celebration was remarkable in showing the unanimity of all the people in all occupations in accepting the Constitution and in giving it their heartiest support. Ratification of the instrument had been obtained with great difficulty; but this magnificent demonstration showed the decision of the people to accept and loyally support the national bond, and the enthusiasm of New York spread throughout the Union.

The house in which Washington began his offi-

cial career as our first President was a small, simple dwelling, and was uncomfortably crowded by his family, his attendants, and the throng of the great men of the new nation, who were constantly visiting the President. There the first levees were held (on Tuesdays), and Mrs. Washington had her "drawing-rooms" (on Friday nights). The ceilings were so low that one of the guests, Miss McIvers, brought the feathers of her head-dress in contact with the chandelier, and they caught fire. The greedy blaze was gallantly extinguished by Major Jackson. Washington kept a diary, in which he made entries like these:

"The visitors this evening to Mrs. Washington were respectable, both gentlemen and ladies."

"The visitors to Mrs. Washington this afternoon were not numerous but respectable. In the evening a great number of ladies and many gentlemen visited Mrs. Washington."

During the President's residence in Cherry Street he suffered a serious and dangerous illness from a malignant carbuncle, which at one time seemed incurable. Dr. Bard attended him, and directed a necessary operation. He said to his assistant: "Cut away—deeper; don't be afraid. See how well the President bears it." At one time Washington asked the physician about his chances, saying: "Do not flatter me with vain hope. I am not afraid to die, and therefore can bear the worst. Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference; I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence."

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The accommodations of the house were inadequate to the business that had to be done, which was the reason for the President's removal to Number 39 Broadway. In the Cherry Street house, three secretaries had to sleep in one room, and one of them murdered the sleep of the others by reciting poetry which he composed in the small hours of the night. Colonel Post, who lived in it for a number of years while a child, prided himself upon having occupied the same rooms "in which slept Washington and his wife, as also the great De Witt Clinton." He said: "It was a handsome old house, with thick walls, richly carved staircase, deep window seats, wainscoted partitions, and open fireplaces quaintly tiled with blue India china. The wall-paper in the second hall was of never failing interest to us children, with its gay pictures of men and women of full size, walking in beautiful gardens, sitting by fountains with parasols, or sailing on lakes with guitars or flutes in their hands."

There is nothing finer than this at 58th Street and Fifth Avenue!

This advertisement appeared in the New York "Packet," May 7, 1789:

"The President's Household.—Whereas all servants and others employed to procure provisions or necessaries for the household of the '*President*' of the *United States* will be furnished with monies for these purposes. *Notice is therefore given*, that no accounts, for the payment of which the public

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

might be considered as responsible, are to be opened with any of them.

“SAMUEL FRAUNCES, *Steward of the Household.*”

In the month of December following there appeared this announcement:

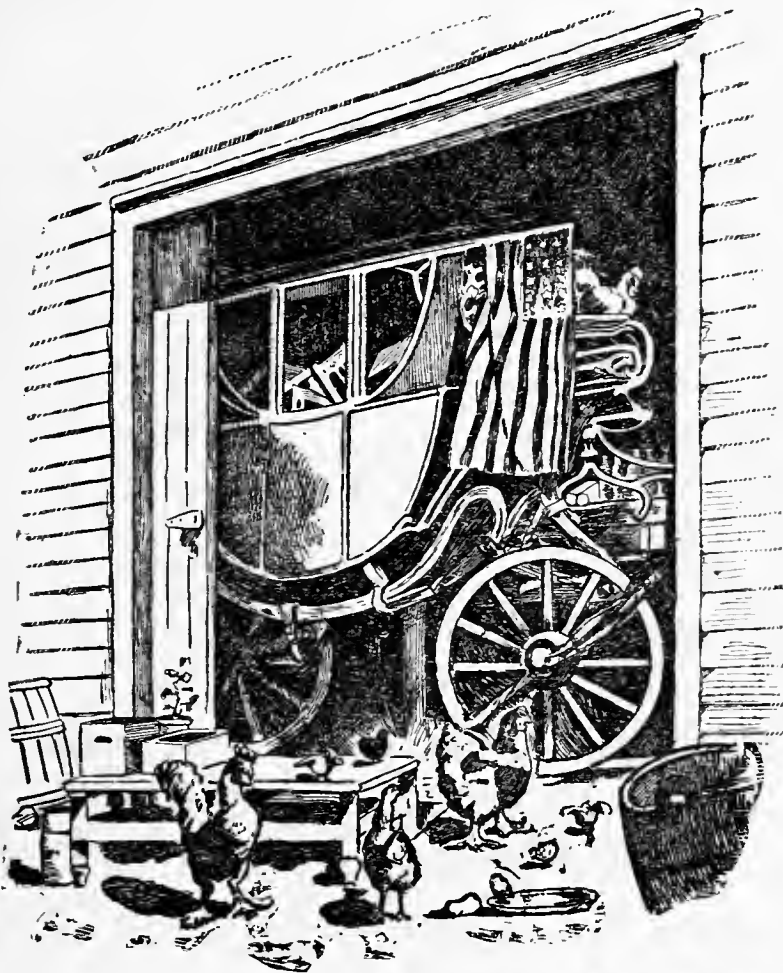
“A *Cook* is wanted for the President of the United States. No one need apply who is not perfect in the business, and can bring indubitable testimonials of sobriety, honesty, and attention to the duties of the station.”

Then, on December 19th, this was printed:

“A *Coachman*, who can be well recommended for his skill in driving, attention to horses, and for his honesty, sobriety, and good disposition, would find employment in the family of the President of the United States.”

The President's habits were very simple. “His dining hour was four, when he always sat down to his table, only allowing five minutes for the variation of time-pieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of Congress that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over; and he would remark: ‘Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, *but whether the hour has.*’” His diet was simple and plain. He seldom partook of more than one dish. Judge Wingate, who was one of his guests, described his first dinner after his inauguration. “The guests con-

sisted of the Vice-President, the foreign Ministers, the heads of Departments, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Senators from New Hampshire and Georgia, the then two most Northern and Southern States. It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table,



Present usage, state and environment of the coach of General Washington.

and the company was not large. The President made his whole dinner on a boiled *leg of mutton*. It was his usual practice to eat of but one dish. After the dinner and dessert were finished, *one glass* of wine was passed round the table, *and no toast*. The President arose, and all the company, of course, and retired to the drawing-room, from which

the guests departed, as every one chose, without ceremony."

William J. Davis related this anecdote of Samuel Fraunces, who was always anxious to provide the first dainties of the season for the general's table: "It appears that Sam, on making his purchases at the old Fly Market, observed a fine *shad*, the first of the season; he was not long in making the bargain, and it was sent home with his other purchases. Next morning it was duly served up in Sam's best style for the general's breakfast. The general, on sitting down to the table, observed the fish, and asked Sam what it was. He replied that 'it was a fine shad.' 'It is very early in the season for them,' rejoined the general. 'How much did you pay for it?' 'Two dollars,' said Sam. 'Two dollars! I can never encourage this extravagance at my table,' replied Washington. 'Take it away; I will not touch it!' The shad was accordingly removed, and Sam, who had no such *economical* scruples, made a hearty meal on the fish at his own table."

At the angle where Pearl Street runs northward from Cherry Street was Cow Foot Hill. From the foot of this hill Cherry Street ran out, parallel with the river, to and into Colonel Rutger's estate. Never has there been a more beautiful street in our City than the old Cherry Street, especially that part of it which was called Cherry Hill. As the name tells us, fragrant cherry trees abounded, and the gentle slope toward the river was covered with

rich vegetation. Those who loved such sweet and beautiful surroundings built comfortable homes there, many of which remain in the degraded neighborhood, making their silently eloquent complaint of the course of events which has transformed paradise into hell. Washington Irving said, "The more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the more humble are its inhabitants in the day of its decline, and the palace of the king becomes the resting place of the beggar." So it is in Cherry Street. Through arched doorways, and between classic pillars, with simple elegant ornamentation, the passer-by sees vile and wretched people, and disgusting sights of squalor and depravity. We can hardly believe that, in these rooms, now occupied by whisky-soaked brawlers, and ringing with blood-curdling oaths, once lovely women and noble men engaged in chaste converse, and enjoyed sweet music and rhythmic poetry; that in these kennels of the criminal and vicious, the purest and the bravest dwelt in refined luxury; that through these doorways, now defiled with human filth, and crowded with the most worthless people of the City, women arrayed in silks, and men dressed in honored uniforms, passed in and out. Nor can we easily believe that this hot-bed of violent crime was the home of the peace-loving Quakers. The decadence of Cherry Street began many years ago, when the influx of immigration gradually but surely forced the old residents to the northward. It is not easy now to find traces of the oldest occupants of Cherry

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Hill and the builders of the splendid old houses that still remain. It is easier to learn of those who succeeded the original inhabitants. Some interesting recollections still remain. John Hancock lived at Number 5 Cherry Street. Number 7, now demolished, was the first house in the City to be supplied with illuminating gas. Number 9 was the original naval rendezvous. Number 15 was a branch naval rendezvous. Number 23 was formerly known as "The Well," and was the favorite resort of the captains of privateers in the War of 1812, where they originated the "beefsteak party." From 1862 to 1864 it was the headquarters of the supervisors of Westchester County for the providing of substitutes to fill up the quota of drafted men for the war. Number 24 was the birthplace of William M. Tweed, whose father's chair factory was at Number 3. At Numbers 29 and 29½ were quartered the staff-officers of General Washington. At Number 27 Cherry Street lived Captain Samuel Chester Reid, and there he designed the present plan of the American flag. To-day the building is a great tenement, and the lower part of it is a typical Cherry Street gin-mill, kept by John McAllister, who has been there these thirty years past, and knows Cherry Street through and through. McAllister has prospered, though his customers are poor and rough. One need not fear to enter, though he will probably see men about the place that he would not like to meet alone on a dark night. The visitor will be interested in the system of peepholes and

cubbies between the store and the hallway; but he need not fear panel games or trap-doors. That is simply an arrangement to facilitate the consumption of beer by the Cherrytown hosts on Sunday. Mr. McAllister says that when he took the building, thirty years ago, the first floor was laid out in noble, grand rooms, and the building had a sloping roof; but



SAMUEL C. REID.

he transformed the lower rooms into a saloon, and changed the sloped roof into the present square roof. The hallways are high, and the rooms over the store are remarkable for their size, height, trimmings, and general arrangement. There are marble mantels, which were certainly no part of any modern tenement house. We told Mr. McAllister the story of

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Captain Reid, and advised him to make a fortune by a judicious advertisement of his place; but it was very evident that he thought his visitors were Parkhurst spies, who were "filling him up with a ghost story." Do we remember who Captain Reid was that lived in this house, Number 27 Cherry Street? In 1814, when he was thirty years old, he was the commander of the privateer "General Armstrong," which was owned by several New York merchants. She carried seven guns and ninety men. She ran the blockade of the English fleet at Sandy Hook, and when she reached Fayal, in the Azore Islands, she put in for supplies. At that time arrangements were being made by the English forces for the capture of New Orleans, and a fleet of six ships, commanded by Admiral Lloyd on board the 74-gun ship "Plantagenet," on its way to join in the operation, stopped at Fayal for the same purpose that had induced Reid to anchor. Although it was a neutral port, belonging to the Portuguese government, the British commander determined to seize the little American privateer, for use in the expedition. He had the force to accomplish the capture, at least he thought he had, and he did not permit a little matter like the neutrality of the port to interfere with his project. When night came on, a fleet of small boats filled with soldiers and sailors undertook the capture of the "General Armstrong," notwithstanding the protest of the Portuguese authorities; but Captain Reid was ready, and he repelled the attacking force, inflicting great loss of life. He

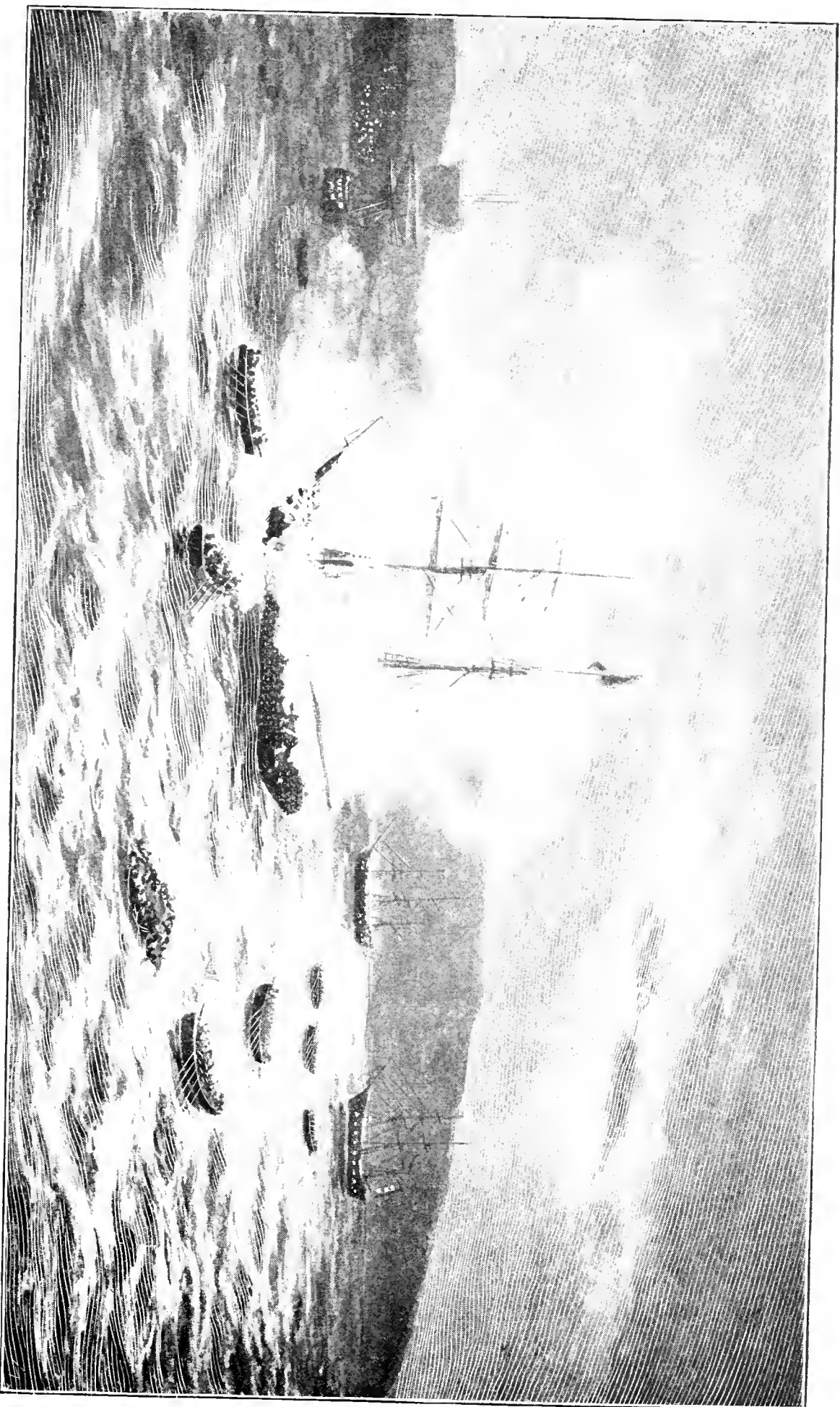
NEW YORK CITY LIFE

knew that a strong flotilla would be sent against him, and he prepared for it. Presently fourteen rowboats, filled with picked men, and commanded by the principal officers of the fleet, dashed out from the shelter of a cove, and an attempt was made to board the "General Armstrong" from all sides at once. The Portuguese fort could do nothing without injuring the American vessel, so it remained quiet. Captain Reid's little force was hard beset. It was all that he and his ninety men could do to beat back the hundreds of brave men who tried to clamber up on the vessel. Reid fought with the best of his men, and his personal prowess made them giants like himself. There was forty minutes of the fiercest fighting, which ended with the defeat of the English, of whom about three hundred were killed and wounded. The rowboats were filled with the dead and dying, and some of them drifted on shore, because there was no one to row. The night had been consumed in these operations, and when daylight came the English ships moved in to destroy the "Armstrong," which they could not capture intact. The "Carnation" began the battle, but soon her topmasts and yards were shot away by the "General Armstrong's" fire, and she was forced to draw off. Then the other vessels closed in together, and concentrated their fire on the "Armstrong." The American's principal cannon, "The Long Tom," became disabled, and Captain Reid saw that his vessel was doomed; so he cut away her masts, blew a hole through her bottom, sank

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

her, and retreated to the shore. The admiral threatened to bombard the city unless the American sailors were surrendered. Reid marched out and took possession of a convent, where he prepared to administer some more annihilation to his assailants. The certainty of a hot reception appealed to the judgment of the English commander, who drew off with a badly crippled force. He had to send a large number of his men home to England because of the severity of their wounds, and his fleet was delayed nearly two weeks by the casualties among his officers and the reduction of his force. The rendezvous of vessels for the investment of New Orleans was delayed, and General Jackson gained valuable time for the preparation of his thrilling defense. Captain Reid's large contribution to Jackson's success was very plain. His glory was acknowledged in England, and he was lionized in America; and when he and his sailors reached New York the whole city turned out to welcome him. Number 27 Cherry Street was his residence, and, as we have said, there he devised the plan of showing the number of the States by the arrangement of the stars from time to time, while the thirteen stripes remain to indicate the original States. When he died his remains were carried from his residence to a tomb in Greenwood Cemetery. He was port warden, and President of the Marine Society, and many were his services to the shipping interests of the City.

But how Cherry Street has fallen! On the very spot where this hero lived, and all New York de-



THE ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN PRIVATEER "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" IN THE HARBOR OF FAYAL, AZORES, SEPT. 26, 1814

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

lighted to honor him, for thirty years has lived a man who has made a competence out of the vicious appetites of the Cherry Street throngs, and he never heard of Captain Reid!

We never grow tired of exploiting the growth, the progress, and the achievements of New York; but we have very little to say about the backward growth, which is so plain on Cherry Street, and in many other parts of the City.

In Captain Reid's time there were no such things as vicious tenement houses and the slum districts. These have come to us with our growth—our advancing civilization. That they have invaded those districts which are rich in historical associations and full of patriotic memories, until they have blotted out the knowledge of the noble characters who once lived there, and the noble deeds that were once done there, is a proof of the carelessness that has distinguished our citizens concerning those things which are calculated to preserve the moral tone of the people and to lay foundations of progress by the inculcation of civic pride.

These are some of the residents of Cherry Street one hundred years ago:

Number

- 2 Melancthon Smith, merchant.
- 4 Drowley & Drawbridge, merchants.
- 11 Gilbert G. Willet, merchant.
- 16 Francis Dominick, merchant.
- 17 Mrs. Chiffifala, boarding-house.
- 19 Nathaniel Gardener & Jonathan Thompson, merchants.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

- 20 John Patten, blacksmith.
- 22 Willet Taylor, physician.
- 23 Jotham Post.
- 25 John Bleecker, auctioneer.
- 34 John Delanoy.
- 35 Flamen Ball, lawyer.
- 37 Timothy Titus, boarding-house.
- 38 Archibald Kearley, judge.
- 41 Philip K. Lawrence, tanner.
- 42 James Cocks, merchant.
- 43 Garrick, merchant.
- 46 George Nichols, shipmaster.
- 50 Henry Mead, surgeon.
- 52 Joseph Laughton, shipmaster.
- 54 John A. Graham, physician.
- 55 Joseph Dickson, shipmaster.
- 56 Lucretia Williams.
- 60 Abraham Skinner, lawyer.
- 62 Robert Bogardus, lawyer.
- 65 Alexander Lamb, fruit dealer.
- 68 Nathaniel Clark, merchant.
- 70 Valentine Seaman, M.D.
- 74 Joseph Thomson, baker.
- 75 Thomas Donovan, millstones.
- 76 Mary Malconi, boarding-house.
- 87 John Griggs, ironmonger.
- 91 Elijah Coit, merchant.
- 93 Timothy F. Wetmore, physician.
- 101 William Bartlett, druggist and physician.
- 102 *Walter Franklin*, flour merchant.
- 103 John Townsend, flour merchant.
- 105 John Franklin, merchant.
- 106 Lemuel Bruce, boat-builder.
- 117 Thomas I. Berry, merchant.
- 118 Andrew Garr, ship-builder.
- 119 Simon Skillings, carver.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

- 120 William Veal, boat-builder.
- 125 James Drake, merchant.
- 131 Thomas Whittemore, card manufacturer.
- 135 Chas. Tillinghast, deputy collector of customs.
- 137 Daniel Kingsland, ship-joiner.

We will leave Cherry Hill for another visit and make our way back to the old Fort. Passing westward through Frankfort Street, alongside the Brooklyn Bridge, the pier of which stands entirely on Governor Leisler's farm, we cross the various streets which run through the Swamp and are continued under the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge. From Jacob to Gold Street we walk through the original Swamp, covered now by great buildings filled with hides in various conditions of preparation. The swamp, which was called Beekman's Cripple Bush, was leased to Rip Van Dam at twenty shillings a year. It extended from Frankfort Street south across Ferry Street (so called because it led to the spot where the first Long Island ferry ran), and from Cliff Street across Gold. In 1744 it was sold to Jacobus Roosevelt for two hundred pounds. He divided it into lots and sold them to tanners. The tanners and shoemakers came to the front early in the colony days, and by degrees were pushed out of the growing City because of the nuisance of the tanneries. They first settled in the neighborhood of John Street, where they owned a large tract of land together. John Street was named after the leading member of the trade,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

John Haberding. They owned the land up to the Beekman pastures, the south line of which was a little north of Fulton Street. The City grew up to them, and again they were pushed out, and they located out of town, about the Cripple Bush Swamp, and there they stayed, and their successors are there to-day, maintaining one of the greatest industries of our downtown life. The ground is still low, soft and wet, and the buildings rest on spiles.

At the northeast corner of Frankfort and William Streets was the Carleton House, recently torn down. This house had its good days. Dickens stayed there and Poe lived there. Those days passed away, and then it had mysteries. As time moved on its reputation grew bad, and many horrible tales were told about it. These tales received shocking confirmation in 1884, when workmen were cleaning out the sub-cellar, and they unearthed from the ashes and rubbish the mouldering skeleton of a woman, around whose neck was a strangling band of calico, and over whose face was a great stone. It was surely a murder, and suspicion pointed to an Englishman named Benjamin Gray, who was found in the Trenton Prison, under a sentence for an attempt to murder another woman. The Carleton House case could not be proved against him. Later the house gained a humble decency by the patronage of broken-down newspaper men, who lived there in old-time relationship, and discussed their younger days with so much vigor and sense as to attract the attention of literary men who went there

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

occasionally, in disguise, to listen to the old boys. This curious old house succeeded the Lutheran Church, which was built in 1767, and about which was a graveyard in which were interred a number of the Hessian officers in the English army.

Here is an advertisement from the "Weekly Post Boy," Dec. 10, 1744:

"*John Brown*, lately married to the widow Breese, continues to carry on the Leather Dressers Trade at the Dwelling House of the late John Breese in the Smith's Fly, near Beekman's Swamp or Creple-Bush; at the South end of the house a Staff is erected with a vane on the Top of it: He sells all sorts of Leather and *Leather Breeches*, also Allum, Glew, raspt and chipt Logwood and Redwood fit for dyeing, and Copperas, all at Reasonable Rates."

We reach Printing House Square, and stand for a moment beneath the monstrous "World" building, and close to the stream of travel that pours over the Bridge.

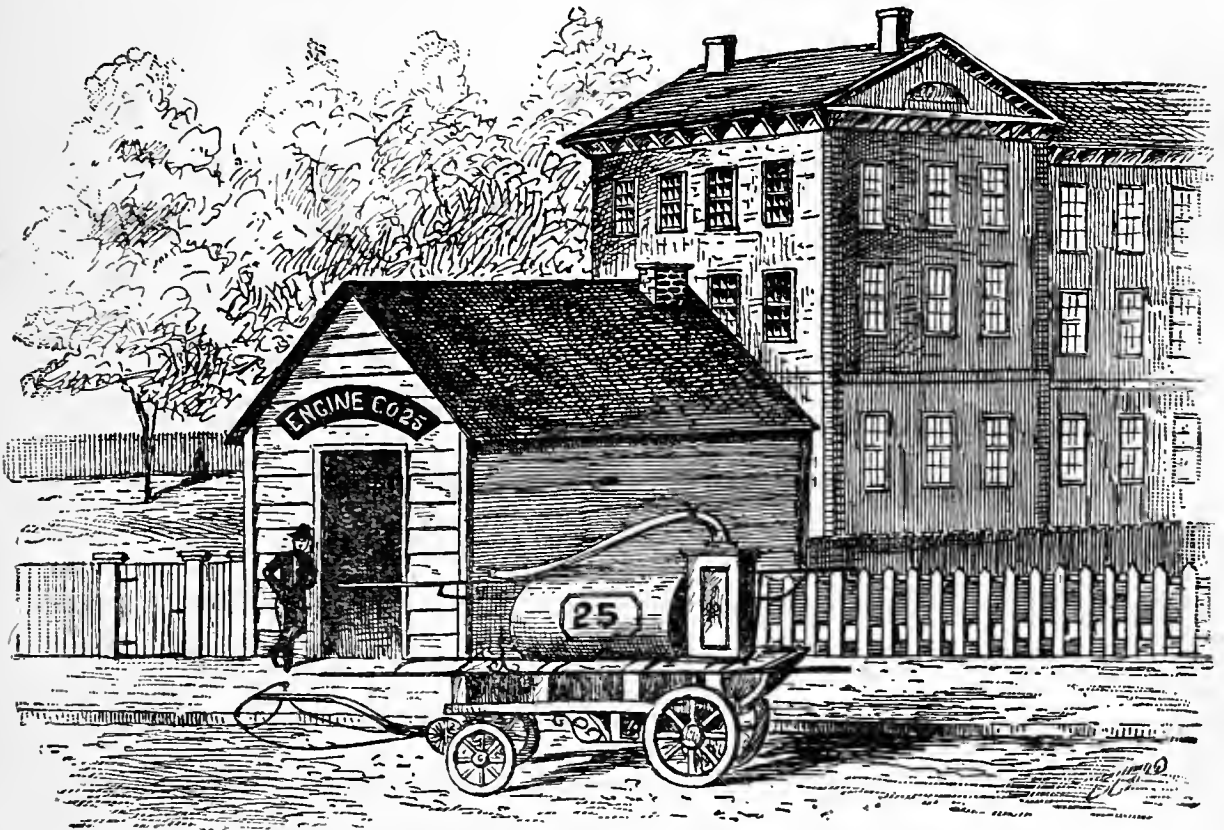
Frankfort Street, between the "World" and the "Sun" buildings, is the place in which to see the newsboy at his best and his worst. Here in the afternoons are crowded hundreds of little fellows, of all nationalities, types and dispositions, intent upon just one thing—getting their papers as quickly as possible and starting off for the various places which they have pre-empted. The rivalry and competition among them is as strong as among the merchants and the eager men of Wall Street, and the same

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

dispositions are manifested; only without the tact, the *finesse*, and the politeness of more select circles. Often the weaker and smaller ones are pushed to the wall; but here and there appear those kinder and nobler ones, who delight to lend their strength and protection to those who need them. A great many of these boys are alone in the world, making their way with heroic resolution and perseverance, and hoping for better times; others are the support in part or in whole of families whose members must unite in the work of driving the wolf from the door; others there are who have been carried by the current of circumstances into the selling of newspapers, and who go with the tide; and there are little thieves and desperadoes, growing up with every inclination to recruit the criminal ranks. It is a hard school and a hard life for these little fellows, and those who come out of it with good characters, to advance into higher places in the world, are heroes. The helping hand is extended to these boys in very practical ways. The News-boy's Lodging House, which is close by, in Duane Street, furnishes clean and safe accommodations and subsistence for those who will avail themselves of its privileges, and its work is done in such a way as to develop manliness in the boys. They pay their way, even though the prices are small. This spot is an important field for the study and the activity of those who believe that the time to make good citizens is in youth, and that the government should look after the children.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

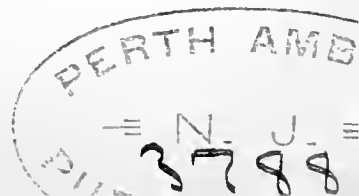
Looking across the Common, now the City Hall Park, we are impressed with the great buildings which have been reared on every hand. It has taken us but a few moments to leave the wretched haunts of poverty and vice and to find ourselves in



Engine Co. No. 25, 1809, Tryon Row, City Hall Square.

this very maelstrom of human currents. It is full of historic associations, no less impressive than the neighborhood which we have left. Here in front of us, where Franklin's statue stands, is the spot where Governor Leisler and his son-in-law Milbourne were hanged and buried.

It was down through the Boston Road (at this point, Chatham Street or Park Row) that the courier dashed, turning into Broadway at the lower end of the post-office, shouting the news of the Battle of Lexington; and through this street all of the travel moved between New York and New England. The



THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

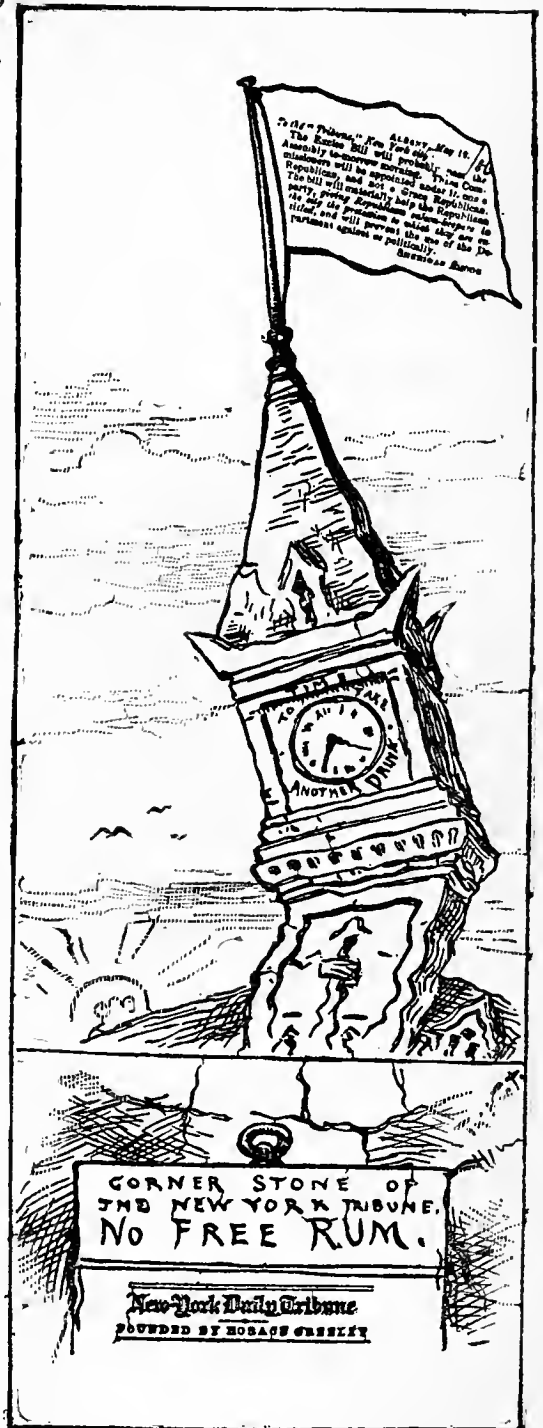
first post that started out from the northeastern corner of the old Fort for Connecticut and Massachusetts passed through this road. Notice this announcement: "Any person that has a Mind to go Post to Albany this Winter may apply to the Post Master of New York on Saturday next at Ten in the morning."—N. Y. "Gazette," Nov. 1732.

Through it Governor Stuyvesant rode to reach his bowerie, and as other of the colonists built their residences along the road, it began to be much traveled. It is the oldest road out of the old City, and had its origin in an Indian trail.

The "Sun" building is strangely out of place among the towering newspaper buildings that surround it, and it seems a pity that the corner cannot be thrown into the incomplete "Tribune" building; but the hostility that has existed between those two newspapers for many years prevents any such arrangement. It is but a few years ago that there was a bitter litigation between the proprietors of the two buildings concerning a great stone which had been laid in the northern foundation wall of the "Tribune" building, far below the surface of the street, and which projected across the line of the "Sun" building, although below its foundation. If the plans of the "Sun" owners have been truly announced, some day there will stand upon the site of the little red building a towering edifice that will look down even on the "World's" dome.

The "Tribune" building was the first of the many tower buildings in the lower part of the City,

and when it was erected it was the wonder and the pride of Printing House Square. Many were the envious cuts at the editor of the "Tribune" by those less fortunate editors who could not compose their editorials on such a lofty plane. One we recollect very well, which accounted for the stoppage of the clock by describing how (Reid) the young editor of the tall tower, while his brain was burning with the fever of the glowing thoughts which he was working into his editorials for the next day, thrust his head out of the window in his sanctum, which was in the face of the clock; but thrust it out in such an inopportune moment as to be caught on the back of his neck by the descending minute hand, which pinned him fast against the window-sill, and held him, despite his struggles, until daylight came, and he was released by the office-boy. It seems but a very few years ago that this oil-cloth building, as it was called, was erected; but at that time there was no Brooklyn Bridge, no elevated railroad, no "World" building, no Franklin



Sheridan **SHOOK** the foundation of
the tower of strength of the
Republican party.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

statue, no cable cars. The beautiful "Times" building had not been reared, and those startling, though majestic, buildings across Broadway had not been dreamed of. We cannot overestimate the strides which have been made in the material improvement of the City during these last few years. It is not very many years ago that the post-office building was not in existence, and the City Hall Park extended to St. Paul's Church, and was fenced in like a rural park.

The street railroads occupying this thoroughfare were the first that were operated in the City. John Stevenson, who built nearly all of the cars in the earlier period of horse railroads, died only two or three years ago; and some of the original projectors of these horse car systems, which spread all over the country, and in our City are only just beginning to yield to the trolley and the cable car, are still living.

When there was no post-office, and the trees of the City Hall Park bowed to the trees in St. Paul's Churchyard, two beautiful church spires, long associated with the graceful steeple of St. Paul's, delighted the eyes of the people.

The Presbyterian Brick Church, surrounded by its graveyard, was where the "Times" building now stands, and at Beekman and Cliff Streets was St. George's Chapel, the artistic appearance of which was the pride of the people, regardless of creed.

On Park Row, north of Ann Street, was the Park Theater, the first important playhouse in the



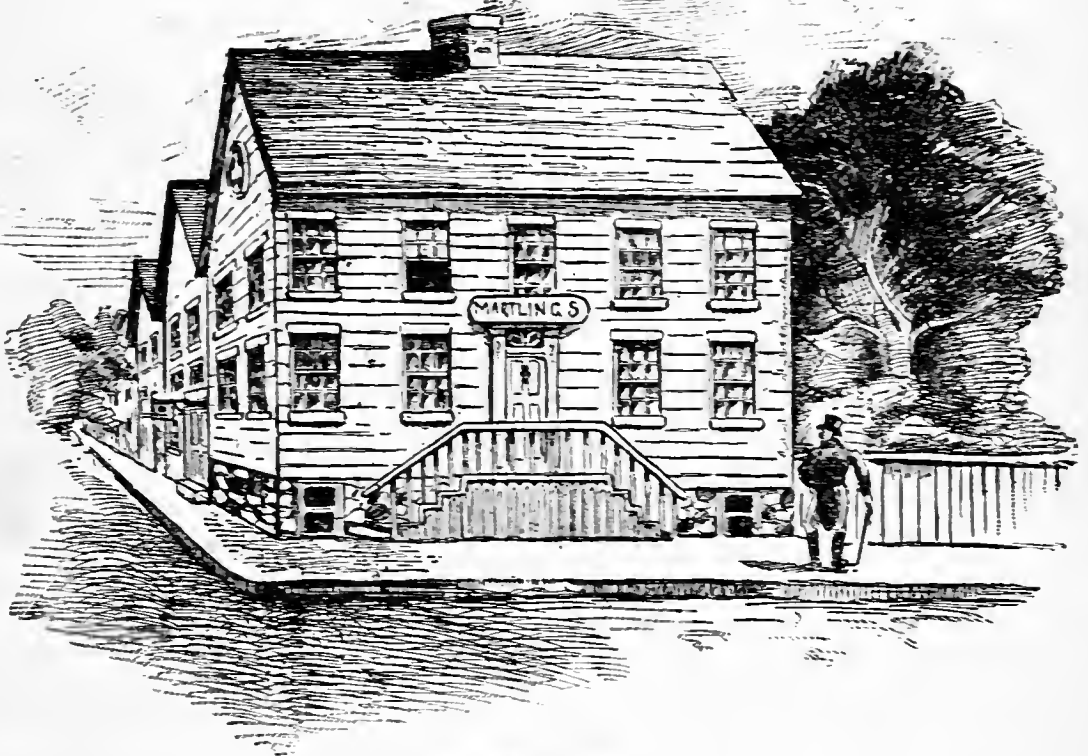
CITY HALL IN 1822.

New York, Vol. One, p. 206.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

City, which was built in 1798, burned down in 1820, rebuilt, and burned again in 1849. Theater Alley, between Park Row and Nassau Street, ran along the rear of the theater.

The "Tribune" building and Horace Greeley's statue occupy the place where the Tammany Society was first housed in a permanent wigwam; and while Tammany occupied that spot and the one adjoining



First Tammany Hall.

it, it contained patriots of whom the City was justly proud. While there was bitter conflict between Tammany's people and the Federalists, the contest was one of principle, Tammany representing the ideas of Jefferson, and the Federalists owning the guidance of Hamilton.

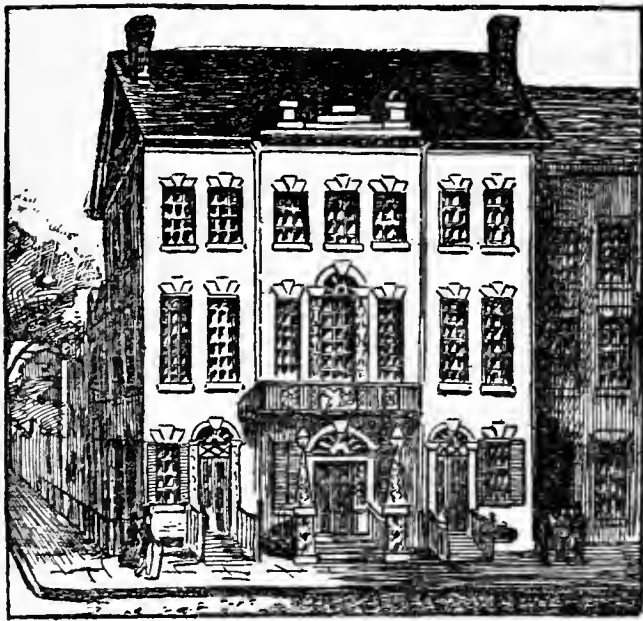
On the Spruce Street corner stood Martling's Tavern, and there the Columbian order made its home in 1798. The Federalists called it the "*Pig Pen*";

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

but that did not prevent the leading Democrats, headed by the first governor, George Clinton, from making headquarters there.

In 1812 the society built its hall on the site of the "Sun" building, and there they remained until 1867, when they moved to their present disgraced headquarters in 14th Street.

The old Society held a banquet on October 17, 1792 (before it had settled down at Martling's), to



Second Tammany Hall.

commemorate the discovery of America. These were the toasts which were proposed by patriots and responded to by those whose lives had proved their devotion to their country's cause. "The memory of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this New

World." "May the New World never experience the vices and miseries of the old; and may it be a happy asylum for the oppressed of all nations and of all religions." "May peace and liberty ever pervade the United Columbian States." "May this be the last centenary festival of the Columbian order that finds a slave on this globe." "May the fourth century be as remarkable for the improvement and knowledge of the rights of man as the first was for the discovery and the im-

provement of nautic science." "May the deliverers of America never experience that ingratitude from their Country which Columbus experienced from his King." "May the genius of Liberty, as she has conducted the sons of Columbia with glory to the commencement of the fourth century, guard their fame to the end of time." According to the record of the day's doings, "during the evening's entertainment a variety of *rational amusements* were enjoyed."

In 1790 President Washington made a practical use of the mummary of the Society, which was taken in good part, and which even put an additional feather into its head-dress. There had been war with the Creek Indians, and a number of the leading warriors had been induced to meet the President at New York, in the hope of arranging a treaty. The Tammany braves had a full assortment of Indian costumes and an unlimited supply of paint, pipes and fire-water, and they received the Indians in full costume.

The Indians enjoyed the occasion immensely, accepted the show as an honor, and made the treaty.

In those days and later, Tammany furnished amusement to the populace and delighted the small boys by having bonfires in the City Hall Park, around which they danced in Indian dress, scalping various effigies, such as Benedict Arnold, and consigning their bodies to the flames.

In later days Halleck wrote:

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“There’s a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long.
In the time of my childhood ’twas pleasant to call
For a seat and cigar ’mid the jovial throng.”

What a precocious child Halleck must have been!

In 1820, De Witt Clinton wrote in a letter to a friend, “The Tammany Horse rides through the Legislature like a wild ass’s colt.”

On every fourth of July a celebration is held in the 14th Street Hall; but there is such a contrast between the lofty sentiments of some of the speakers (for some of the braves speak in good English), and the ill fame of the Tammany leaders and heelers of these days, that it is easily the most hollow and incongruous performance of the year.

There is a great difference between the spectacle of the “Silver-tongued” Orator pouring out glittering jewels of speech upon a throng of unwashed and unkempt patriots, who grow frantic with approval when the eloquent speaker falls into some naturally foul fling at his opponents, and the gathering of the old Columbians, who cared little for offices, but much for country, and who had not heard of election frauds and public stealing.

It was *old* Tammany that had time to perform the patriotic duty of gathering the bones of the eleven thousand American prisoners who died on the prison ships at the Wallabout, from 1776 to 1783, and of giving them honored interment and commemoration. The old society stood grandly through



THE FOUNDERS OF TAMMANY.

New York, Vol. One, p. 204.



PRESENT HEADS OF TAMMANY HALL.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the War of 1812, its loyal members going in a body to dig in the earthworks that were thrown up at various points, as well as giving of their means, and supporting the government with other practical help. Old Tammany held the first public celebrations of Washington's birthday, and it never failed to keep Independence Day. In the war of 1861 it sent regiments to the defense of the Union. The degradation of Tammany Hall is as complete as the degradation of Cherry Hill (from which foul locality it has a sympathetic and unanimous support).

In other days its friends were Jefferson, Madison and Jackson; among its leaders were Morgan Lewis, George Clinton, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, De Witt Clinton, Philip Schuyler, Walter Bowne, Brockholst Livingston, Samuel Osgood, Daniel D. Tompkins, Garrett Sickles, Stephen Allen, Michael Ulschaffer, John A. Dix, Samuel J. Tilden, Augustus Schell, John Van Buren, Churchill C. Cambrelling, and John T. Irving. Its tone was so high that it tendered a unanimous nomination for mayor to Washington Irving. Think of it!

Among the leaders of later days may be named Wood, Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly, John Kelly, John Morrissey, Richard Croker, and William F. Sheehan. Its work has required some peculiar qualities, which are supplied by a host of men, of whom may be mentioned as types: Patrick Divver, Timothy D. Sullivan, Silver Dollar Smith, John J. Scannell, John C. Sheehan, and Thomas F. Grady.

Imagine, if you can, Washington Irving as

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

mayor, parceling out the offices under the direction of Richard Croker, and to the satisfaction of all the district leaders!

An apologist, an old time Columbian, anxious to protect the reputation of the original Tammany, recently wrote the following words:

“The ‘Tammany Society,’ or ‘Columbian Order,’ must not be confounded with the ‘Tammany Hall Democracy’ of the City of New York. They are separate and distinct bodies, holding the same relationship, and none other, as is held by the Equitable Life Assurance Society to the Lawyers’ Club—that of landlord and tenant. It is true that the Sachems, the Father of the Council, the Scribe, the Wiskinski, the Sagamore, and many of the private Indians of the Society are also members of the Democracy; but that is because the gentlemen in question have seen fit to become members of both. The Sachems are not ‘feudal lords over the Tammany Democracy,’ nor have they anything to do with the appointment of Democratic leaders. The Society has no concern with the Democracy, except to lease to it suitable rooms for its meetings; it is not to be credited with any of the Democracy’s triumphs or charged with any of its shortcomings. The Society continues, in its own *unobtrusive* way(!), to fulfill the purposes for which it was organized over one hundred years ago; and the only occasions when it comes before the public are on the Fourth of July each year. Then its hospitable doors are thrown wide open, and a large and enthusiastic audience is

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

gathered within its walls; fine music and *abundant refreshments* (!) are provided; the Declaration of Independence is read, and eminent orators deliver the 'long talks' and the 'short talks' in honor of the day. The most enthusiastic patriot can have no substantial grievance against *the Society*."

The substantial union of the "Society" and the



Saint Tammany.

"Democracy" cannot be truthfully questioned. The "Democracy" has swallowed the "Society," and the old Indian, with all his virtues, is in the stomach of the Tiger, and is only remembered by his name. By nature's process the noble Indian has been transformed into the rapacious Tiger, as the gentle missionary becomes the fierce and obscene cannibal.

The utter corruption of the old "Society" is mani-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

fest in its choice of emblems. Notwithstanding the exposure of the Tweed ring, and the conviction of its leader for defrauding the people, the "Society," or "Democracy," as you may call it, clings to the modern device of the *Tiger*, taken from the front of the old fire engine, "Big Six," with which Tweed and his pals used to run. Mr. Scannell, whose uninviting face is above portrayed, was Fire



Tiger carried on "Americus."

Commissioner by the grace of Mr. Croker, through Mr. Gilroy, mayor. He was given an elegant jeweled gold badge of office, with an American eagle on it. He sent it back to the jeweler, who, under his orders, *removed the eagle and substituted a tiger*, which thenceforth was known as the *New American Bird*.

A distinguished lawyer, in a carefully written



JOHN KELLY.



TAMMANY KINGS.

RICHARD CROKER.

magazine article, spoke of modern Tammany in these words:

“It is a mercenary and merciless despotism; a combination of the spirit of the Indian and the spoilsman; a sphere of intellectual and moral barrenness without patriotism or principle; an institution composed of Liliputs in usefulness and Brobdingnags in rascality, in the hands of savage and venal partisans, on a level with gamblers, thieves and pirates, who never apologize, and would be ruined by any attempt at justification.”

Tammany's tyranny, its un-American plan of government, its frequent subversion of the honest choice of the people, its prostitution of public office, its brutality to many classes of the poor and defenseless, its maintaining power by judicious feeding of offices to the ignorant and venal, by skillful catering to the interests and appetites of various classes, and by shrewd pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant and non-American classes: these are among the greatest dangers to the progress and to the future life and influence of the City. New York's Tammanism has proven to be a contagious and infectious disease, which, working mischief enough at home, has spread to Albany and other municipal centers, and has invaded other States.

THE TAMMANY ATTITUDE.

(From a Newspaper, July, 1896.)

“A FRANK ADMISSION.

“John C. Sheehan was out of town to-day, and nobody at Tammany Hall would venture an opin-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ion as to whether Tammany, as an organization, would heed Mayor Hinckley's appeal to take no action on the Chicago nominations until the meeting of the Democratic State Convention. Individual district leaders were free, however, in saying what course they favored. The following opinion, expressed by ex-Senator Plunkitt and given verbatim, reflects the views of many Tammany men.

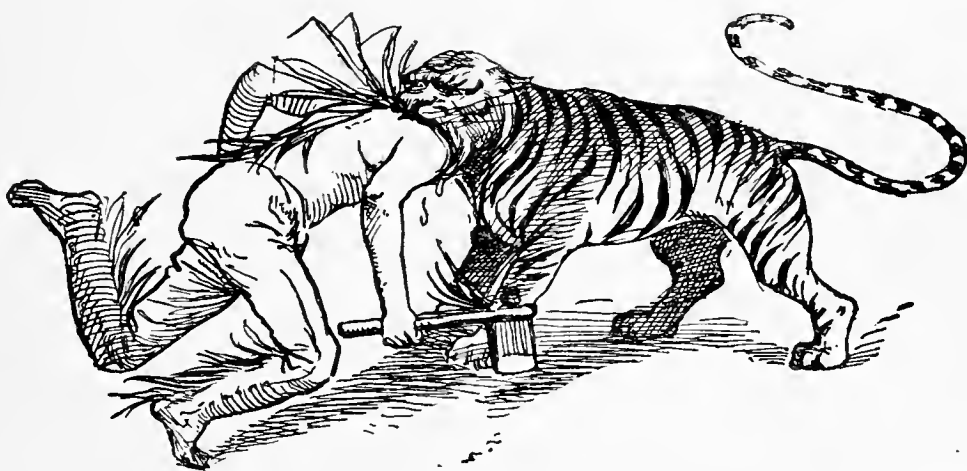
“ ‘Hinckley is all right,’ said Mr. Plunkitt to an ‘Evening Post’ reporter. ‘Why should we go ahead indorsing the ticket when we don’t know what we are to get out of it? Free silver or free gold or free anything else may be all right, but that ain’t the point. *We want to know what we are going to get from these people. We don’t care anything about this currency question.* We just want to know what Bryan and Sewall will do for the New York Democrats if we support the ticket. We don’t want to build a stone wall for these men, and then be thrown on the outside of it. No, siree. There won’t be any indorsing of the ticket in my district till I know what we are to get for the indorsement. We don’t know these people, and they don’t know us. Let’s have an understanding before we go into the indorsement business. That’s not only my sentiment, but the sentiment general in Tammany. *We don’t give a damn for the money question,* but we must know what we are going to get out of an indorsement of the ticket.’

“Some of the personal followers of John C. Sheehan said they were in favor of indorsing the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Bryan ticket at once, but Senator Plunkitt expressed what appeared to be the more general feeling in Tammany Hall."

Here, at Printing House Square, we have to do only with the memory of *Saint* Tammany; but we have just come from the *Tiger's* stronghold, and over there in the Common, where Washington once assembled his troops to hear the Declaration of Independence, the Tiger has for many years done his



Tiger and Indian.

best to break down the institutions of popular government, and to destroy the lessons of official fidelity and civic virtue once so zealously and faithfully taught by Federalists and Columbians. It is not all progress and glory about us, but there are clouds of uncertainty and danger, which we must heed if we would preserve the good things that remain from the labor of the patriots of old, and that have been sustained by good men since their day.

To Tammany belongs the honor of the first victory over abolitionists in New York City. In 1833

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

abolitionists attempted to hold their first meeting at Clinton Hall (Nassau and Beekman Streets). It was prevented by a riotous crowd, which promptly celebrated its victory by adjourning to Tammany Hall and passing resolutions denouncing abolition.

Here, in Printing House Square, and down through Park Row and Nassau Street to Fulton, there worked with little interruption until recently a most persistent and successful organization of pickpockets, composed of graduates, undergraduates, matriculants and cadets. The writer has seen them swarming through these streets, practicing their art right under the eyes of the police. We have seen as many as seven pickpockets, young and old, working together at once; and repeatedly we and our friends have run the gauntlet between them. The thefts of satchels, pocketbooks, watches, pocket change, etc., ran up to large amounts. By some patent headquarters' system the newspapers didn't publish the cases. On more than one occasion the eyes of the writer and his intending despoiler have met in eloquent flashes. A gentleman in an office on Fulton Street saw a pickpocket operating on the corner, and being zealous for the right, and confident in his own prowess, adjusted a bill so it would show in his vest pocket, and went down past the thief, who grabbed for the money, and was promptly seized by the good citizen; but to the intense astonishment and disgust of the citizen, in an instant he was rolling in the muddy water of the gutter, with

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

a discarded coat in his hand, while the thief was far away and out of reach. One of these thieves was Jack, or Matt Downey, a lame man, with a paralyzed arm and an innocent face. He got into crowds, and worked with two fingers of his good hand under the cramped-up bad arm. He and his pals were an everyday sight, and their faces were as familiar as the stores. We asked an old-time thief who the man was. He said, "Why, that's Downey." "What is his business?" "Pickpocket." "Has he ever been sent up?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, you see, he knows the headquarters' men. He is a stool-pigeon. If some fine man loses a watch he goes to the superintendent, who says, 'We'll have it to-morrow.' 'Wonderful!' says the 'gent.' Then he goes, and the superintendent calls in a detective and says, 'A friend of mine lost his watch at such and such a place; here's a description of it. Get it!' The detective sends for Downey, and he says: 'Now, Downey, the "super's" got to have this watch.' Downey knows he's got to have it, so he says, 'All right.' He knows all the fellows in the business, and he goes for the man that has the watch and tells him. The man plants the watch in a pawnbroker's. Then the detective goes and finds it and tells his chief. In the morning the gent comes, and the superintendent tells him where the watch is; or, if he is a very important gent, he has the watch there for him. 'Wonderful! wonderful!' says he. If he pays the pawnbroker's charges, as often he does, then the detective and the pawn-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

broker and the pickpocket *have another interview*. You see, Downey is a useful man, and he has to have a show."

Whatever may be said, Downey and his pals had free swing until the Police Department broke relations with criminals and stool-pigeons. Captain Thompson took command at Oak Street Station. He held several fistic interviews with pickpockets in Ann Street. Then they disappeared.

The square will ever be famous as the place where the Great American Newspaper has had its development. Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Jones, and many others, hardly less famous, have done their life work here, and have enriched the nation and the world by it. I say "done," remembering full well that one is still with us; but he has reached a crabbed old age, where his usefulness is neutralized by his gall and his disposition to eternally scold; though his paper continues to be the literary, rhetorical and esthetic model of America.

The brilliant editor of the "Press" reminds us that this accomplished editor's last days are not all given up to wormwood recollections of what might have been, but was not. He says:

"HE LOVES THE FLAG, HE LOVES THE TREE.

"An antipathy to clergymen and a caressing tenderness for tigers may coëxist in one bosom with some of the finest emotions of which our mortal nature is capable.



NEW TAMMANY.

New York, Vol. One, p. 212.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

“We say this because we had always known that Mr. Dana loves the flag, and because we know now—having read ‘Garden and Forest’—that Mr. Dana loves a tree. We find therein that Mr. Dana has sniffed the balsamic air of the *Pinetum schobertianum*, and that everything in it has his cordial and hearty support and approbation, from the *abies amabitis* to the *Cunninghamia sinensis*.

“It is lucky for these trees that Mr. Dana loves them. Overburdened as they are with first names and last names, we don’t see how they could survive the infliction of some of the weird and eerie middle names with which Mr. Dana is wont to christen the specimens of man that delight him not.

“But what we want to pin attention to is that Mr. Dana’s bosom is not all one savage gloat in this time of tigerish triumph. He loves the flag, he loves a tree; and on those two points he is habitually and nobly right.”

The newspapers are most impressive now by their immensity and their material success, and by the magical way in which they do the most impossible things. At this time, the editor, with a personality which he impresses upon the people, is unknown.

The papers do not lead public thought, but have adopted the “Herald’s” avowed policy of discovering public opinion and following it. It may be that in this the papers are doing us a greater service, for all the resources and energies of their proprietors and editors are now devoted to getting the news

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

from every quarter of the earth; and this they might not do so well had they to use up their vitality in lecturing and moralizing, and teaching the people from day to day.

It may be that a Reid is better for us to-day than a Greeley; a Pulitzer than a Raymond.

By way of contrast with the newspaper articles of these days, let us read these extracts, which were greatly admired when they were published.

TO THE PRINTER:

“*Sir*—The Country being generally amused with the *Aurora Borealis* which made so beautiful and magnificent an Appearance the 22 and 23 Nights of the last Month, I take the liberty to convey to you the following Speculation occasioned by that *Phenomenon*.

“We have several times seen this illustrious Meteor in this Country, but never so surprizingly Rich and Splendid as now blush’d over the face of the Skies. It first appear’d only as is usual with the *Northern Twilight*, a bright Flame in the North Quarter of the Horizon. Some observe that this kind of Meteor never appears near the Equator, and has therefore obtained the above name. About half an hour past seven there shot up a *Ruddy Stream* which collected itself into a Body and seem’d to hang over us like a *Mass of Blood*, or rather like a *Curtain of Fire*. This lasted a few Minutes, when it grew fainter by Degrees, and at length vanished. However the Glitter in the North

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

still continued to light us, so that one might, with some Attention, see to read in some large Print. Near the Hour of Nine it began to increase again and the Heavens here grew *Luminous* and *Rosey*. At Twenty-four Minutes after Nine, there was observed a *Light* gathering in the *North East*, which moving slowly to the *East* began to *glow* very *fierce* and *vivid*. It rose leisurely and at last crowded into a Centre near the *Zenith*, whence in a few Minutes it branched out over all the Northern Half of the *Hemisphere*, in the *florid* and *sparkling Colours* of a *Thousand Rainbows*. As we stood under it and gazed up, the Country far and wide seemed to be arched over (if I may be allowed the Expression) with a vast *Flaming Umbrello*. It continued for about a Quarter of an Hour shifting its *Form* and *Colours*, and then gently faded away till it quite disappeared. For the Remainder of the Night, a settled *Lustre* dawned round the Northern Edges of the *Hemisphere*, which kept Flashing at intervals till it was lost in the Spread of the *Morning Light*.

“The natural Causes of this gay Meteor, I leave to be disputed among Philosophers. For my own Part, I am more inclined to turn it into a serious Speculation, that may improve my Religion, at the same time that it entertains my Fancy. I love to lift my Thoughts to the Creator, when I see the Pomp and Wonders of his Workmanship. I learn a little of the Majesty and Magnificence of his Throne when I behold the secret Beams of Light

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

staining the Skies with such a beautiful Variety of Glories. It naturally leads my thoughts to the Contemplation of that important Night, when the *Heavens being on Fire shall be dissolved, and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat; when our blessed SAVIOUR shall descend in flaming Fire, in the Clouds of Heaven, with Power and great Glory.*

“I am far from encouraging an irrational Enthusiasm, or justifying the extravagant Whimsies of some, who upon every odd Appearance in the Sky fancy the World will end in an Hour or two. But I can by no means think it unbecoming a Christian Philosopher, to take Notice of those fearful Sights, and great Signs from Heaven, which we know are to be Fore-runners of the Conflagration that must quickly devour the Earth. And it happens very well for our present Purpose, that the Words of the sacred Text cannot on any Occasion be more applicable than to this particular Appearance. *I will shew Wonders in Heaven above, Blood and Fire and Vapours of Smoak, before that great and notable day.* Our Lord himself has taught us to observe these Things when they come to pass, as the Preludes to his second Descent. *So likewise when ye see all these Things, know that it is near at the Doors.*”—New York “Gazette,” November 9, 1730.

“TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK ‘GAZETTE’:

“*Sir*—Some Time past I sent you a small scrip upon the common Use of Tea and the Tea-Table,

which you have omitted to publish. I now send you my Observations upon the impertinent Custom of the Women (as well as the Men) have fallen into of taking snuff, which I expect you will not omit to publish in your next.

“I am, sir, etc..

“This Silly Trick of taking Snuff is attended with such a Cocquet Air in some young (as well as older) Gentlewomen, and such a sedate Masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of, but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does Salt at Meals, and as she affects a wonderful Ease and Negligence in all her Manners, an upper Lip mixed with Snuff and the Sauce is what is presented to the observation of all who have the Honor to eat with her. The pretty Creature her Niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her Aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the Eye, she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident Air, by a nauseous Rattle of the Nose when the Snuff is delivered, and the Fingers make the Stops and the Closes on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very Courtly Image in speaking of Gentlewomen, that is very true; but there arises the offence? Is it in those who commit or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy Physick hanging on the Lip, that the most agreeable Conversation, or Person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for pretty action, or to fill up little Intervals of Discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

too much Respect, to admit of offering at that Time from Hand to Hand the Snuff Box. But *Flavilla* is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good *Brazile*) in the Middle of the Sermon, and to shew that she has the Audacity of a well-bred Woman she offers it to the Men as well as to the Women who sit next her. But since by this Time all the World knows she has a fine hand, I am in Hopes she may give herself no further Trouble in this matter. On *Sunday* was sevensnight, when they came about for the Offering, she gave her Charity with a very good Air, but at the same Time asked the Church warden if he would take a Pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these Things in Time, and you will oblige

“Sir, your most humble Servant.”

—New York “Gazette,” May 31, 1731.

While thinking of the immensity of these newspaper establishments, let us read an announcement in the “Weekly Post Boy” of February 9, 1747.

“Our Kind Readers must now naturally expect a great Dearth of News, and we are therefore quite at a Loss what to give that may be agreeable; we must beg their Patience when we tell them what can be no News here, and what too many of them know experimentally, better than we can express; but as it may be news in distant Parts, we apprehend it can’t be altogether unseasonable, since we have nothing else better to say: The deplorable Circumstances this City is under, from a long Series of cold and freezing Weather is Matter of concern to all.”

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

This beautiful poem appeared in the New York "Gazette" of July 11, 1748.

"To Miss A. S.

"Of all the Bauthy (beauty) that e'er cround the
Land,

Or ever was in Long Island;

Where to begin, or what Part first to Prase

It is impossibele as the Dedd to rase,

Without Enjustice don to the Rest, in a loer
Frase;

But as the Hedd is nobler Part,

Thare I must begin, and at her Foots depart.

Such lovely Hare, in Lox hangs in her Neck

As does my verry Hart to ayck!

Neglekted hangs the locks from each other Part,

More bauthyful styll, than if compell'd by Art;

And hydes a Neck far whiter than the Snow,

Such Fetres added appropo.

A noble Forred with a pare of Eys

So black; with any Jett tha vys.

A graceful look and not too bold,

As women use to practice of old.

Her lofely cheeks mixt with a lively redd,

Adds a new grace to the nobler Part.

Her skin so white, so bauthiful and fare,

With any Anabaster may compare;

Dimple rising in her Cheeks so sweate,

That when I'm in her Presense, I sitt mute,

Her Mouth so bauthyfull not large, nor yet too
small,

Her Chyn proposhoud compleats it all.

A charming Waste anoff alone to move

A Hart of Adamant to what we call Lofe;

Her lofely carriage and so genteel an Are

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Getts me of Riveles anoff I fear;
One alreddy I am assured off;
But him I'll turn away with Scorn and Scoff."

One has only to compare these extracts with others in similar vein that may be found in our enterprising and polished newspapers of the present day to note the great advance in thought and expression. As an illustration of this statement, let us look at this beautiful poem recently published in that most scholarly paper, the New York "Tribune," founded by Horace Greeley. This poem was considered so exquisite that it was reproduced in the elegant programme of the Carnegie Music Hall.

"A BIRD'S FLIGHT.

"From some bright cloudlet dropping;
From branch to blossom hopping;
Then drinking from a small brown stone
That stood alone
Amid the brook; then singing,
Upspringing.
It soared: my bird had flown.

"A glimpse of beauty only
That left the glen more lonely?
Nay, truly; for its song and flight
Made earth more bright!
If men were less regretful,
And fretful,
Would life yield less delight?"

Gentle reader, bear with me while I give you this sample of modern journalistic enterprise, picture and all.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

"Look out for the Sunday 'Journal.'"

"Look out for the Colored Supplement."

"Oh, be sure and call me early; call me early, mother dear—"

I would buy a Sunday 'Journal' ere the last one disappear.

I didn't order it to-day, and I must early rise

To get one from the dealer ere the last one from him flies.



So be sure to call me early; call me early, mother dear—

To-morrow'll be the gladdest day of all the glad New Year.

'Twill be rosy with the sunshine of the Colored Supplement,

And the reader will with laughter sway and revel with content;

Oh, the merry man of Brooklyn will guffaw with airy grace

Till he bursts the iron safety pin that holds his shawl in place.

It will sport the jaunty colors of the dreamy Autumn time,

When the rime is on the sparkle and the Sparkle's in the rime;

When the pig is hanging head first, the old dogwood tree beneath,

With his bosom cut décolleté and a corn-cob in his teeth;
And the gobbler's waxing fatter in his glory every day,
And the applejack is gilding all the visions of the jay.

When the corn is gayly popping

In the curling, swirling blaze,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

And the shining chestnut's dropping

Through the quiet screen of haze.

You may bet the sea of colors, o'er the meadows softly
blent,

Will be but a true reflection of the Colored Supplement.

Then be sure and call me early; call me early, mother
dear—

I would spread my wings and sally through the morning
atmosphere

To the dealer gayly smiling in his majesty sublime,

For the 'Journal,' with its Colored Supplement, for half
a dime.

“The golden Autumn, without its wild, bilious billows of madcap colors, tossed and tumbled by the frost-jeweled fingers of the wanton west wind, would be like Sunday without the chromatic symphony of the Comic Supplement of the New York 'Journal,' and a Sunday without the Colored Supplement would be like the Autumn without the combined attractions of roast turkey and the ever riotous rumpus of the game of football. Therefore, dearly beloved, the Colored Supplement will open to-morrow with a luminous handful of football fancies, in which the Yellow Kid will be a prominent figure. It will also show the beauties of the game, as played by impressionable young women, at the supreme moment when a flying wedge and a grand tumble combine to reveal all the latest conceits and symphonies in lingerie to the enraptured vision of him who only regrets that nature did not endow him with a pair of X ray eyes.

“The Brash Baboon, the Gay Giraffe and the Subtle Snake is an African romance, told in pictures.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

This set of pictures also deals with the cocoanut in its natural state, with milk punch attachment, and not in the form it assumes when converted into the barefaced pie which should be seen, but not eaten. It is a most thrilling combination, and to know how it ends, and whether the cocoanut charmed the baboon, until the milk punches revealed to him the snake, don't fail to purchase the 'Journal' to-morrow, of all newsdealers, price five cents."

The quotation is only a short extract from two columns of the same sort of material. The paper is not published in Chicago; it is published in New York.

Here is one more specimen of modern genius:

"FLOORED THE GENERAL.

"THE FLAGONS WERE UPON ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"It was the morn of battle. Alexander the Great summoned the most intrepid of his generals to his presence. Afar on the plain glittered the shields and spears of the warrior hosts.

"'Mark you, Periander,' cried the young soldier king, 'while I attack yon enemy, remain you here to guard the camp.'

"'Nay, nay, O king!' retorted the intrepid general, 'you forget that in one respect I am like the great Sunday "World."'

"'Now, in the name of all the gods at once!' yelled Alexander. 'This man is mad! What! compare yourself with the great Sunday "World," that boasts a colored Comic Weekly of countless hues,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

a Magazine replete with wonders, a—but, bah! you mock me!’

“ ‘Hold!’ called Periander. ‘There’s method in my madness, for instead of being commanded to remain in camp and guard the rear I should, like the great Sunday “World,” be ordered in advance.’

“ ‘What, ho, there!’ roared Alexander, ‘the flag-
ons are upon me!’

“Don’t miss the great Sunday ‘World’ to-morrow. The greatest number yet.”

May we have grace for our frivolity while we make a few quotations from the advertising columns of a number of our great modern newspapers.

PROFITS from a scientifically conducted Frog Farm will excel any Gold Mine; \$5,000 wanted to invest in establishing a frog farm, with duck ranch as a combine; success assured and strictest investigation solicited, and highest references given.—Answer, N. B., 138 Windsor Ave., Norfolk, Va.

LOST—Pug; young female; Daisy; howls when person sings; liberal reward.—Georgia, 159 W. 84th St.

PORPOISE Fishery for sale; only completely equipped one in the world; send for information, circular.—Riggs & Co., 575 Philadelphia Bourse.

YOUNG people wanted; gay crowd, dancing, boating, bathing, fishing, piano, hammocks, shade, excellent table; leave old folks to hum.—Maple Terrace House, Milton, N. Y.

GET OFF THE EARTH!—That’s what people without brains do; use your head; that’s what it’s for; we patent inventions without charge unless successful; send for booklet.—Hern & Co., 156 Broadway.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

YOUNG lady, good figure, wants to pose for artists; references exchanged; positively no triflers.—Address E. L., 206 “Herald.”

BLACK & WHITE, &c.—He that does not allow the sparrow to fall unnoticed sees all things. Have not the poor enough to contend with?—Catolico.

HAVE 9 fine canaries and 8 cages; will exchange for bicycle.—391 Graham Ave., Brooklyn.

JOCKEY will impart inside instructions to a reliable bettor; big money chance.—Address G. K., 162 “Herald.”

LARGE ears, pug noses, hump, flat ill-shaped noses, made to harmonize with the other features. Send stamp for book on Beauty.—J. H. Woodbury, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y.; inventor Woodbury’s facial soap.

A.—MAGICAL BEAUTY. Instantaneous results from using Kosmeo Balm and Turkish Rose Leaves. A plain, ordinary woman, you are instantly a dainty, lovable creature, and the secret your own.—Thompson’s, 947 Broadway and 177 Fifth Ave.

PARTNER, lady, wanted, without encumbrances; loving disposition, some means; family medicine; large returns; no risk.—H., box 5, 156 E. 125th St.

YOUNG Chinese who speaks and writes perfectly English.—Address Chinese, 119 “Herald,” downtown.

WANTED—The address of a schatchen, having large clientage.—Address with reference, “Advertiser,” 708 Columbus Ave.

A CATHOLIC maiden (28) worth nearly \$5,000, musical, refined, good appearance, would wed —Rosalie, 311 “Herald.”

ACADEMY OF HYNOPTISM—Patients, pupils, corresponding instruction, circulars, 20 pages, 5 cents.—Dr. McCarthy, 256 W. 115th St.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

COME for one of our uncalled for elegant suits; half cost; alter; gentlemen's nobby suits to order cheap.—Kulls, importing tailor, 4 W. 22d St.

UNUSUAL opportunity to become lawful physicians.—Medico, 1001 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T go to a shoemaker or a business college to learn stenography.—Brooklyn Shorthand School, Court and Joraleman Sts., is taught by an expert.

ROCAHOTUS reveals all, 25 and 50 cents.—231 E. 75th St., first floor, east side.

WANTED—A live man with some money to join advertiser (a public speaker), in original, sensational traveling campaign for business; one having horse or traveling advertising or show outfit preferred.—Address L., box 450 "World."

ATTENTION!—Ladies' and gentlemen's fine Cast off Clothing is the only kind of clothes we can use, and our demand for them is so large that we are compelled not to let go all the goods we can buy; positively highest prices.—S. Kosofsky, 753-759 Sixth Ave.

A WIDOW (35) would marry; am no adventuress, but a genuine, healthy, womanly, wealthy lady of excellent social standing; no agents.—Leonard, 309 "Herald."

A HANDSOME young girl desires copying or some other profitable work.—M. P., box 335 "Herald," 23d St.

AZRAEL, condensed, accurate nativity. \$1.00 complete, with predictions and storm map \$2.00.—61 E. 41st St.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 11 to 2; correspondence.

ABSOLUTE divorces on 90 days' residence.—Hoggatt & Carouthers have Eastern offices at 108 Fulton St.

A GOOD name is better than riches: I can give both to the lady I marry; my age is almost 60.—Candor, 345 "Herald."

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

YOUNG business man desires acquaintance of elderly lady of some means; object matrimony.—Hudson, “Herald,” Harlem.

CRAFTSMAN!—Oh, Lord! My God! Is there none to help the widow’s son to some employment to prevent starving?—Rueff, linguist, book-keeper. — “Herald,” downtown.

A GENTLEMAN, standing in wealthy society, will introduce appreciative party; none but those that will stand strict investigation need answer.—Eureka, 162 “Herald,” downtown.

THE young lady who rescued little girl from Broadway cable car on Thursday afternoon will receive substantial benefit and permanent gratitude by addressing Father, box 296 “Herald.”

BOOK-KEEPER—\$1.50 week, anywhere, any business, 10 years’ experience.—Expert book-keeper, 49 South 6th St., Brooklyn.

YOUNG HUSBAND—You need have no fears on account of your wife; we have a doctor in the building in constant attendance.—Siegel, Cooper Co.

(This is the first instance of the use of the “Herald’s” Personal Columns by a great dry-goods house.)

G.—BANK having certified against it; holding me full amount. This means ruin. Is that fair? Also seriously involved guarantee companies. What does it mean? Was I not your friend?—B.

PERSONS with many friends and acquaintances who control, or are able to influence law business, can derive handsome income by going into silent partnership with energetic, discreet young lawyer.—Smart, 461 “Herald.”

LOVABLE, cultured old lady would know gentleman, unlimited means; matrimony.—Ella, 2 Court St., Brooklyn.

A NOBLEMAN of the highest rank, 37 years of age, of

distinguished appearance and mental attainments, would contract speedy marriage with lady of corresponding attributes, and wealth to sustain a European home; no agents.—Answer for one week, to R. N., “Herald” Bureau, Washington, D. C.

A FINAL EFFORT.—A young man, in the interest of his two motherless children, is desirous to make the acquaintance of a refined party, who, after laying the story of his life and references before them, would assist him in his plans. — Trustworthy, 172 “Herald,” Harlem.

YOUNG man would like to meet gentleman willing to post him on big game hunting in the Northwest.—F. M. G., 23 “Herald,” downtown.

TORTURE of body or mind conquered at desire; every affliction or trouble of humanity can be removed or moderated; domestic complications settled; no need for creeping in the dark; no sittings or trance medium; positively no payment accepted until result is obtained. For further information call or address Mr. H. J. Lenz, 150 W. 125th St.

Is your nose red? Fould can bleach it. Call or address Fould, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.

LADY will teach whist, euchre and other games in ladies’ own homes.—Accomplishments, 419 “Herald.”

ANY person knowing of impending business failures or having other valuable information can make big money by communicating with smart lawyer.—Strict Confidence, “Herald.”

ATTENTION!—Is there a man of honor and sterling worth who can appreciate the cruelty that compels a gentlewoman, superior mental and personal attractions, age 34, to adopt this means of release from hated bondage? No Shylocks nor triflers; object, matrimony.—Isolation, 144 “Herald,” 23d St.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

ANYBODY feeling bluish? Outlook indigoesque? Drop in to-day; change luck.—Professor Herbert, expert Palmist, 160 W. 23d. N.B.—Cheer up and cut this out.

A GENTLEMAN would like to make the acquaintance of a young lady bicyclist matrimonially inclined.—Address Retired, 1,227 Broadway.

WHAT seeking for? I am seeking position as cook or butler in private family; city or country; excellent references.—Address Japanese, 280 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

AN educated lady (29) desires acquaintance of sea captain visiting tropical countries; view matrimony.—Tropics, "Herald," downtown.

SCHATCHEN, reliable, confidential, offers his services to ladies and gentlemen; references.—Peck, 158 E. 88th St.

These picturesque advertisements could be extended indefinitely. They furnish food for thought. They reveal interesting phases of our life. The "Herald" is the medium for the great majority of the freak advertisements, and its columns are freely used by the human spiders, who spin webs and catch flies in the great metropolis. The "personal columns," the "manicure," "massage," "medical," "financial," and "business opportunities" columns are dangerous; they are full of snares, pitfalls, decoys, frauds and temptations. Some of the solid old newspapers disdain such patronage, and refuse it, but most of the newer papers trail along in the "Herald's" path. The "Herald's" news is fairly clean, but a great many of its advertisements are abominable. The "World's" advertisements are cleaner, but its Sunday news columns are full of brutality

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and indecency. The "Herald" scored a victory over its rival on Sunday, September 26, 1896, when it printed an account of a prominent lady's linen with such detailed frankness that it may not be copied here.

Here are a few of the "Letters from Correspondents," an important division in the enterprising evening papers:

BOARDS AND KEEPS CATS.

To the Editor—I am an unmarried lady and circumstances compel me to live in a boarding-house. I keep four cats. I wish to ask you or any of your readers if the boarders are justified in the collection of boot-jacks, hair-brushes, tin shaving mugs, old shoes, etc., which I find outside my door every morning. When I speak of it they simply laugh and say they were votive offerings. What should be done in such a case?—A LOVER OF CATS.

SOME GIRLS ON EIGHTH AVENUE.

To the Editor—What is the matter with the majority of American girls? I took a walk on Eighth Avenue the other evening, and I was surprised and shocked at the conduct of these young ladies (?). They walk along with a swagger air and a grin on their face that would do credit to a laughing hyena. Being a stranger in the city, I would like to know whether this state of affairs is considered proper or not.—STRANGER.

MUSIC THAT DOESN'T ENCHANT.

To the Editor—How much longer are we to endure those horrible strains of the East River Park Band? Mount Morris Park Band is bad, but it walks away from the E. R. P. band. "The Star-spangled Banner," which should be played with vim and patriotic feeling, is played dirge-like, and so with the other badly selected pieces.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The leader works his arm like an automaton with no feeling or expression. I could do better myself. Applause is seldom heard, and when given the leader never bows in return. We pay for good music and it should be given us. I am a member of the People's Choral Union.—
ED. DAVIS, 204 E. 90th St.

THE LETTERS SHE GOT STAGGERED HER.

To the Editor—I have been left a widow and have two children. I lost my little son, but still have my dear little four-year-old girl. Thrown on my own resources, I began looking around for employment. Being well educated and young, would have preferred office work, but being desirous of keeping my little one with me so as to attend to her proper training, I advertised for a position as housekeeper. I was deluged with letters (to my delight until I opened them). Phew! They smelled to heaven! Letters from everywhere, thirty-three of them, and out of the batch but two decent ones. Are all men brutes? Is a woman looking for employment supposed to be open to insult, simply because she needs money? I should think a defenseless woman ought to be protected, not insulted. I have never met the class of women these garbage-hunters take me to be from, and it seems to me that it is a very small kind of man who would put such a woman to care for his innocent babies or his home.—
HATTIE R. S.

In Printing House Square many times have been crowded great armies of patriotic citizens, rejoicing over the victories of war announced on the bulletins, or watching with pale faces the announcements of terrible defeats. In times of riot newspaper offices here have been barricaded and garrisoned by resolute defenders of the freedom of the press. This characteristic article of Henry J. Raymond's

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

appeared in the "Times" while the office was fortified in anticipation of an attack by the rioters of 1863.

"We trust that Gov. Seymour does not mean to falter. We believe that in his heart he really intends to vindicate the majesty of the law, according to his sworn obligations. But, in the name of the dignity of government and of public safety, we protest against any further indulgence in the sort of speech with which he yesterday sought to propitiate the mob. Entreaties and promises are not what the day calls for. No official, however high his position, can make them, without bringing authority into contempt. This monster is to be met with a sword and that only. He is not to be placated with a sop; and, if he were, it would only be to make him all the more insatiate hereafter. In the name of all that is sacred in law, and all that is precious in society, let there be no more of this. There is force enough at the command of Gov. Seymour to maintain civil authority. He will do it. He cannot but do it. He is a ruined man if he fails to do it. This mob is not our master. It is not to be compounded with by paying blackmail. It is not to be supplicated and sued to stay its hand. It is to be defied, confronted, grappled with, prostrated, crushed. The government of the State of New York is its master, not its slave; its ruler, and not its minion. It is too true that there are public journals who try to dignify this mob by some respectable appellation. The 'Herald' character-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

izes it as 'the people,' and the 'World' as 'the laboring men of the city.' These are libels that ought to have paralyzed the fingers that penned them. It is ineffably infamous to attribute to the people, or to the laboring men of this metropolis, such hideous barbarism as this horde has been displaying. The people of New York, and the laboring men of New York, are not incendiaries, nor robbers, nor assassins. They do not hunt down men whose only offense is the color that God gave them; they do not chase, and insult, and beat women; they do not pillage an asylum for orphan children, and burn the very roof over those orphans' heads. They are civilized beings, valuing law and respecting decency, and they regard with unqualified abhorrence the doings of the tribe of savages that have sought to bear rule in their midst.

"This mob is not the people, nor does it belong to the people. It is for the most part made up of the very vilest elements of the city. It has not even the poor merit of being of what mobs usually are—the product of mere ignorance and passion. They talk, or rather did talk at first, of the oppressiveness of the Conscription law; but three-fourths of those who have been actively engaged in violence have been boys and young men under twenty years of age, and not at all subject to the Conscription. Were the Conscription law to be abrogated to-morrow, the controlling inspiration of the mob would remain all the same. It comes from sources quite independent of that law, or any other

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

—from malignant hate toward those in better circumstances, from a craving for plunder, from a love of commotion, from a barbarous spite against a different race, from a disposition to bolster up the failing fortunes of the Southern rebels. All of these influences operate in a greater or less measure upon any person engaged in this general defiance of law: and all combined have generated a composite monster more hellish than the triple-headed Cerberus. It doubtless is true that the Conscription, or rather its preliminary process, furnished the occasion for the outbreak. This was so, simply because it was the most plausible pretext for commencing open defiance. But it will be a fatal mistake to assume that this pretext has but to be removed to restore quiet and contentment. Even if it be allowed that this might have been true at the outset, it is completely false now. A mob, even though it may start on a single incentive, never sustains itself for any time whatever on any one stimulant. With every hour it lives it gathers new passions, and dashes after new objects. If you undertake to negotiate with it, you find that what it raved for yesterday it has no concern for to-day. It is as inconsistent as it is headstrong. The rabble greeted with cheers the suppliant attitude of Gov. Seymour, and his promises with reference to the Conscription law, but we have yet to hear that they thereupon abandoned their outrages. The fact stands that they are to-night, while we write, still infuriate, still insatiate. You may as well reason with the wolves

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

of the forest as with these men in their present mood. It is quixotic and suicidal to attempt it. The duties of the executive officers of this State and City are not to debate, or negotiate, or to supplicate, but to *execute the laws*. To execute means to enforce *by authority*. This is their *only* official business. Let it be promptly and sternly entered upon with all the means now available, and it cannot fail of being carried through to an overwhelming triumph of public order. It may cost blood—much of it perhaps; but it will be a lesson to the public enemies, whom we always have and must have in our midst, that will last for a generation. Justice and mercy this time unite in the same behest: *Give them grape and a plenty of it.*”

And again:

“CRUSH THE MOB!

“Mayor Opdyke has called for volunteer policemen, to serve for the special and temporary purpose of putting down the mob which threatened yesterday to burn and plunder the City. Let no man be deaf to this appeal. No man can afford to neglect it. No man, whatever his calling or condition in life, can afford to live in a city where the law is powerless, and where mobs of reckless ruffians can plunder dwellings, and burn whole blocks of buildings with impunity. Let the mob which raged yesterday in our streets, with so little of real restraint, obtain the upper hand for a day or two longer and no one can predict or imagine the extent of the injury they may inflict, or the weight

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

of the blow they may strike at our peace and prosperity. This mob must be crushed at once. Every day's, every hour's delay, is big with evil. Let every citizen come promptly forward and give his personal aid to so good and so indispensable a work."

The news of great elections has been received in Printing House Square by countless multitudes. Every great event for fifty years past has been watched for and learned from the bulletin boards, by throngs assembled in this square. Here, when the newspapers have prepared to show election news, is the place to see New York at its best and its worst.

There was a picturesque and pathetic scene in Printing House Square on the day when Mr. Bryan captured the machinery of the National Democratic Party by a hashed-over speech, and secured its nomination for the Presidency of the United States on a platform which pointed the way to the financial dishonor of the nation. A long bulletin board was stretched across the front of the "Tribune" building, and a young man busied himself in recording the votes of the convention. The square and the park were overflowing with men, anxiously watching the figures. There was no noise, no enthusiasm; and the Democrats could be picked out by their lugubrious faces. Bland, the nondescript farmer, and Bryan, the spouting editor, were running neck and neck, like a double comet drawing a tail,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

more or less nebulous, made up of various candidates all of the same mad silver-repudiation type. Never was there so solemn an audience on such an occasion. It was shut in by the great structures which had been built out of the prosperity and the financial power that depend so thoroughly upon national honor. Benjamin Franklin, the wise old sage, stood on his pedestal, with his benignant head bowed over the anxious people, and his hand outstretched over them. In the doorway on the corner Horace Greeley sat in bronze, dubiously shaking his knowing old head, and sympathizing with the sorrowful Democrats, who had once helped him to an untimely end in a craze that pushed aside the regular order of things; but above all that was dubious, uncertain and sorrowful, McKinley's face, full of life and blood, flashed its expressive eyes over the concourse, and seemed to speak the words that boldly appeared, "Protection, Sound Money, and Prosperity."

On the night of the first Tuesday of November, there was another great gathering of the people in Printing House Square, but there was no solemnity about it; it was a tumult of rapture, and a convulsion of joy. The immense crowd filled the square, leaving barely room for the cars to pass through, and it extended into the park as far back as it was possible for human vision to catch the bulletins that were constantly flashed upon the tall fronts of the newspaper buildings. The "Journal," Mr. Bryan's New York organ, was prepared to use all the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

joyous appurtenances of victory. It had secured the greater part of the "Tribune" building front, and had covered it with a map of the Union, on which the votes of the States were shown by colored electric lights, as they became known. The Seventh Regiment band was on a platform in front of the counting-room, all ready to "whoop it up" for Mr. Bryan. The "World" had a band, too, but it was prepared to blow for the other side. Venders of tin horns appeared, and soon the multitude of spectators was transformed into a tin band, if not into a brass one. Presently the returns, indicating Mr. McKinley's triumph, began to appear on the bulletins, and the "Journal's" band played selections from foreign oratorios, which were drowned by an overwhelming chorus from the American tin horns. For several hours this historic neighborhood, which from the earliest days of the struggle for national existence has been the meeting ground of the people, resounded with the cheers of an army of those who believed that a great national crisis had been met and that the honor of the country had been saved. Similar scenes were apparent that night at many other places in New York.

Many have been the thrilling and tragic events in this square. The "Tribune" has had its share of them. In 1845, in the midst of a violent storm, its first building was burned down while filled with people at work, who escaped with the greatest difficulty.

Mr. Greeley's "Reflections over the Fire" ap-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

peared in the columns of the "Tribune" on the morning after the fire.

He said: "We would not indulge in unnecessary sentiment, but even the old desk at which we sat, the ponderous inkstand, the familiar faces of files of correspondence, the choice collection of pamphlets, the unfinished essay, the charts by which we steered—can they all have vanished, never more to be seen? Truly, your fire makes clean work, and is, of all executive officers, super-eminent. Perhaps that last choice batch of letters may be somewhere on file; we are almost tempted to cry, 'Devil! find it up!' Pah! it is a mere cinder now; some

" 'Fathoms deep my letter lies;
Of its lines is tinder made.'

"No Arabian tale can cradle a wilder fiction, or show better how altogether illusory life is. Those solid walls of brick; those five decent stories; those steep and difficult stairs; the swing doors; the sanctum, scene of many a deep political drama, of many a pathetic tale—utterly whiffed out, as one summarily snuffs out a spermaceti on retiring for the night. And all perfectly true.

"One always has some private satisfaction in his own particular misery. Consider what a night it was that burned us out, that we were conquered by the elements, and went up in flames heroically on the wildest, windiest, stormiest night these dozen years, not by any fault of human enterprise, but fairly conquered by stress of weather; there was a great flourish of trumpets, at all events.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“And consider, above all, that salamander safe; how, after all, the fire, assisted by the elements, only came off second best, not being able to reduce that safe into ashes. That is the streak of sunshine through the dun wreaths of smoke; the combat of human ingenuity against the desperate encounter of the seething heat. But those boots, and Webster’s Dictionary—well! we *were* handsomely whipped there, we acknowledge.”

While speaking of Greeley, we are reminded of his historic newspaper wrestling match with Colonel Webb, editor of the “Courier and Enquirer,” and of the great fall that Webb received.

In the “Courier and Enquirer” of January 27, 1844, appeared the following:

“The editor of the ‘Tribune’ is an Abolitionist; we precisely the reverse. He is a philosopher; we are a Christian. He is a pupil of Graham, and would have all the world live upon bran-bread and sawdust; we are in favor of living as our fathers did, and of enjoying in moderation the good things which Providence has bestowed upon us. He is the advocate of the Fourierism, Socialism, and all the tomfooleries which have given birth to the debasing and disgusting spectacles of vice and immorality which Fanny Wright, Collins, and others exhibit. . . . He seeks for notoriety by pretending to great eccentricity of character and habits, and by the strangeness of his theories and practices; we, on the contrary, are content with following in the beaten path, and accomplishing the good we can, in the old-fash-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

ioned way. He lays claim to greatness by wandering through the streets with a hat double the size of his head, a coat after the fashion of Jacob's of old, with one leg of his pantaloons inside and the other outside of his boot, and with boots all bespattered with mud, or, possibly, a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, and glorifying in an unwashed and unshaven person. We, on the contrary, eschew all such affectation as weak and silly; we think there is a difference between notoriety and distinction; we recognize the social obligation to act and dress according to our station in life; and we look upon cleanliness of person as inseparable from purity of thought and benevolence of heart. In short, there is not the slightest resemblance between the editor of the 'Tribune' and ourself, politically, morally, or socially; and it is only when his affectation and impudence are unbearable that we condescend to notice him or his press."

In the "Tribune" of the following day appeared this reply:

"It is true that the editor of 'The Tribune' chooses mainly (not entirely) vegetable food; but he never troubles his readers on the subject; it does not worry them; why should it concern the Colonel? . . . It is hard for philosophy that so humble a man shall be made to stand as its exemplar, while Christianity is personified by the hero of the Sunday duel with Hon. Tom Marshall; but such luck will happen. As to our personal appearance, it does seem time that we should say something. . . . Some

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

donkey, a while ago, apparently anxious to assail or annoy the editor of this paper, and not well knowing with what, originated the story of his carelessness of personal appearance; and since then, every blockhead of the same disposition, and distressed by a similar lack of ideas, has repeated and exaggerated the foolery, until, from its origin in the 'Albany Microscope,' it has sunk down at last to the columns of the 'Courier and Enquirer,' growing more absurd at every landing. Yet, all this time, the object of this silly raillery has doubtless worn better clothes than two-thirds of those who thus assailed him—better than any of them could honestly wear, if they paid their debts otherwise than by bankruptcy; while, if they are indeed more cleanly than he, they must bathe very thoroughly not less than twice each day. The editor of the 'Tribune' is the son of a poor and humble farmer; came to New York a minor, without a friend within two hundred miles, less than ten dollars in his pocket, and precious little besides; he has never had a dollar from a relative, and has, for years, labored under a load of debt. . . . Henceforth he may be able to make a better show, if deemed essential by his friends; for himself he has not much time or thought to bestow on the matter. That he ever affected eccentricity is most untrue; and certainly no costume he ever appeared in would create such a sensation in Broadway, as that James Watson Webb would have worn, but for the clemency of Gov. Seward. Heaven grant our assailant may

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

never hang with such weight on another whig executive!—WE DROP HIM.”

Colonel Webb made no reply to Greeley.

In the counting-room of the new building, in 1869, occurred the famous Richardson murder. Daniel McFarland, assistant assessor, shot Albert D. Richardson, journalist, because he had robbed him of his wife's affections. Popular sympathy was with McFarland. Among his witnesses were Horace Greeley, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Junius H. Browne, Amos J. Cummings (then of the “Sun”), Whitelaw Reid, F. B. Carpenter, Samuel Sinclair, and Oliver Johnson. Among the counsel were John Graham, Charles S. Spencer, Noah Davis, and Elbridge T. Gerry. At the announcement of the verdict of “Not Guilty,” in the court room across the street, the audience went wild and burst over every restraint. This case went far to demonstrate a sentiment which has frequently been exhibited in New York that a situation such as was shown will excuse murder.

Among the toasts in the old Tammany celebration above mentioned was one which wished that slavery might be abolished. At that time there was a slave market in Wall Street, near Pearl. The men who drank to the toast saw the abolition of slavery in New York; yet their descendants passed through trying experiences before the emancipation of American slaves was effected. There were slave hunts right in New York streets. Such a

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

hunt occurred here under the "fugitive slave law." William Johnson, who witnessed it, detailed it at the fiftieth anniversary of the mobbing of the abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison. He said that he was walking past the square, when he saw a negro running across the City Hall Park with a crowd of roughs in pursuit. He recognized him as a man who had been claimed a few days before under the act, but had been discharged by Judge Edmonds. The claimant had trumped up some charge to secure his rearrest. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Smith, of the "Tribune," joined in the chase, hoping to be of help to the negro. The man ran well, and finally disappeared in the cellar of a pie bakery, and the crowd, entering, could not find him. They discovered that a door led into the engine-room of the "Anti-Slavery Standard," on Park Row, and they pressed into it, but the engineer insisted that he had not seen him, and refused to allow the pursuers to go further. The engineer was interested with Smith in the "Underground Passage," and Smith learned from him that the fugitive was in the building. The crowd hung around all day. Next day a policeman watched the building, not to help the colored man, but to catch him if possible. After two days it was determined to get him out, so a box was addressed to Dennis Harris, an abolitionist, who had a sugar refinery in Duane Street, near West Broadway, and the man was nailed up in it, and carted off on a truck. Two policemen watched the wagon suspiciously, and finally stopped it, one declaring that he "smelled

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

nigger.” The box was broken open with the assistance of an enthusiastic crowd of rascals, and the runaway was taken to the Tombs. His case came up, and was prosecuted by John McKeon, and defended by John Jay. The charge was theft, but it could not be sustained, and was dismissed. An angry crowd was waiting outside, and the slave owner had another warrant ready, so that he might kidnap him. The negro’s friends got a carriage with two good men on the box, and slipped their man into it from the private entrance of the building. The carriage was well under way before the ruse was discovered, and the trip to Canada was safely made.

In Revolutionary days Printing House Square was barricaded at Spruce Street and Frankfort Street, and across Chatham Street.

In this neighborhood occurred the fire of 1811, which destroyed eighty to ninety houses. This conflagration was attended by many thrilling incidents. The houses were covered with shingled roofs, and the air, being filled with burning embers, which were blown in every direction by a high wind, every householder had to fight the fire on his own roof. The wooden steeples of St. Paul’s Chapel, St. George’s Chapel, and the Brick Presbyterian Church, received showers of these burning missiles, many of which obtained temporary lodgment, and the thousands who crowded the City Hall Park were in fear that these churches would be destroyed. Finally the steeple of the Brick Church took fire,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and there seemed to be no way of reaching it. A sailor began to climb the steeple on the outside. The ascent seemed impossible of accomplishment, but he succeeded in reaching the burning spot. He beat out the fire with his oil-skin hat, descended safely, and disappeared in the crowd. Mr. Stone says: "This sailor was the father of Dr. Hague, who was afterward the pastor of the Baptist Church at 31st Street and Madison Avenue" (the Madison Avenue Baptist Church). The roof of the old jail (now the Register's office) took fire, and the poor debtors distinguished themselves by saving the building.

The Brick Church, on the site of the "Times" and Potter buildings, was an offshoot of the first Presbyterian Church in Wall Street. The ground was a part of the Commons, and in the petition for its use in 1776 was called "the triangular piece of ground to the Northward of the Vineyard." It was leased to the church in perpetuity for forty pounds a year. The first pastor was Dr. John Rodgers. He was succeeded by Dr. Gardner Spring, who held the pulpit for sixty-two years. Dr. Shedd also preached there. The church stood from 1767 to 1856. Its successor is Dr. Van Dyke's Church, at Fifth Avenue and 37th Street. The churchyard was full of graves, and the Potter building stands on the resting place of hundreds of bodies.

St. George's Chapel, which stood at the corner of Beekman and Cliff Streets, on the ground now occupied by Jordan L. Mott's business, was one of the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

famous old churches of the City. Like St. Paul's Chapel on Vesey Street, it was an enterprise of Trinity Church. The land was bought by Trinity's wardens from Colonel Beekman. The first subscription was made by Admiral Sir Peter Warren, and



St. George's Chapel, Beekman Street.

the Archbishop of Canterbury made a contribution. Washington frequently attended service in the old building. The present St George's Church, on East 16th Street, is the descendant of the old chapel. None of the early churches of the City was supported by any more representative body of citizens

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

than this old church, whose members included the Schuylers, the Livingstons, the Beekmans, the Van Rensselaers, and the Cortlandts. Like the other old churches, it was surrounded by a graveyard in which many old citizens were buried. Some of them were veterans of the Revolutionary war. The graveyard was sold with the rest of the property, all of which had been bought from Colonel Beekman for five hundred pounds, and the poor bones of those who had been placed there to rest until the resurrection were gathered up and carted away to another place of sepulture.

It is said that the pulpit, desk and chancel rail were made from the mahogany masts of a ship that had been obliged to replace masts broken in a hurricane with that sort of wood, and which, arriving in New York, discarded the mahogany for a more suitable material; and that these articles of furniture may still be seen in Christ Church, of Manhasset, Long Island.

The history of the Park Theater, which stood on Park Row, east of Beekman Street, is very interesting. The block on which it stood was part of Governor Dongan's gardens, and was the vineyard referred to in the Presbyterian petition. It was a pleasure resort until 1762, when it was divided into lots. That part of the block was sold to Andrew Hopper in 1773 for three hundred and twenty-eight pounds. At that time Park Row had been named Chatham Street, in honor of the Earl of Chatham. When the theater was in its most prosperous days

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

its owners were John K. Beekman and John Jacob Astor. It was closed in 1822 on account of the yellow fever plague. Among the great actors who appeared there were Charles Matthews, Cooke, Young, Kean, Kemble, Power, Fanny Kemble, Ellen Tree, Booth and Wallack. Chanfrau's taking character of "Mose" the fireman was enacted there.

It was used in 1825 for the first performances of the Garcia family, who had been brought to New York by the influence of Dominick Lynch, a cultivated citizen. They set the City wild with their performance of the "Barber of Seville." There were enough members in the family to take all the principal characters. One of the daughters, Maria Felicia Garcia, married Signor Malibran, an elderly merchant of the City, and he made her life miserable, but she sang his name into fame.

These two blocks, from Printing House Square to Ann Street, which a few years ago were almost entirely occupied by a church and a theater, are now crowded with newspaper offices, mercantile establishments, and countless offices of lawyers and business men of all descriptions. In the daytime the office buildings are veritable hives, each cell having its occupants. The expansion of business, which has brought this great change in so short a period, and has done it so effectually as to wipe out the very recollection of the venerated churches from which messages were spoken that thrilled the whole City,—that expansion of business cannot be measured in dollars, nor by words. It defies calcu-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

lation. It is as though the ground had burst up suddenly, and vast treasures, which had laid unknown, had been pushed into the light, and shaped into useful forms by hands more powerful than those of mortals.

The square is a thrilling sight in the early evenings of winter. As night's somnolent curtain drops down on the City, myriads of lights flash out, and, joining their rays in protest, push back the darkness, and enable us to lengthen the hours of the day. They fill the busy streets with their dazzling illumination. Great arc-burners in the park, thousands of incandescent lamps in shop and office windows, unique advertising appliances in store fronts—all join their rays in a grand flood of light, which makes even the buildings seem incandescent. Swift cable cars rush by, all aglow. Lines of brilliants, radiating from the square, indicate the course of the streets. The bridge is a giant necklace of dazzling gems. If the full moon shine, it is not noticed. Then the army of workers issues from offices and shops and stores, and presses in great hungry rivers along the streets, toward the ferries, the railroads, and the bridge—toward home and supper. Up Nassau Street come lawyers, brokers, bankers, clerks; up Park Row comes a similar throng; a resistless human flood pours up the bridge stairs, and another river of people flows into the elevated railroad cars. Other streams rush across the park toward the New Jersey ferries. The surface cars are filled. A confused myriad-voiced mur-



THE ST. PAUL BUILDING.

New York, Vol. One, p. 253.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

mur arises from the throng, punctuated by the shrill cries of the street venders. Among this great mass of people, intent on speedily reaching their homes, pickpockets and other slinking characters eagerly look for chances, and policemen lay in wait for them.

The world has few more impressive sights than this, in which we daily participate, all unconscious of emotion or wonder.

At Ann Street is a deep excavation, in which men are toiling so far beneath us as to look like children. They are handling iron beams, which are being swung into place by ponderous derricks, and riveted together with red-hot bolts. Such buildings as this must make the sober old gentlemen who lie buried across the way turn over in their graves. Twenty-six stories will this tower be carried into the air, and the twenty-sixth story will be the choicest story in the building—such will be the conveniences of elevator travel and general service.

This building is remarkable even at this time, when nothing seems to be impossible. It is to be constructed in such a way that the inevitable settling can be corrected by one man, who will have the power to actually raise the great structure, weighing, as it does, fifteen thousand tons. It will rest on jack-screws that can be operated by hydraulic power, which can be directed by a single hand. This arrangement was deemed advisable because the foundation is wet and sandy; and the building will rest upon concrete beds instead of solid

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

rock. It will be three hundred and seven feet above the curbstone. (Trinity steeple's height is two hundred and eighty-three feet.)

[While we were writing, the work was completed and all the builders' promises were fulfilled. The St. Paul building is a complete structure; and frightfully ugly, interestingly unique, dazzlingly brilliant, or away out of sight, as you choose to look at it. Over the Broadway entrance are three colossal marble Atlantes, holding the crushing weight of the portico on their shoulders, and seeming to groan under the relentless burden that they can never lay down. They are almost ghastly in their realism. Those figures stand for much on that prominent Broadway corner. They were designed by a man who, fifteen years ago, walked up Broadway, past that very corner, a refugee immigrant without a dollar in his pocket or a friend in the great strange City.]

St. Paul's, which used to seem a grand and stately old church, has become almost insignificant as it has been surrounded by these great modern buildings. The house which has just been torn down to make room for the new building was the home of the "Herald" after the burning of Barnum's Museum, and where it reached the great proportions which have made it a giant among newspapers. The "Herald" building when erected was one of the most important features of Broadway, and the National Park Bank, adjoining it, looking now quite shabby and antiquated, was thought to be a marvel of architecture.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Barnum first made this corner famous. Years before the era of finished stage productions, grand operas and perfected concerts, the curiosities, the menagerie, the shows, and the Uncle Tom's Cabin of Barnum's Museum, were the greatest attractions of the City, and drew the entire amusement loving part of the community. Here was the home of the woolly horse, and the white whales from the northern seas; here was kept the club with which Captain Cook was murdered; and here occurred the great fire, from which it was religiously affirmed the Polar bears saved their lives by climbing down the ladders, and out of which Barnum's fortunes arose like the Phoenix. It will amuse us to recall the conflict which Mr. Barnum had with a vestryman of St. Paul's Church on a Washington's birthday. Barnum desired to hang out a string of flags which would span the street; but there was nothing to fasten the rope to except an elm tree in the corner of the churchyard. Permission for this was refused. Mr. Barnum's patriotic inspiration was reinforced by a prospective increase of the attendance at the museum, so he took the matter into his own hands and fastened the rope to the tree. When the morning of Washington's birthday dawned a gallant string of flags flapped in the breeze between the churchyard and the museum. This unusual connection of the living and the dead did not disturb Mr. Barnum's peace of mind. Presently a blustering vestryman called for Mr. Barnum, who went right downstairs and met him on the street. The

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

vestryman raged about and demanded that Mr. Barnum should take down the flags. A crowd of laboring men gathered to listen to the dispute. Mr. Barnum's quick mind caught on to the situation. ("Caught on" is an expression that has become fixed in our language since the advent of the tall steel buildings, and no apology for it is needed.) Mr. Barnum said in a loud and offended tone: "If you want to have the American flag hauled down on Washington's birthday, I won't do it; you will have to do it yourself." Quickly a big rough man in the crowd jumped at the vestryman, and exclaimed to his comrades: "Here's a bloody Englishman who wants to pull down the American flag on Washington's birthday; let's do him up;" and in a moment a rapid procession was crossing the street with the vestryman in the front rank. The flags flew all day long, and the people crowded into the museum through the long hours. Mr. Barnum was puzzled by the disposition of most of his visitors to stay all day, which kept the museum so crowded that the throngs waiting for admission could not get in. In vain was the sweetest persuasion used upon the pleasure-seeking army. Again native wit came to the rescue. An exit into Ann Street was quickly opened by a carpenter, and a painter made a large sign, on which were a hand pointing toward the exit, and the words, "This Way to the EGRESS." The contrivance was automatic; it needed no explanation and no force to set it moving. The first one to espy it was an old woman, who had

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

brought her children to spend the day. She exclaimed, "This way to the *aigress*! Sure that's an animal we haven't seen; let's be going to look at it." The party started, others followed in its wake, and, before they realized what the "aigress" was, they were on Ann Street, and they could not get in again without paying a new admission price at the Broadway entrance. So was contrived this modern self-emptying museum method.

On this corner, before Barnum's time, there was a sign pointing up Park Row reading "ROAD TO BOSTON," and on the opposite corner there was a sign pointing up Broadway reading "ROAD TO ALBANY." One road ran to the seat of Dutch culture, the other to New England's universal Hub.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER TWO

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PARADE

Richard Platt, the chairman of the committee for the procession, issued a historical sketch which has been preserved and copied. It is entitled, "Federal Procession in Honor of the Constitution of the United States." It begins in this way: "The Constitution was adopted by New York State three days after the procession." We have given this sketch in full, not only because of its own interesting quaintness, but because it exhibits the customs and manners of the time, and it shows the unanimity with which the people of New York City in all the walks of life gave their allegiance to the Con-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

stitution, and ascribed honor to the great citizen of New York who was its principal architect.

To testify the animated joy of the citizens of New York, upon finding the federal constitution of government ratified by a sufficient number of States to make it operative, it was determined that, on the twenty-third day of July, 1788, they should so appear in procession, as to demonstrate to the world the pleasure that, in consequence of this event, had pervaded all ranks and degrees of the community.

The day having been more than once postponed, in the interesting hope that this State, then in convention, would likewise accede to the union, the committee of arrangements found it impossible any longer to oppose the patriotic ardor of their fellow-citizens. It was remembered, however, that the great object of exultation was not the ratifying of the Constitution by any one particular State, but the already present existence of an era in the history of man, great, glorious, and unparalleled, which opens a variety of new sources of happiness, and unbounded prospects of national prosperity! The adoption of the federal plan by this State, though not then expected to be immediate, was, however, with certainty considered among those events which time, increasing light, and an overruling Providence, would bring to our view.

About 10 o'clock, 13 guns were fired from the federal ship "Hamilton," being the signal for the procession to move; the different bodies of which it was composed having already collected from their various places of meeting. It now set out from the Fields, proceeding down Broadway to Great Dock Street, thence through Hanover Square, Queen, Chatham, Division, and Arundel Streets; and from thence through Bullock Street to Bayard's house, in the following order:

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

HORSEMEN WITH TRUMPETS—COMPANY OF ARTILLERY AND FIELD PIECE.

After these, the whole procession was marshaled into ten divisions, each of which was preceded by a white flag, borne to the honor of the ten States that had then acceded to the new constitution.

FIRST DIVISION.

FORESTERS WITH AXES.

Columbus in his ancient dress, on horseback, represented by Captain Moore.

FORESTERS WITH AXES, ETC.

A plow, drawn by six oxen, conducted by Nicholas Cruger, Esq., in a farmer's dress, supporting the Farmer's arms; a flag, with a wheat sheaf on the field, on the hand of which was inscribed, "*O Fortunati Agricola!*" over which was a rising star.

Two Men Sowing Grain.

A harrow, drawn by two oxen and two horses, conducted by Mr. John Watts, in a farmer's dress.

A number of gentlemen farmers, with every implement of husbandry, displayed in a pleasing manner.

A new invented threshing machine (which will thresh and clean seventy-two bushels of grain in a day), conducted by Baron Poelnitz, and other gentlemen farmers, dressed proper, grinding and threshing grain.

United States arms, borne by Col. White, on horseback, supported by the Cincinnati; the horse beautifully caparisoned, and led by two boys in a white uniform.

A number of gardeners with aprons on, and various implements of husbandry.

A Band of Music.

TAILORS.

A flag, ten by eleven feet, field sky blue, a fine landscape, Adam and Eve represented naked, excepting fig

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

leaves for aprons, nearly in full stature, in a sitting posture; motto, "And they sewed fig leaves together"; the United States forming a chain of links, upon a large circle, in order as they adopted the Constitution, and the names of each State in the middle; in the center of the circle, "Majority." The sun beaming forth its rays upon those States that have acceded to federal measures. Rhode Island in mourning, General Washington nearly in full stature, holding a parchment in his hand, with this inscription, "*The Federal Constitution.*" The federal eagle, with its wings expanded, soaring toward the sun: the whole hung in a large frame, with golden knobs at the tops of the poles, carried by two standard bearers, and supported by two men, one upon each side of the flag, with fine blue and white cord, and elegant tassels in their hands. The flag preceded by a committee of six, three and three, joined together by white handkerchiefs, with buff and blue sashes, and blue and buff cockades; followed by Mr. John Elliot, President, with a blue and buff sash and cockade; two of the committee, with buff and blue sashes and cockades, on each side of the President; followed by the rest of their branch, all wearing blue and buff cockades. The order closed by Mr. John Banks, Vice-President, with a sash and cockade like the President's, and two officers, with buff and blue sashes and cockades; three flank officers, as adjutants, dressed in sashes and cockades, with white rattans in their hands. The sashes and cockades emblematical of the staff uniform of the American army.

MEASURERS OF GRAIN.

An ensign with a flag, representing the head of General Washington in the center, ornamented with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, with this motto: "His Excellency General Washington"; on the opposite side, the head of Col. Hamilton, beautifully painted; in the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

center, a device representing the measures used in the business, on one side of which was inscribed, in capitals, "Equity," surrounded with these lines:

"*Federal* measures, and measures true,
Shall measure out justice to us and to you."

Two ships, one discharging salt, and the other taking in grain; a store, with a merchant in front, viewing, with a spyglass, a French ship entering the harbor under full sail; on the reverse, the same, except the Mayor of the City in the place of Col. Hamilton. The order headed by Mr. Van Dyke.

MILLERS.

No return.

INSPECTORS OF FLOUR.

No return.

BAKERS.

Headed by two masters, Messrs. John Quackinbos and Frederick Stymets.

Ten boys, dressed in white, with blue sashes, each of them carrying a large rose, decorated with various colored ribbons.

Ten journeymen, dressed in white, with blue sashes, carrying implements of the craft.

A stage, drawn by two bay horses decorated.

Four masters, with the *Federal* loaf, ten feet long, twenty-seven inches in breadth, and eight inches in height, with the names in full length of the ten States which have ratified the Constitution, and the initial letters of the other three.

A flag, representing the declension of trade under the old confederation. Motto:

"When in confusion I was made,
Without foundation was I laid;
But hope the *Federal* ovens may
My sinking frame full well repay."

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

On the reverse, the representation of their trade in a flourishing situation, with two ovens. Motto:

“We are well built, both sound and tight;
We hope to serve the ships in sight
With the best bread, bak’d with good flour,
When Congress have the *Federal* power.”

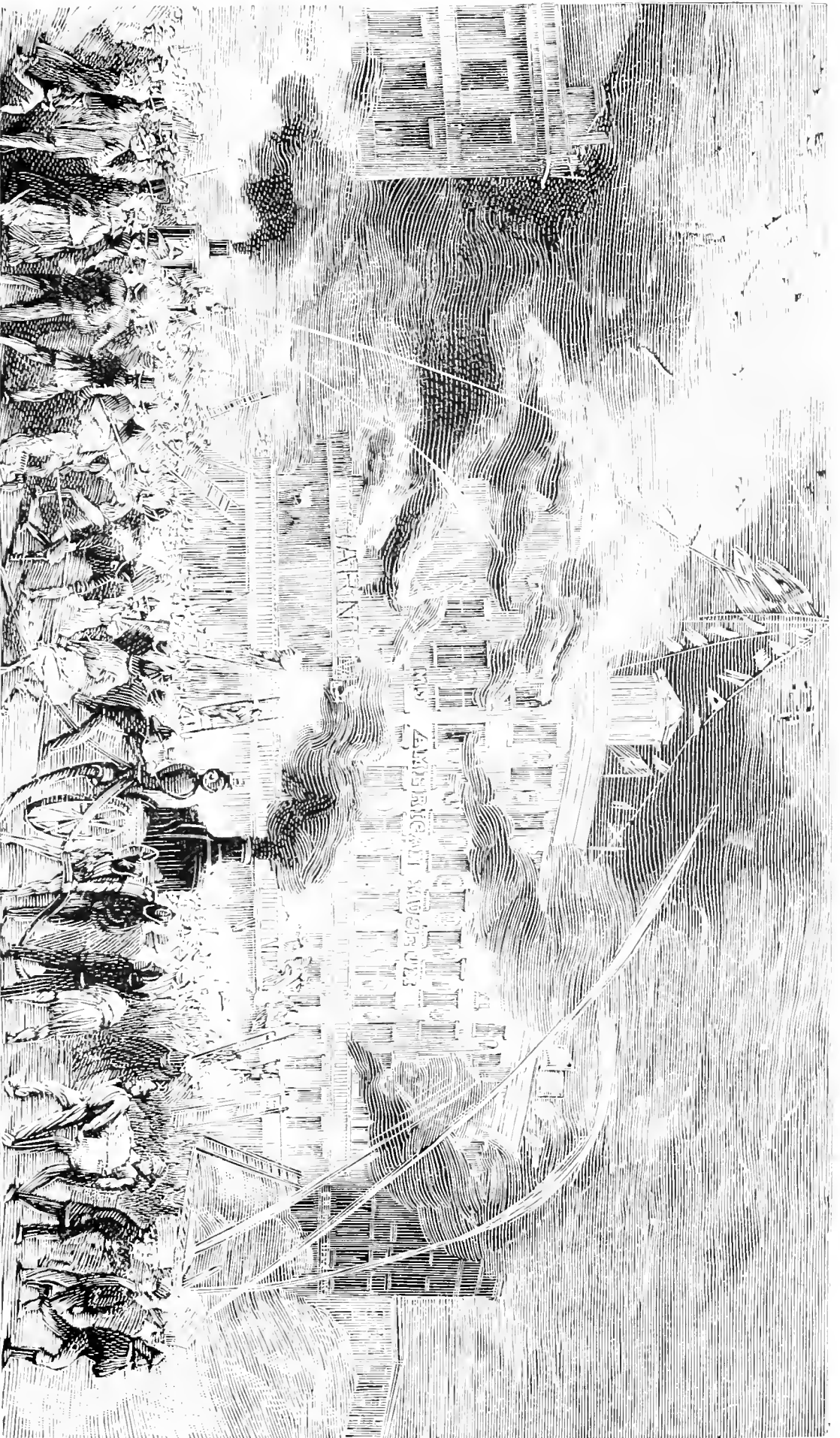
In the center, the spread-eagle and crown, holding on the left the old confederation; on the right, the new Constitution; Fame, with her trumpet, over it; followed by eighty masters, journeymen and apprentices, with white aprons.

BREWERS.

A standard, carried by Mr. Samuel Boyer, ornamented with the brewers’ arms proper, barley, sheaves and porter casks, encircled with hop vines; crest, an eagle with extended wings, holding a thermometer in his beak. Motto: “Home brewed.” The *Federal* brewery; a horse and dray loaded, in full speed to Bunker’s Hill; and other devices suitable to the occasion.

Messrs. A. Lispenard, Appleby and Matlack, with each an elegant gilt mashing oar in hand, and barley heads in their hats, followed by two horses and drays, ornamented with hop vines and barley. First dray loaded with a store cask, containing three hundred gallons of ale, a porter cask and barrel; on the top of the large cask was fixed a tun, with a living Bacchus, a very handsome boy, of eight years old, dressed in flesh-colored silk, sewed tight round, from his chin to his toes; a cap, ornamented with hop vines and barley, a silver goblet in his hand, *drinking and huzzaing the whole day with the greatest cheerfulness, performing his part to admiration.* Below him sat Silenus, attendant on Bacchus, on a porter hogshead. Motto: “Ale, proper drink for Americans.”

Second dray, loaded with porter casks and hop bags, followed by brewers and maltsters, with mashing oars,



BURNING OF BALDWIN'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

New York, Vol. One, p. 257.

PLATE 11
N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

malt shovels, etc., twenty in number, ornamented with barley and hop vines in their hats.

DISTILLERS.

No return.

SECOND DIVISION.

COOPERS.

Thirteen apprentice boys, thirteen years of age, dressed in white shirts, trousers and stockings, the trousers drawn at the ankle with a green ribbon, their hats ornamented with thirteen pillars, colored green and white, with ten branches springing from them, representing the ten States which have adopted the Constitution, decorated with an oak branch and green ribbon; a keg carried under the left arm, slung with a broad green ribbon, with a bow of the same, green and white, on their right shoulder, round their right arms a green and white ribbon with a bow; each boy carrying a white oak branch in his right hand, and wearing white leather aprons. Headed by Mr. Peter Stoutenburgh, carrying a small flag, with the coopers' coat of arms. Motto: "Love as brethren."

Forty-two apprentices, dressed clean, with a green oak branch in their hats, and carrying a branch in their right hand.

The stage, drawn by four bay horses, dressed with ribbons, and decorated with green oak bows. On the stage was erected a standard, with a flag ten feet square, representing trade and commerce; a *Federal* cooperage; coopers at different kinds of work; the coopers' coat of arms. Motto: "Love as brethren." Workmen at work on the stage, Mr. John Post, master. On the stage, a cask that had been put up during the session of the convention at Philadelphia, and which wanted repair; but, notwithstanding one of the best workmen belonging to the branch was industriously employed great part of the time of the procession, it was found impracticable: this

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

branch, considering this emblematical of the old confederation, determined to make a new cask, representing the new Constitution, which was done accordingly, while the procession was marching.

Next the stage was one hundred and thirty-eight masters and journeyman coopers, their hats decorated with green oak boughs, carrying an oak branch in their right hand, the rear brought up by Mr. Daniel Dunscomb, carrying a small flag, the same as in front. The order conducted by two masters, wearing green and white cockades, and each carrying a green hoop-pole, with the leaves left on the upper end.

BUTCHERS.

Headed by Mr. Jotham Post, Alexander Fink, John Lovel, and Jacob J. Arden; a flag of fine linen, neatly painted, displayed; on the standard, the coat of arms; viz., three bullock's heads, two axes crosswise, a boar's head, and two garbs, supported by an ox and a lamb. Motto:

“Skin me well, dress me neat,
And send me 'board the *Federal* fleet.”

A slaughter-house, with cattle dressed and killing; a market, supported by ten pillars, one pillar partly up; under it was written: “*Federal* Market supported by ten,” in gold letters. *Federal* butchers; a ship, with smaller vessels. The standard carried on a stage drawn by four bright bay horses, dressed with ribbons; a boy dressed in white rode and conducted each. On the stage, a stall, neatly furnished, two butchers and two boys on the stage at work, splitting the lambs, etc., followed by one hundred of the branch, dressed with clean white aprons, and steels on; a band of music; two banners, with the proper coat of arms; motto: “*Federal* Butchers,” one in the front, supported by Mr. William Wright; one in the rear, supported by Mr. John Perine. A capi-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

tal bullock, of a thousand weight, in his quarters, roasted whole by the butchers for the honor of the day, was presented to the procession in general.

TANNERS AND CURRIERS.

Arms on the flag, Azure, a flesher, and a currying-knife; for crest, a bull's head, horned; for supporters, on the dexter side, a tanner in his frock and trousers, holding in his dexter hand a tanner's skimmer, proper; on the sinister, a currier in his working dress, apron turned up, holding in his sinister hand a currying-knife, proper, a sun rising from beneath the Union flag. Motto: "*By union we rise to splendor.*" Behind all, an oak tree.

SKINNERS, BREECHES MAKERS, AND GLOVERS.

Headed by Messrs. Alsop Hunt, Benjamin Gatfield, James Mathers, Leonard Rogers, and James Hays; a flag of cream-colored silk, borne by James Mott and John Peal, supported by Henry Frederic and Jacob Grindlemeyer; coat of arms, a pair of breeches and three gloves, supported by two rampant bucks; crest, a buck's head; a green field, with a ewe and two lambs, one lying down, the other standing. Motto: "*Americans, encourage your own manufactures*"; followed by thirty-one of the trade, in buckskin waistcoats, faced with blue silk, breeches, gloves and stockings, with a buck's tail in their hats. To these Mr. W. Thompson, the parchment manufacturer, attached himself, with a standard of parchment, and the inscription, "*American manufactured.*"

THIRD DIVISION.

CORDWAINERS.

Headed by Mr. James M'Cready, who supported a small flag representing the arms of the craft. Motto: "*Federal Cordwainers*"; followed by twelve masters, representing twelve States.

A stage, drawn by four white horses, with two pos-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

tilions in livery; a shop on the stage, with ten men diligently prosecuting their business, emblematical of the ten States that have adopted the Constitution, with colors extended over the whole length of the shop, representing, in front, his Excellency General Washington coming out of the State House at Philadelphia, and presenting the Constitution to Fame; she receiving it standing in her temple, and ready to proclaim it to an astonished world. On the reverse, a full view of our own harbor, with the arrival of a ship with Crispin, who is joyfully received by St. Tammany.

Then followed the main body, three hundred and forty men. Mr. Anthony Bolton in the rear, with a small flag, as in front.

FOURTH DIVISION.

CARPENTERS.

Four masters, with each a rule in his hand; Vice-President, with a blue ribbon at his breast, with a scale and dividers, and a drawing square in his hand; Secretary and Treasurer, with a green sash and architect book in their hands; the apprentices in sections, each bearing a white wand of five feet long in his hand; the standard borne by eight journeymen with red sashes, representing, under the standard of the United States, a portraiture of General Washington. Motto: "Freedom's favorite Son." Two Corinthian pillars, supporting a pediment half finished, expressive of the yet unsettled state of the Union; under this, thirteen pillars, gilt, united by one entablature, with a purple ribbon; ten of them bearing the names of the States, in the order of their adopting the new Constitution. A motto on the frieze: "The Love of our Country prevails"; in the pediment a shield. Motto: "Honor God."

The journeymen in sections; the masters in sections; the President with a blue ribbon at his breast, with scale

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and dividers, and a star or union on his left breast, and a drawn square in his hand. Four masters, with two-foot rules in their hands, two hundred and two rank and file.

FURRIERS.

Messrs. Lot Merkel, and John Siemon, carrying a white valuable fox skin, manufactured; followed by an Indian, properly accoutered, with the dress and habiliments of his nation, as just coming out of the woods, loaded with various kinds of raw furs, as if bringing them for sale; followed by journeymen, each of them carrying furs and manufactures, the produce of this country. Likewise, a horse, with two bears, each sitting on a pack of furs, led by an Indian in a beaver blanket and round hat with black feathers, followed by two journeyman furriers in their working habits, with master aprons, their coats trimmed with black martens, their hats decorated with black feathers and white cockades.

A red flag, on which a tiger, as large as life, was displayed, and above it a large muff of real ermine, as an emblem of the craft; followed by two journeymen in like habits as the first. In the rear of these, came Mr. Lyon Jonas, dressed in a superb scarlet blanket, and an elegant cap, ornamented with a beautiful plumage, smoking the Indian pipe and tomahawk.

HATTERS.

Preceded by ten men in their working dresses, ornamented with blue sashes, and carrying bows, decorated with blue ribbons. The flag, displaying the emblems of the branch, on a blue field, supported by two masters. Journeymen and apprentices, followed by masters, being sixty in number, with blue cockades and blue aprons, headed by Mr. Walter Bicker.

PERUKE-MAKERS AND HAIRDRESSERS.

To the number of forty-five. Standard and flag. The

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

arms, a wig in quarters, and three razors on the top of the arms. The amicable society of peruke-makers. Motto: "May we succeed in our trade, and the *Union* protect us."

Two small flags on a barber's pole, ten links in each, emblematical of the ten adopting States.

ARTIFICIAL FLORISTS.

Rear of the fourth division brought up by the Artificial Florists, carrying a white flag, ornamented on the edges with artificial flowers, with thirteen blue stars, three of which, drooping, representing the three States that had not adopted the Constitution, supported by two boys in white, with blue sashes, and their heads set off with feathers. Motto: "*Floreati America.*"

FIFTH DIVISION.

WHITESMITHS.

Carrying an elegant pedestal of open scroll-work, supporting the arms of the trade, Vulcan's arm and hand hammer. Motto in gold:

"By hammer and hand
All arts do stand."

Below, the name of the trade, embellished with gold ornaments in swags of laurel; a highly polished finished lock was herein likewise exhibited, with a key at entrance. Over the same a bell rung continually during the procession, and at the top a finished jack, kept likewise in motion by the wind; followed by the masters singly, then two wardens, masters, journeymen, and apprentices, all with blue cockades.

CUTLERS.

Two master cutlers, wearing breastplates, and drill-bows in their hands, and green silk aprons, embellished

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

with the company's arms, richly painted, bound with red ribbon.

Four journeymen, with green baize aprons, bound with red ribbon, and the company's arms.

Four apprentices, with green baize aprons, bound with red ribbon.

CONFECTIONERS.

Bacchus's cup, made of sugar, richly ornamented, four feet six inches in circumference; round the goblet's edge the inscription, "The *Federal* Confectioners," the letters of different colors, sugar-plums in the cup; the *Federal* cake, ornamented with preserved fruit, made and carried by Mr. Pryor.

STONE MASONS.

Flag; on the front an elegant plan of the President's (of Congress) house; at a distance was displayed a remote view of the temple of fame, supported with thirteen pillars, ten finished, and three unfinished; over the temple these words inscribed:

"The foundation is firm, the materials are good,
Each pillar cemented with patriot's blood."

Over the center of the flag a spread-eagle; below the temple, a gentleman, and a stone mason showing him a draft of the temple; between the President's house and the temple, a grove of trees and an elegant walk.

On the reverse, an elegant figure of the master mason; over his head was displayed the American flag, with the mason's coat of arms; at a distance a mason's shop in a shade of trees, a man at work in it; at a little distance, two men cutting stone; near the bottom of the flag, a man sawing marble, with a number of blocks and tools of all kinds lying round.

The order, consisting of thirty-two, headed by Mr. George Lindsay and William M'Kinney.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

BRICKLAYERS.

Preceded by Mr. John M'Comb, one hundred and two in number, supporting a flag, representing, under the colors of the United States, a medallion of his Excellency General Washington, encircled with laurel; in the center, the bricklayer's arms. Motto: "In God is all our trust." Over the arms, a ribbon, written, "The Amicable Society of Bricklayers," all in gold letters; on the lower part of the flag, a building with scaffolding, and men at work, attended with laborers. The whole painted on white silk.

PAINTERS' AND GLAZIERS' FLAG.

A view of a street with a number of buildings, one nearly painted, and a man in the attitude of painting, on a ladder, the front of a house; a ship, and a man painting the stern; a pillar with ten stripes circular; above the pillar the Union flag, standing on the platform, supported by ten pillars, three pillars lying down underneath; in the two upper corners, two men in each, at different work, painting and glazing; in the center of the two, the arms of the painters and glaziers. Arms, or three shields gule; on the first a hammer, proper; in the second a diamond; in the third a lederkin; on the two upper shields a rule; in the center of the field a paint-pot and brush; crest, a glass cap; supporters, on the dexter side, a man holding a pillar and pencil; on the sinister, a man holding a sash frame. Motto: "May we succeed." Over the two poles that supported the banner, a scroll, surmounted with a star; this motto: "May Trade Flourish and Industry be Rewarded."

CABINET MAKERS.

Headed by Messrs. Carmer, Rucker and Anderson. Robert Carter, bearing the arms of the profession, followed thirty apprentices, four abreast; twenty journeymen in the same order.

Stage drawn by horses, on which, during the march,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

a cradle and table were completed; on the stage, colors fixed, representing a furniture warehouse, where the different species of their craft were displayed. Motto: "Unity with Fortitude." Sixteen master workmen, four and four, closed the order.

WINDSOR AND RUSH CHAIR MAKERS.

Headed by Messrs. Thomas and William Ash, of the windsor, and Jacob Smith and Mr. Dow, of the rush chair manufactory, followed by sixty men, with green and red cockades in their hats, emblematical of their business; the standard, borne by two men, representing a large manufactory shop, with a number of workmen at work; in front of the shop, a view of the river, several vessels bound to different parts, taking in chairs; boys carrying them to the wharfs; in one corner, the American *Union*; in the other, the chair maker's arms; a turning lathe, and two windsor chairs properly emblazoned. Motto: "Free Trade."

"The *Federal* States in union bound,
O'er all the world our chairs are found."

IVORY TURNERS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS.

Headed by Mr. Ahasuerus Turk, and other masters of the above business, two and two. They bore a beautiful standard; in the upper part was the figure of Apollo (the god of music), sitting in the clouds, playing on a lyre; round his head were brilliant rays of gold. In a festoon, from Apollo to the corners, and down the sides, hung the different instruments of music, in the manner of trophies. Underneath Apollo was America, standing hand in hand with Europe, Asia, and Africa, emblematical of love and friendship with all the world.

"Divine Apollo strikes his sacred lyre,
Our breath he fills with true *Federal* fire;
All nature smiles on this auspicious day,
When love and friendship join the new æra."

Motto: "*Federal* Musical Instrument Makers."

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

DRUM MAKERS.

A flag; drum maker's arms; two drums in the corners; a sheaf of flax in the center at top; a lamb underneath; on the left of the arms, an oak tree; on the right, a man leaning on the arms, representing the drum maker. Motto: "*Federal Drum Makers.*"

"Tho' peaceably inclin'd we are,
Let us prepare, lest there be war;
Our enemies may overcome,
Should we neglect the *Federal* drum."

UPHOLSTERERS.

Accompanying the Federal chair of state, a most elegant exhibition, each carrying a banner ornamented with fringe, painted to represent the different articles of their business. Ten of these were topped with brilliant stars, and three with stars obscured in different degrees. The Federal chair was carried upon a handsome stage, covered with the richest carpet; over it stood a magnificent canopy, nineteen feet high, overlaid with blue satin, decorated with beautiful festoons, fringe, etc., and various emblematical figures. On the right stood a comely lad, in the character of Liberty, suitably dressed, and bearing her staff and cap, with a roll of parchment, inscribed, "*Federal Constitution, 1788.*" On the left, another, in the character of justice, carrying the sword and balance. On the back of the chair were seen two angels elevating a laurel wreath, with this motto: "The reward of virtue," and on its top stood the bird sacred to Minerva. On the highest part of this beautiful canopy stood the American eagle with expanded wings, supported by a globe representing the United States; a variety of other emblematical circumstances might be noted, such as two watchful tigers, in a recumbent posture, intimating the necessary union of strength and prudence. On the front of the stage, a banner, representing Fame in a flying posture, carrying the Constitution, was supported by one in the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

habit of a native American, but richly decorated with feathers, plumes, etc. The motto: "May the *Federal Constitution* be supported by Liberty and Justice."

LACE AND FRINGE WEAVERS.

Bearing orange colors, elevated on a gilt standard, ornamented by their own manufactory; the device, an angel holding out a scroll with the words, "*Federal Constitution*," and underneath,

"O never let it perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children."

PAPER STAINERS.

A flag displayed, representing a piece of paper of a verditure blue ground, printed with a figure of General Washington, with the words, "New York Manufacture," in blue letters, on a gold ground, borne by Mr. John Colles, attended by an apprentice in a coat and cap of paper laced with bordering, and others carrying decorated tools. In the center of the flag an oval figure, including ten golden stars, for the ten ratifying States; and on the exterior, three stars in silver, representing the States that have not acceded to the Constitution. On the borders of the flag, "Under this Constitution we hope to flourish."

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Carrying a design for erecting a dock for building and repairing men-of-war and other large vessels.

SIXTH DIVISION.

SHIPWRIGHTS' FLAG.

In front a large oak tree, a ship in frame, with pieces of timber lying promiscuously. Noah's ark above, with the motto: "The bulwark of a nation." On the extended corner, an eye.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

BLACKSMITHS AND NAILORS.

A flag with two smiths' shops represented; in one, a number of men forging an anchor; in the other, men shoeing a horse and making nails. Their coat of arms, three hammers crowned; over which was seen an eagle; under, the words, "The new Constitution." Between the two shops, a large anchor. Motto:

"Forge me strong, finish me neat,
I soon shall moor a *Federal* fleet."

A man with his arm extended, with a hammer in it, with this motto:

"By hammer in hand
All arts do stand."

The number, one hundred and twenty, in order, headed by Mr. John M'Bain. During the march the blacksmiths exerted themselves in the *Federal* cause. They began and almost completed an anchor upon the stage, besides making a number of other articles, as hooks and thimbles, horseshoes, nails, etc.

SHIP JOINERS.

A flag, with their arms; in the field various instruments of the craft displayed, crested with a ship, and ornamented. Motto:

"Our merchants may venture to ship without fear,
For pilots of skill shall the 'Hamilton' steer.
This *Federal* ship will our commerce revive,
And merchants, and shipwrights, and joiners shall
thrive;
On the ocean of time she's about to set sail,
Fair Freedom her compass, and Concord the gale."

BOAT BUILDERS.

Headed by two masters. Barge rowed by proper bargemen in proper dress. Flag, field, thirteen stars and stripes; a print of his Excellency General Washington,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and under him a boat building, ax and addice across, and drawing-knife and plane. Motto:

“Accept, great chief, that share of honor’s praise
A grateful people to your merit pays;
Verse is too mean your virtues to display,
And words too weak our meaning to convey.”

THE BLOCK AND PUMP MAKERS.

Finished a pump, turned three dozen sheaves and pins, made thirteen blocks, sheaved and pinned complete, on the stage during the procession. A flag, with thirteen different kinds of blocks painted in an oval form, a pump boring in the center. Motto: “May our industry ever recommend us to employment under the *Federal* Government.”

A ship off the stocks with only her lower masts in. Motto:

“Block me well, my spars sheave neat,
And join me to our *Federal* fleet.”

SAIL MAKERS.

A stage drawn by four horses, on which was displayed their flag, representing the flag of the United States; directly below, the ship “New Constitution” under full sail; in the center of the flag, Colonel Hamilton, the new Constitution in his right hand, and the Confederation in his left; Fame, with a trumpet, and laurels to crown him; under, this motto:

“Let steadiness our steps pursue,
May justice be our guide;
The *Federal* plan we keep in view,
We fall if we divide.”

Below this, on the left, the inside of a sail-loft; the master workman cutting out sails, with men at work. On the right of this, a view of a river; a ship at anchor, representing Commerce; a boat taking in sails to carry on board; the outside of a sail-loft, at which men are

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

reefing sails. During the procession was finished on the stage a ship's foretopmast-staysail, a steering sail cut out, on which was sewed about fifty-six yards, which was performed by four men in white shirts and trousers, their sleeves tied up with blue ribbon. The remainder of the branch (thirty-seven in number) followed the stage, carrying in their hands yards and measure lines, etc., the boys dressed in canvas vests and trousers, a blue sash tied round their waists, and a pine branch in their hats, with blue ribbons; in the branch ten stars, in honor of the ten States that have adopted the Constitution. Headed by Mr. George Warner.

RIGGERS.

The whole number, forty-one, with blue ribbons in their hats, two drummers and fifers, a flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, and a ship just from the carpenters, with men heaving her foremast in with the windlass, and a rigging loft on the wharf, with seven men at work, three of them serving a rope; one with a bowl of punch, drinking success to the new Constitution. A cartman, with a cart load of rope at the left door; Fame, with a trumpet, sounding "Federal Riggers." The motto:

"Fit me well, and rig me neat,
And join me to the *Federal* fleet."

On the other side, a ship almost finished, with men at work aloft; likewise, a rigging loft, with men at work. A cartman taking out a gang of rigging from the loft. The motto:

"Now I am rigged, both neat and strong,
And joined to the *Federal* throng."

The standard borne by Mr. Richard Clark.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

SEVENTH DIVISION.

FEDERAL SHIP "HAMILTON."

A frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty-seven feet keel, and ten feet beam, with galleries, and everything complete and in proportion, both in hull and rigging; manned with upward of thirty seamen and marines, in their different uniforms; commanded by Commodore Nicholson, and drawn by ten horses.

At the hour appointed for the procession to move, thirteen guns were fired from the ship as a signal for marching. She then got under way, with her topsails a-trip, and courses in the brails, proceeding in the center of the procession. When abreast of Beaver Street she made the proper signal for a pilot, by hoisting a jack at the foretopmasthead, and firing a gun. The pilot boat appeared upon her weather quarter, the frigate threw her maintop sail to the mast; the boat hailed, and asked the necessary questions; the pilot was received on board, and the boat dismissed. The frigate then filled, and moved abreast of the fort, where the crew discovered the President and Members of Congress. She immediately brought to and fired a salute of thirteen guns, which was followed by three cheers, and politely answered by the gentlemen of Congress. The procession then moved; when the ship came opposite to Mr. Constable's, the crew discovered at the window Mrs. Edgar, who had generously honored the ship with the present of a suit of silk colors; immediately they manned ship and gave three cheers. When she arrived abreast of the Old Slip, she was saluted by thirteen guns from his Most Catholic Majesty's packet, then in the harbor, which was politely returned. She then made sail, and proceeded through Queen Street to the Fields, when squalls came on, and the wind ahead, she beat to windward by short tacks, in which the pilot displayed his skill in navigation, heaving the lead, getting ready for stays, putting the helm a-lee, by bracing and counter-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

bracing the yards, etc. In the Fields she had to descend several hills, in raising which she afforded a delightful prospect to the spectators, her topsails appearing first, and then her hull, in imitation of a ship at sea; exhibiting an appearance beyond description splendid and majestic. When she arrived at her station abreast of the dining tables, she clewed up her topsails and came to, in close order with the rest of the procession, the officers going ashore to dine. At four o'clock she gave the signal for marching, by a discharge of thirteen guns, when the procession moved by the lower road. The manner in which the ship made her passage through the narrow part of the road was highly interesting and satisfactory, being obliged to run under her foretopsail, in a squall, and keep in the line of procession; this was accomplished with great hazard by the good conduct of the commander, and the assiduity of the seamen and pilot; she arrived at her moorings abreast of the Bowling Green at half-past five, amid the acclamations of thousands; and the different orders in procession, as soon as they were dismissed; honored her with three cheers, as a mark of approbation for the good conduct of the commodore and his crew.

PILOT BOAT.

Eighteen feet in length, and four feet in breadth, commanded by Mr. Edward Wilkie, with four lads; embellished with two flags, representing the Lighthouse, Highlands, Staten Island, and the sea; ships going in and out, the pilot boats attending them; drawn on a wagon by two horses.

PILOTS. MARINE SOCIETY.

President with a gold anchor at his left breast, suspended by a blue ribbon, and two vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary and attorney. Standard-bearer, with a white silk flag, representing a ship cast on shore; a dead body floating near her; a woman and children in great

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

distress, lamenting the sad catastrophe, are consoled by Hope, leaning with one hand on a large anchor, and pointing with the other to Charity, who holds a chart inscribed, "New York Marine Society"; in the upper part, handsomely ornamented, is written, "Marine Society, State of New York"; in the lower, in gold letters, the societies' motto: "To Charity add Knowledge."

FORMER OFFICERS—STANDING COMMITTEE.

Society and strangers; masters of vessels, four abreast.

PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS AND STATIONERS.

Preceded by Messrs. Hugh Gaine and Samuel Loudon, on horseback.

The standard alternately supported by Messrs. Bryce, Carroll, Harrison and Purdy.

A handsome stage, drawn by four horses. Upon the stage, the *Federal* printing-press complete; cases and other typographical implements, with pressmen and compositors at work. During the procession many hundred copies of a song and an ode, adapted to the occasion, were struck off, and distributed by Messrs. A. M'Lean and J. Russel among the multitude.

A small flag on the top of the press, on which was inscribed the word "Publius" in gold letters. Mr. John Loudon, representing a herald, mounted on the back of the press, dressed in a flowing robe, and a cap, on which were written the words, "The Liberty of the Press"; with a brazen trumpet in the right hand, proclaiming, "The epoch of Liberty and Justice," pending from the mouth of the trumpet. In the left hand, a parchment scroll, representing the new Constitution. The master printers, booksellers and bookbinders, with their journey-men and apprentices, four abreast, following the stage.

Description of the Standard.

Fame, blowing her trumpet, and supporting the medallion of his excellency Dr. Franklin; Liberty attend-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ing, holding her cap over his head; the electric fluid darting from below; on the upper corner, the Union flag, and Stationers' arms; and below, the Bible and Federal Constitution, representing the religious and civil Constitution of our country. Mottoes:

1st. "*Ars artium omnium conservatrix.*"

2d. "May the liberty of the Press be inviolably preserved, as the palladium of the Constitution, and the sentinel of freedom."

And surrounding the medallion of his excellency Dr. Franklin, the following words: "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

EIGHTH DIVISION.

CARTMEN.

A cart painted red, with the words, "*Federal cart*," in white letters; ornamented with green boughs, and drawn by an elegant bright bay horse, neatly caparisoned, and "*Union*" inscribed under each ear; driven by Mr. Edward Fowler, dressed in a white frock and overalls, with a blue sash and white bow. On the cart was erected a standard, with a broad flag; one side representing Murray's wharf, Stewart and Jones's store, and three vessels discharging and taking in cargoes; carts passing and repassing; the harbor; a view of Long Island; the rising sun; a vessel under sail, named the "*Federal ship 'Hamilton'*"; a coat of arms; motto: "*By this we live*," in yellow letters. On the reverse, Jones's wharf and storehouses, with a view of the river, Long Island, horses and carts, the rising sun and *Federal ship*; over which, on both sides, were these lines:

"Behold the *Federal* ship of fame,
The '*Hamilton*' we call her name;
To every craft she gives employ,
Sure cartmen have their share of joy."

Followed by three hundred cartmen, each wearing a

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

laurel in his hat, and conducted by Messrs. T. Amerman, A. Mattiny, J. Demeroy, and W. Furman.

HORSE DOCTOR.

Walter Gibbons, horse doctor, dressed in an elegant half shirt, with a painted horse on his breast, a balling iron in the horse's mouth, and the doctor putting a ball of physic down his throat, with implements of farriery ready for use. Over the horse written, "*Federal Horse Doctor*"; at the bottom, "*Physic*." On his back a horse skeleton, the doctor examining the head; over his head, "*Federal Horse Doctor*"; at bottom, "*Dissection*."

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS.

In an oval compartment, encircled with ten stars, a Hadley's quadrant, telescope, azimuth compass, and time-glass, with suitable decorations. Motto: "Trade and Navigation," supported by Mr. Thomas Biggs.

CARVERS AND ENGRAVERS.

The Carvers and Engravers (united) were led by Messrs. Richard Davis and Peter Maverick; the banner supported by R. B. Davis. On the banner, which was of silk, bordered with an elegant fringe, of American manufacture, were displayed the arms of the United States; viz., a chief, azure on thirteen pieces, argent and gules. In the center was placed an escutcheon, parted, proper, pale. Argent, a chevron, or, between two gravers in chief, proper, a copper-plate on a sand bag in base, proper, for engravers. Argent, a mallet and gouge, proper, for carvers. Motto: "*Arte et Labore*." This banner was suspended by the two upper ends to a gilt staff, which was crowned by a circle, two feet diameter, of thirteen stars, ten of which were gilt, three ungilt. In the center the American eagle soaring. On a carved ribbon, between the banner and the stars, this motto: "*Nous brillerone tous bien tot*."

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

COACH AND COACH-HARNESS MAKERS.

A stage in front, drawn by ten black horses, three postilions dressed in yellow, and jockey caps trimmed yellow. Four workmen on the stage at work in the different branches. The flag extended on the stage, representing a coach-maker's shop with doors open; hands at work, a coach finished. At the door, a vessel lying at the wharf, taking on board carriages for exportation. Over the shop, the Union flag; over the ship, the nine Federal members from this country. In the center, the coach and coach-harness makers' arms, on a blue field, three open coaches, supported by Liberty on one side, holding in her left hand a cap of Liberty; on the other side by Peace, holding in her right hand a cornucopia of plenty; Fame, blowing her trumpet over their heads; motto: "The *Federal* star shall guide our car." A genteel green monument, supported by ten pillars, with a Union in the center. Crest on the top of the arms, an eagle soaring from a globe.

COPPERSMITHS.

Headed by Messrs. Asher Myers and Chas. White. A standard emblematical of the branch. Motto: "May the labor of the industrious be crowned with success."

FOUNDERS' COLOR.

Furnace, sand-trough, two pillars, an urn, cannon, two molds. Motto: "May the Founders, through principles of Amity, agree in Unity."

TIN PLATE WORKERS.

Headed by Messrs. Kempton, Hardenbrook, and other masters, followed by their journeymen and apprentices, with white cockades, emblematic of their business; their standard borne by two of their profession, exhibiting a square; on the other side the *Federal* Tin Manufactory; on the other, the *Federal* Tin Warehouse; in the square

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

are raised ten pillars, with lamps to each, lighted, emblematical of the ten States that have adopted the Constitution. On each of the ten pillars is a different article of tin manufactory; in front is a view of the river; the *Federal* man-of-war appears, and shows the poop lantern; at a great distance appears a lighthouse, and a ship in the offing. The ship of war shows the *Federal* flag of ten stripes. On the manufactory are inscribed the words "*Federal Constitution*," and

"When three more pillars rise,
Our *Union* will the world surprise."

PEWTERERS.

Bearing an orange-colored silk flag, on which was elegantly painted the United States' colors; underneath which, the pewterers' arms, supported by two miners, holding burning lamps in their hands. Motto: "Solid and pure," in gold letters; on the front part of the flag the words, "Society of Pewterers," with the representation of a pewterer's workshop, in which the different branches were at work, and some of their work finished. Above this were the following lines; viz.:

"The *Federal* plan, most solid and secure,
Americans their freedom will insure;
All arts shall flourish in Columbia's land,
And all her sons join as one social band."

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

A gold Federal Eagle on the top of the standard. The goldsmiths' emblematical arms on white silk, emblazoned, the crest representing Justice, sitting on a helmet, holding in one hand the balance, in the other the touchstone; the arms supported by two savages, the field quarterly, or, two eagles' heads cross'd, azure, two cups inverted between two gold buckles; the motto: "Justice is the Queen of Virtues." The supporters resting on a globe, representing the United States. Stand-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ard supported by the four senior goldsmiths, followed by twenty-five.

POTTERS.

A flag, on which was represented specimens of stone and earthen-ware. A stone-ware kiln in full flame, with different parts of both branches. A stage drawn by two horses, three hands at work, turning a number of vessels of different forms. Motto on the flag: "The Potter hath power over the clay."

THE CHOCOLATE MAKERS' DEVICE.

The old Constitution represented by the naked body of a man, denoting Congress, without power, with thirteen heads, looking different ways, showing the clashing interest of the States in union, with these lines:

"When each head thus-directing,
The body naught pursues;
But when in one united,
Then energy ensues."

The ten men, well dressed, representing the ten States, supporting the head of a man, representing the new Constitution united in a Federal head. Across the loins of the naked man, in a circle, a scroll from the right hand to the left, pointing with the forefinger to a rising sun, and the Federal head, with these lines in it:

"In all creation my like is not,
Adopt the new, and let me be forgot.
Behold how beams yon bright and rising sun!
O happy era! tyranny is fled;
Since *Federal* government is now begun,
United in one presidential head."

On the pedestal on which it stands are these words: "The Old Constitution." Beneath, a hand chocolate-mill, with two men grinding chocolate. On the opposite side of the flag, thirteen stripes, representing that no alteration can dissolve the Federal compact entered into by the first Congress, when they declared independence.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

TOBACCONISTS.

Headed by Mr. Denis M'Ready, displaying a white silk flag, on which was elegantly painted, gilt (encompassed by thirteen tobacco plants), their arms, on a superb shield. Motto: "Let brotherly love continue." Their flag was preceded by thirteen boys, dressed in white, with blue ribbons, each carrying a hand of tobacco, with eleven leaves bound close together; then followed the masters and journeymen, to the number of forty-five.

DYERS.

Headed by John Morrison and Robert Dodds. Journeymen, apprentices; arms, three madder bags. Motto: "Give glory to God."

BRUSHES.

Headed by Messrs. Cooper and Watson, carrying a white flag, decorated with ribbons, representing the brush-maker's arms. Motto:

"May love and unity support our trade,
And keep out those who would our rights invade."

Joined by journeymen and apprentices, each wearing their aprons, and carrying, upright, a large brush, called a Turk's head, staffs twelve feet long.

TALLOW CHANDLERS.

A flag with thirteen stripes; under these the figure of General Washington, with these words over him, "The illustrious Washington, may he be the first President of the United States." At the opposite end was placed the figure of Colonel Hamilton. Between the two, the coat of arms of the branch, over which were placed thirteen candles, with the name of the State each represented; those representing the ratifying States were all burning, and united in one common flame. At the top of the flag, New York and North Carolina were lighted, but not joining the rest.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

SADDLERS, HARNESS, AND WHIP-MAKERS.

Saddlers, to the number of twenty-four. Mr. J. Young, Mr. Henry Broadwell, and Mr. J. Armory, the principal whip-makers.

Then followed their emblematical figure of their profession; an elegant horse, decked with a dun hunter saddle, and rich scarlet furniture, with broad gold lace round the whole, and ornamented with embroidered tassels, making a very brilliant appearance. The bridle was grand, and displayed much taste in the ornaments. The horse was led by a groom, dressed in character, carrying an elegant whip, and attended by two black boys as hostlers. The other masters and journeymen following in the rear.

NINTH DIVISION.

The gentlemen of the bar in their robes, two and two, *preceded by the sheriff and coroner*. In the center of their body, the Constitution of the United States, elegantly engrossed on vellum, and decorated with ribbons, emblematical of the Union, was borne by John Lawrence, Esq., counselor at law, supported by John Cozine, and Robert Troop, Esqs., counselors at law. Ten students at law followed, singly, bearing in order the ratifications of the Constitution by the several States as they came into the Union. The rest two and two.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The secretary, bearing a scroll, containing the principles of a Federal language.

Vice-president and librarian; the latter carrying Mr. Horne Tooke's Treatise on Language, as a mark of respect for the book, which contains a new discovery, and as a mark of respect for the author, whose zeal for the American cause during the late war subjected him to a prosecution.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq., the president of the society, with a sash of white and blue ribbons. The standard bearer, Mr. William Dunlap, with the arms of the society; viz., Argent, three tongues gules, in chief, emblematical of language; the improvement of which is the object of the institution. Chevron, or, indicating firmness and support, an eye, emblematical of discernment, over a pyramid, or rude monument, sculptured with Gothic, Hebrew, and Greek letters. The Gothic on the light side, indicating the obvious origin of the American language from the Gothic. The Hebrew and Greek upon the reverse, or shade of the monument, expressing the remoteness and obscurity of the connection between those languages and the modern. The crest, a cluster of cohering magnets, attracted by a key in the center, emblematical of union among the members of the society in acquiring language, the key of knowledge, and clinging to their native tongue in preference to a foreign one. The shield, ornamented with a branch of oak, from which is collected the gall used in making ink, and a sprig of flax, from which paper is made; supported on the dexter side by Cadmus, in a robe of Tyrian purple, bearing in his right hand leaves of the rush, or flag *papyrus*, marked with Phœnician characters, representing the introduction of letters into Greece and the origin of writing. On the sinister side, by Hermes, or Taaus, the inventor of letters, and god of eloquence, grasping his caduceus or wand. Motto: "*Concedat Laurea Lingue*," expressive of the superiority of civil over military honors. The flag, embellished with the Genius of America, crowned with a wreath of thirteen purple plumes, ten of them starred, representing the ten States which have ratified the Constitution. Her right hand pointing to the Philological Society, and in her left a standard, with a pendant, inscribed with the word "Constitution." The members of the society in order, clothed in black.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

UNIVERSITY.

A flag, emblematical of science; motto: "Science and Liberty mutually support and adorn each other." Supported by a standard bearer, preceding two large globes. The president and professors, in their academical habits, followed by the students, bearing different kinds of mathematical and astronomical instruments; after these moved the medical students, and the instructors of schools.

MERCHANTS AND TRADERS.

The merchants and traders were preceded by John Broome, Esq., president of the Chamber of Commerce, and William Maxwell, Esq., vice-president of the Bank, in a chariot, together with William Laight, Esq., secretary to the Chamber, on horseback, bearing a standard with an oval field, surrounded by thirteen stars. The field, a Mercury standing on the shore, holding in his hand the arms of the city, surrounded by the emblems of commerce; the motto: "*Non nobis nati solum*," not born for ourselves alone. The spear terminating in an American eagle, gilt, bearing on his breast the arms of the United States.

TENTH DIVISION.

PHYSICIANS, STRANGERS AND GENTLEMEN. PORTERS.

A blue flag, with thirteen stripes, on one of which was inscribed, "September 17, 1787." Thirteen stars on the field, and a standard supported by two porters, with the words, "Ten to three, we carry it." Under the stripes, "Stands, we stand—falls, we fall."

ARTILLERY AND FIELD PIECE.

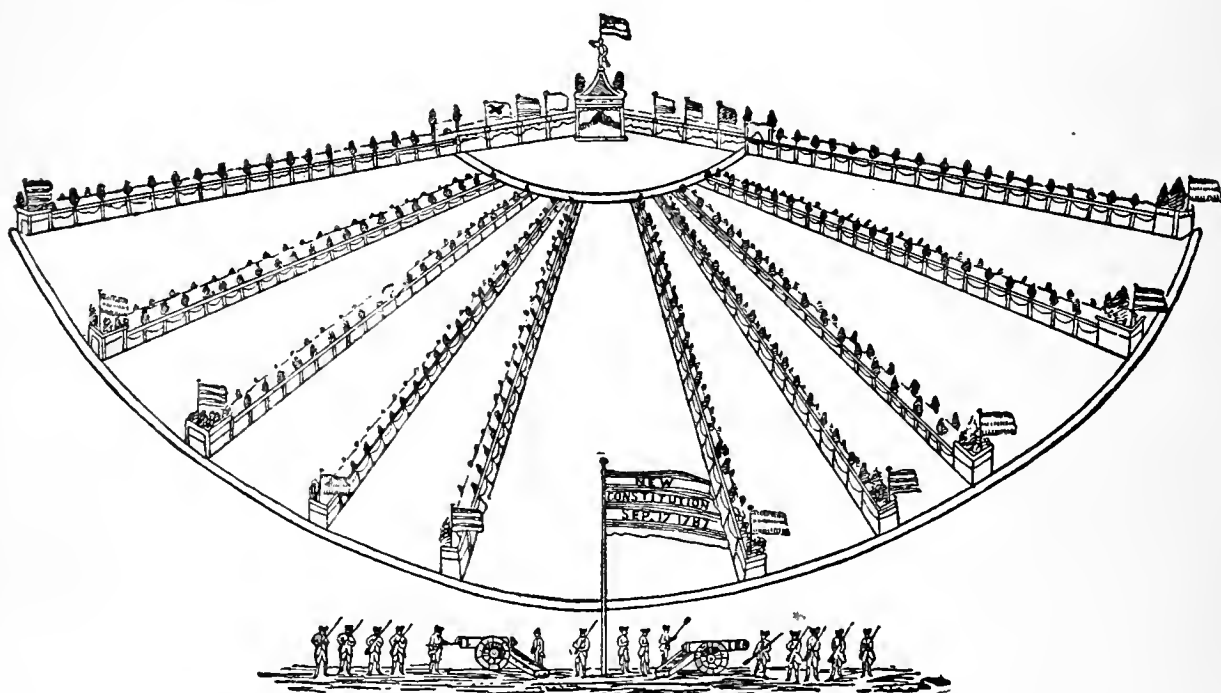
The line of procession, containing nearly five thousand people, extended upward of a mile and a half. The march was slow and majestic, and the appearance of the

scene as far surpassed every one's expectation as mere description must fall short of it. While numberless crowds were pressing every side, the doors and windows of houses were thronged by the fair daughters of Columbia, whose animated smiles and satisfaction contributed not a little to complete the general joy. As this splendid, novel, and interesting exhibition moved along, an unsuspected silence reigned throughout the city, which gave a solemnity to the whole transaction suited to the singular importance of the cause. No noise was heard but the deep rumbling of carriage wheels, with the necessary salutes and signals. A glad solemnity enlivened every countenance, while the joyous expectation of national prosperity triumphed in every bosom. The whole body, having arrived at Bayard's house, were disposed in a line, and reviewed; after which, the varied insignia of the procession being left upon the Fields, the citizens were conducted to their several dining tables. Here they were honored by the company of Congress, of many foreigners of distinction, and the patriotic and respectable clergy of the city.

The two principal sides of the building provided for this entertainment consisted of three large pavilions, connected by a colonnade of about one hundred and fifty feet front, and forming two sides of an obtuse angle; the middle pavilion majestically rising above the whole, terminating with a dome, on the top of which was a figure of Fame with her trumpet, proclaiming a new era, and holding in her left hand the standard of the United States, and a roll of parchment, on which was inscribed, in large characters, the three remarkable epochs of the late war; Independence, Alliance with France, Peace. At her side was the American eagle, with wings extended, resting on a crown of laurel, placed on the top of the pedestal. Over six of the principal pillars of this colonnade were placed small escutcheons, inscribed with the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ciphers of the several powers in alliance with the United States; viz., France, Spain, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, Morocco; and over these were displayed the colors of these respective nations, which added greatly to the brilliancy of the entablature, already beautifully decorated with festoons and branches of laurel. The extremities of this angle were joined by a table forming part of a circle, and from this ten more colonnades were extended, each four hundred and forty feet in length, as the rays of a circle, the whole having one common center; viz., the center of the middle pavilion, where sat the President of Congress. At the extremity of each colonnade was a



The New York Federal Table as seen from Bunker's Hill.

pavilion nearly similar to the three before mentioned, having their outside terminated in a pediment crowned with escutcheons, on which was inscribed the names of the ten States which had then ratified the Constitution. The whole of the colonnades were adorned with curtains elegantly folded, and with wreaths and festoons of laurel everywhere dispersed.

In the area contained within the angle first described was placed the music, but so disposed as not to intercept

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the prospect from the seat of the President through the whole length of the ten colonnades above mentioned. This noble and beautiful edifice, erected in less than five days, covered a surface of ground eight hundred and eighty feet by six hundred, and was calculated to accommodate six thousand persons.

The taste and genius of Major L'Enfant, so often displayed on other public occasions, and to whom the city is indebted for the design and execution, appeared in the present instance to have derived additional brilliancy from the dignity of the object on which it was employed.

Dinner being ended, the following toasts were drank:

1st. The United States.

2d. The States which have ratified the new Constitution.

3d. The Convention of the State of New York; may they soon add an eleventh pillar to the Federal edifice.

4th. General Washington.

5th. His Most Christian Majesty.

6th. His Catholic Majesty.

7th. The States-General of the United Netherlands.

8th. The friendly powers in Europe.

9th. The patriotic framers of the present national Constitution.

10th. The memory of those heroes who have fallen in defense of American liberty.

11th. Success to agriculture, manufacture, and the sciences.

12th. May trade and navigation flourish.

13th. The day; may the union of the States be perpetual.

After each of which ten cannon were fired; and in

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

order to diffuse the joy to all classes of citizens, an ample proportion of the entertainment was detached to the prisoners in jail.

The repast ended, the procession returned in the same manner to its place of setting out; and the citizens were dismissed by half-past five o'clock.

In the transactions of this day, a variety of circumstances might be noted, upon which the reflections of the patriot, the politician, or the philosopher, might dwell with pleasure. A procession inexpressibly magnificent, formed not to gratify the pride or ambition of an individual, but to manifest to the world the attachment of a people to a government calculated to secure and perpetuate their civil and religious liberties; the mutual confidence and joy of the various orders of the community; all narrow and bigoted distinctions lost, and absorbed in that noblest of passions, the love of country; the glorious hope, the emulous and patriotic zeal; the dignified and unsullied harmony of the day; and, it may be added, the uninstructed ingenuity of the American mechanic, unfolding itself in the invention of his emblems and mottoes.

But what most excited surprise in persons unacquainted with the character of American yeomanry was to see a numberless multitude, in view of a tempting collation, not only adhering to every rule of decorum, unawed by a single bayonet or esponton; but, though under the influence of public passions, verging to enthusiasm, peaceably, at an early hour, retiring without a single instance of rudeness or impertinence.

To conclude this account of a transaction which will long be remembered, and which reflects infinite honor upon the mild genius of our government, and the inhabitants of this city. Instead of the trophies of war and of captives in chains, which graced the triumphs of antiquity, we here behold the plow, the ship, and all the im-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

plements of useful arts. The wreath of martial glory was exchanged for the garland of peace; and instead of the painful sensations, which in a humane and liberal mind would be excited by the triumphal entry of a conqueror, reeking from the blood and slaughter of thousands of his fellowmen, the hearts of all the spectators anticipated with rapture the return of concord, of public and private justice, of individual happiness, and national glory, the constant attendants of a wise, free and efficient system of government."

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

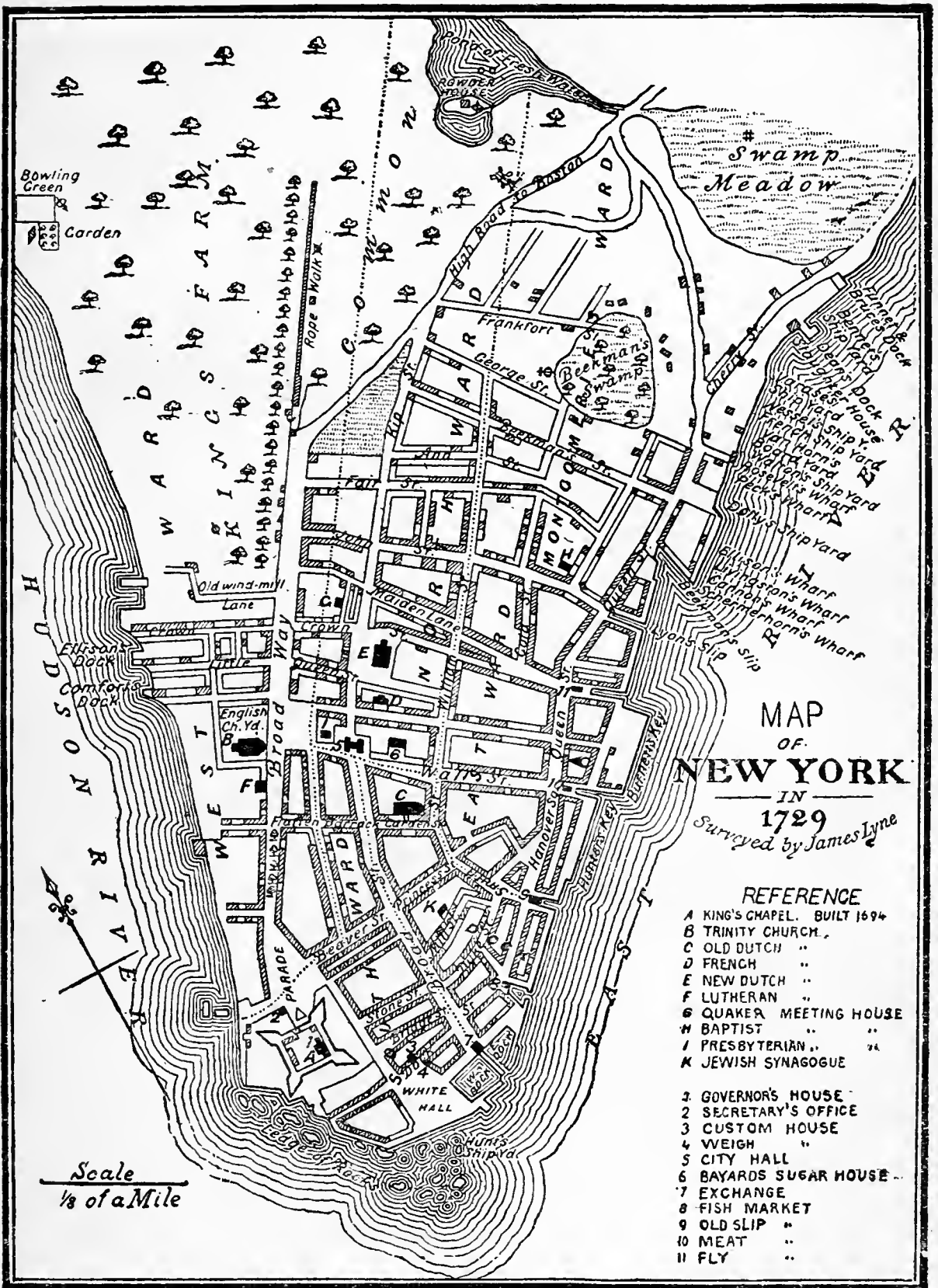
CHAPTER THREE

DEVELOPMENT: FROM THE POST-OFFICE TO THE OLD CITY HALL VIA ANN STREET, HORSE AND CART STREET, AND THE PYE WOMAN'S STREET

Old Boston Road and New Broadway, and their Gibraltar—Ann Street—Horse and Cart Street—Roisterers, Churchgoers, Gamblers, Pickpockets, Poolsellors and Peddlers—Fire Laddies—A Police Mystery with a flavor of Richard Croker—A few of the Results of Reform—Restaurants various and innumerable—Mouquin's—Delmonico's Rival and its odd Characters—Theater Alley—Dolan's "Sinkers" and Hitchcock's "Beef an'"—Dennett's Busy Bees, and the Business Men's Quick Lunch, etc., etc.—Oysters—Garibaldi's—The Nassau Canyon—Memory of Mary Rogers, the beautiful Cigar Seller—Christ Church in Ann Street—Shoemaker's Pasture—Spring Garden—Bennett Building the first large Office Building—Jokers of other Days—Grandfather's Clock—Extracts from the first number of the "Herald"—Comparison with the "Herald" of To-day—Fair Street—Partition Street—North Dutch Church—Firemen's Hall—Moravian Church—Shakespeare Tavern—Seventh Regiment—The old Theaters—First Methodist Church—Mr. Reid's Testimony—Battle of Golden Hill—First Blood of the Revolution—Papodopolo—Washington Irving's Mischievous Boyhood—Work for Women—Old Memories—More old Churches—The Middle Dutch Church—A Prison for Patriots—The Graveyard—The old Bell—Aaron Burr—The Treasury—Federal Hall—The Pillory and Stocks again—Inauguration of Washington—Congress—Wall Street—De Peyster Garden—Trinity Church at one end, a Slave Market at the other—The first Bank—Immense Business Interests—Riots of 1834—The great Meeting after the Assassination of Lincoln—Garfield's Inspiration—Centennial of Washington's Inauguration

AT Ann Street, the old road to Boston has united with the newer Broadway. Looking up that road, now Park Row, formerly Chatham Street, and once part of the Bowery, our sight follows the colonial road of development, rich in historic associations;

NEW YORK CITY LIFE



THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and looking up Broadway, it notes the lines of the most celebrated street of modern times, which had no existence above Chambers Street until after the Revolutionary War. On the Lyne map of 1729, Broadway terminated at the Commons (City Hall Park) in a rope walk, while the High Road to Boston swept grandly to the northeast, crossing the Kissing Bridge near Roosevelt Street. A survey of 1755 shows a palisade crossing the City from river to river, nearly on the line of Chambers Street, with no development of Broadway above that point, but with many streets laid out along the Boston Road or Bowery.

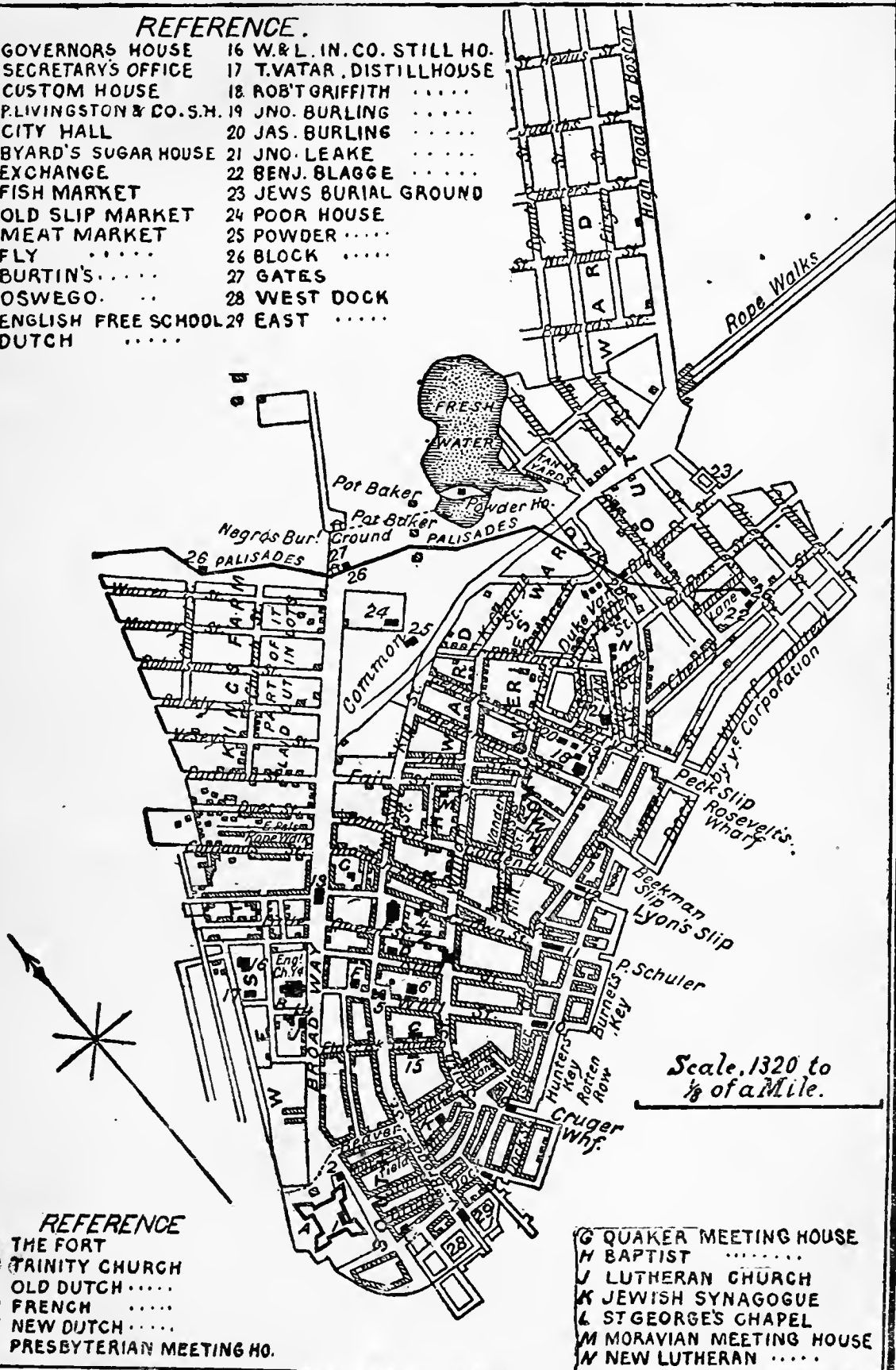
The Fresh Water or Collect Pond and the Lispenard Marshes, which were afterward drained through Canal Street, stopped the progress of the City by way of Broadway for many years, and the Potters' Field and the Negroes' Burying Ground marked the end of Broadway. As late as 1805 the present northwest corner of Broadway and Chambers Street was occupied by pig pens. Now the great tide of travel which sweeps up old Broadway at certain hours of the day is divided by the majestic Post-office building, and one part continues up the modern thoroughfare, while the other proceeds through the ancient road, heedless for the most part of anything else than home and supper. None of our large buildings is more criticised by architects and more admired by the unschooled than this Federal building. Its position is an ideal one, and its architect has designed a graceful granite

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Plan of the **CITY OF NEW YORK** from an Actual Survey,
by *F. Maerschalk, City Surveyor-1755.*

REFERENCE.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 GOVERNORS HOUSE | 16 W.R.L. IN. CO. STILL HO. |
| 2 SECRETARYS OFFICE | 17 T.VATAR. DISTILLHOUSE |
| 3 CUSTOM HOUSE | 18 ROBT GRIFFITH |
| 4 PLIVINGSTON & CO. S.M. | 19 JNO. BURLING |
| 5 CITY HALL | 20 JAS. BURLING |
| 6 BYARD'S SUGAR HOUSE | 21 JNO. LEAKE |
| 7 EXCHANGE | 22 BENJ. BLAGGE |
| 8 FISH MARKET | 23 JEWS BURIAL GROUND |
| 9 OLD SLIP MARKET | 24 POOR HOUSE |
| 10 MEAT MARKET | 25 POWDER |
| 11 FLY | 26 BLOCK |
| 12 BURTON'S | 27 GATES |
| 13 OSWEGO. .. | 28 WEST DOCK |
| 14 ENGLISH FREE SCHOOL | 29 EAST |
| 15 DUTCH | |



REFERENCE

- A THE FORT
- B TRINITY CHURCH
- C OLD DUTCH
- D FRENCH
- E NEW DUTCH
- F PRESBYTERIAN MEETING HO.

- G QUAKER MEETING HOUSE
- H BAPTIST
- J LUTHERAN CHURCH
- K JEWISH SYNAGOGUE
- L ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL
- M MORAVIAN MEETING HOUSE
- N NEW LUTHERAN

Scale, 1320 to
 $\frac{1}{8}$ of a Mile.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

flag-capped mountain, against which a river might dash and divide. Its wedge form, the manner in which story is laid on story, the converging lines, the strength of the base, the strong backing of the rear, the symmetry of the many groups of pillars—all these features are combined to produce an imposing and powerful appearance. It will be surprising if the critics do not laugh at this notion; they must criticise and laugh, else how could the people know of their superior intelligence?

We will not go down Broadway, but will slip through Ann Street into Nassau Street, which we will follow on our return to the Fort.

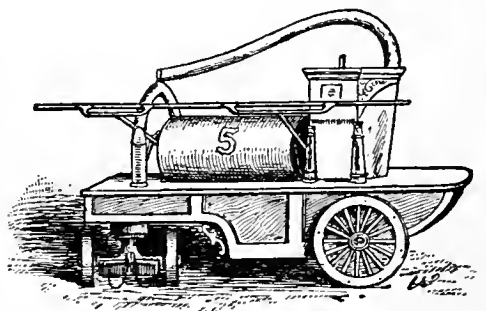
Once Ann Street was as quiet and dreamy as the Dutch wife of William Beekman, for whom it was named. Then came livelier times, when the sign of a jolly inn on the corner of William Street gave to that street the familiar name of Horse and Cart Lane, a name which clung to it even when the people worshiped in Christ Church, east of Nassau Street.

“George Burns, who lately kept Tavern opposite to the Merchants’ Coffee House, in this City, is now removed to the noted sign of the Cart and Horse, where he continues the same entertainment as usual, and where all gentlemen travelers and others may depend on the best usage and accommodation, both for themselves and Horses: *And further, to gratify his customers he constantly takes in the Boston, Philadelphia and New York newspapers.*”—“Weekly Post Boy,” January 30, 1750.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Ann Beekman passed away, and so did the gentle roisterers of the Horse and Cart, and the devout members of Christ Church. In later days the street was favored by seafaring men, and the houses were of the type shown in the little grocery store near the eastern end. Captain Greenwood, of the Revolutionary army, lived in the house near Broadway in which Mendoza's book-store now finds shelter.

In the days when the volunteer firemen ruled the City, Ann Street was a favorite gathering-place for them. In the taverns, restaurants and bunk rooms of that neighborhood they exchanged stories and exercised themselves in their amazing convivial accomplishments; they pulled the department wires—for all the leading positions went by vote of the members—and they laid plans for running the City government. This organized body of dashing, restless, daring, picturesque firemen became indirectly a great political force, furnishing leaders to the different parties, and frequently taking a forcible hand for their favorites. Harry Venn's tavern, at 13 Ann Street, was a famous resort in the thirties; so was a place on the site of the Wood building, Number 117 Nassau Street. The company of the noted old engine, "Honey Bee," was quartered on Fulton Street near Nassau Street, and at another time at 61 Ann Street.



Engine No. 5, "Honey Bee."

Harry Venn was an enthusiastic fireman and was thoroughly representative of the old department. He

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

had all of the dash, courage and rough honor which characterized the firemen. He was a hot friend and a fierce enemy, and something of a poet; and in his later years, becoming converted, he threw his energies into a series of religious meetings that he managed in the Academy of Music in 1858, at which many firemen were brought to his faith. He died in 1879, and was buried with all the honors that his comrades could bestow upon him.

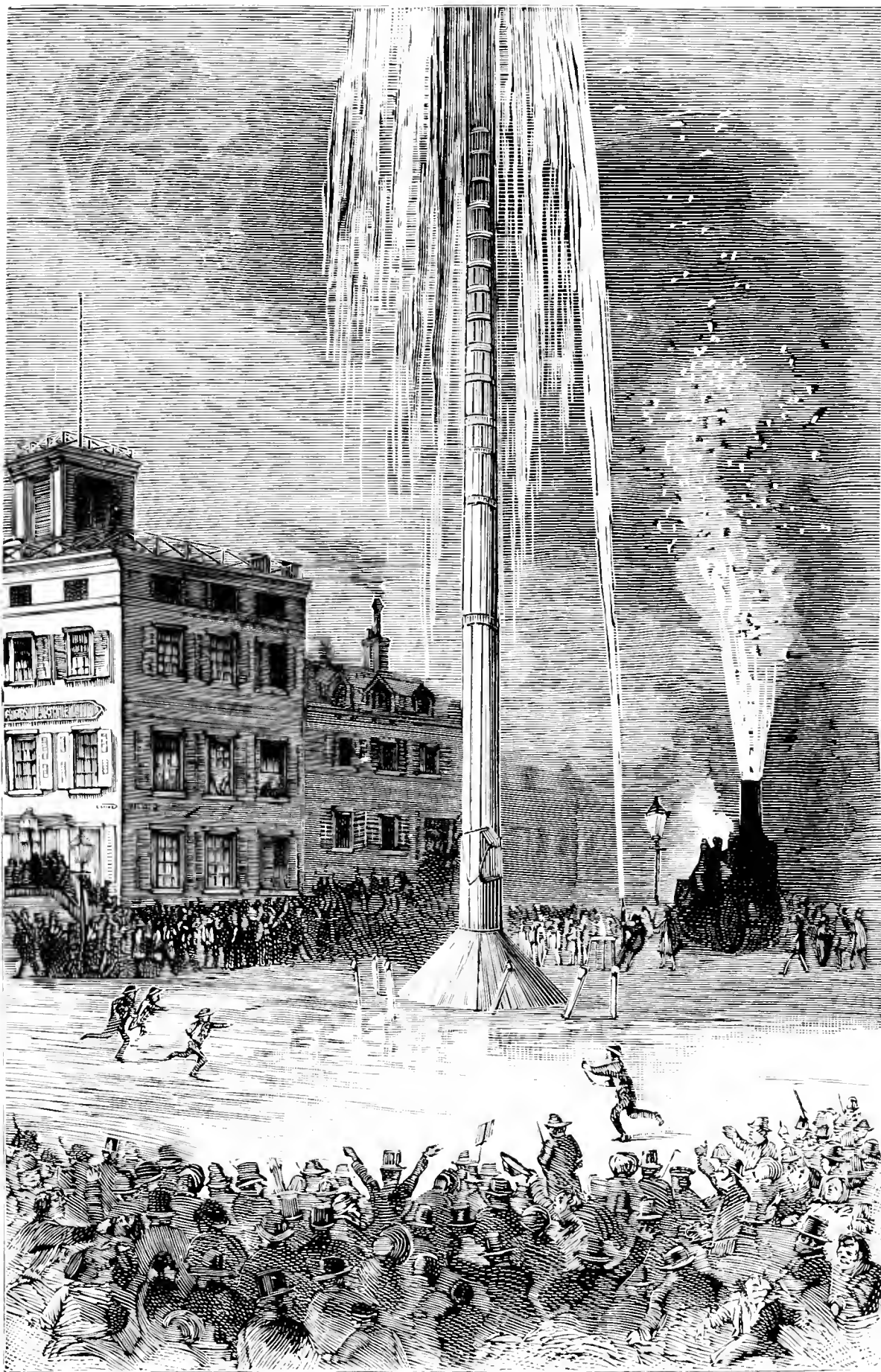
A sample of his fervid poetry may be interesting.

“HOT MUTTON PIES.

“I remember, yes, distinctly as tho’ it were to-day,
The pleasures of my early youth that all have passed
 away;
Some were sad and some were joyous, yet all of them
 I prize,
And the dearest of them all to me is sweet, sweet
 Mutton Pies.

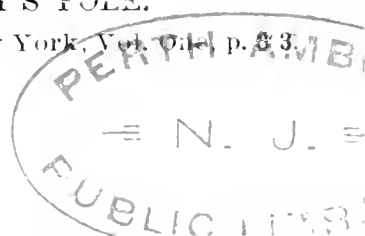
“How grateful was the perfume, when brown and
 smoking hot,
And their juicy fragrant flavor can never be forgot;
Though the maker of the edible now in the cold grave
 lies,
His memory I reverence when I think of Mutton
 Pies.

“Oh! tell me not of dishes made in French and Ger-
 man style,
And tenderloins and venisons that are first laid out
 to spile:
I pass my hand on all of these—my appetite would
 rise
At no such fancy fixin’s—I want my Mutton Pies.



FIRE-ENGINE COMPETITION AT RIDLEY'S FOLE.

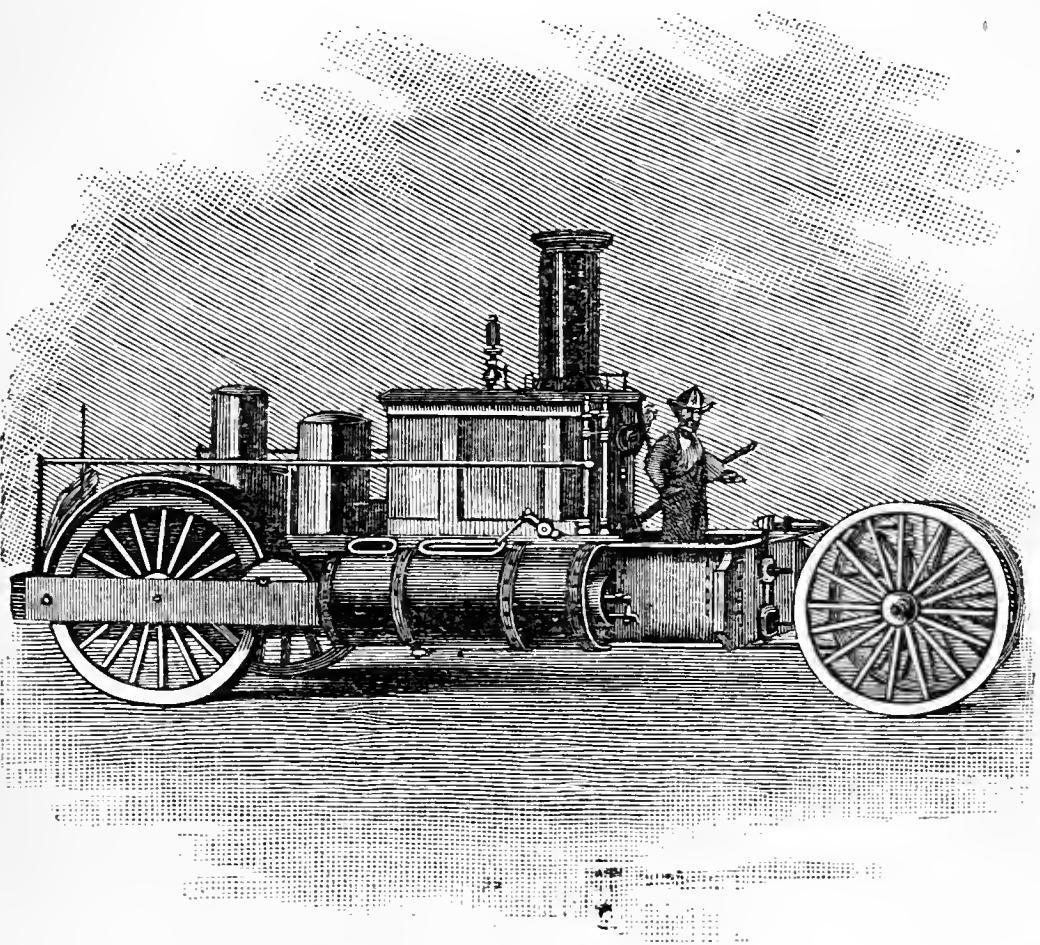
New York, V. H. p. 83.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

“Alas! the one-legged baker was long ago played out,
And never more we'll hear again his welcome cheer-
ing shout;
And though he oft was libeled, we heeded not their
lies,
But went in top and bottom crust for luscious Mutton
Pies. —LEMON PEEL.”

It is related that in 1839 a wager was made by two firemen, Bill Demilt and Tom Lawrence, in



Early Type of Steam Engine.

Venn's tavern, that they would sit on the Goddess of Liberty on the City Hall. The wager was a bowl of milk punch. The keeper of the City Hall was Conk Titus, a member of Engine Company 14, and when he found his old friends on the roof, which they had reached by a lightning rod, and

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

was informed of their purpose, for the promise of a share of the punch he shut his eyes, and Demilt and Lawrence reached the Goddess's head and perched themselves upon her like a pair of great birds. During the night that bowl of punch was like the widow's cruse of oil—it didn't run dry.



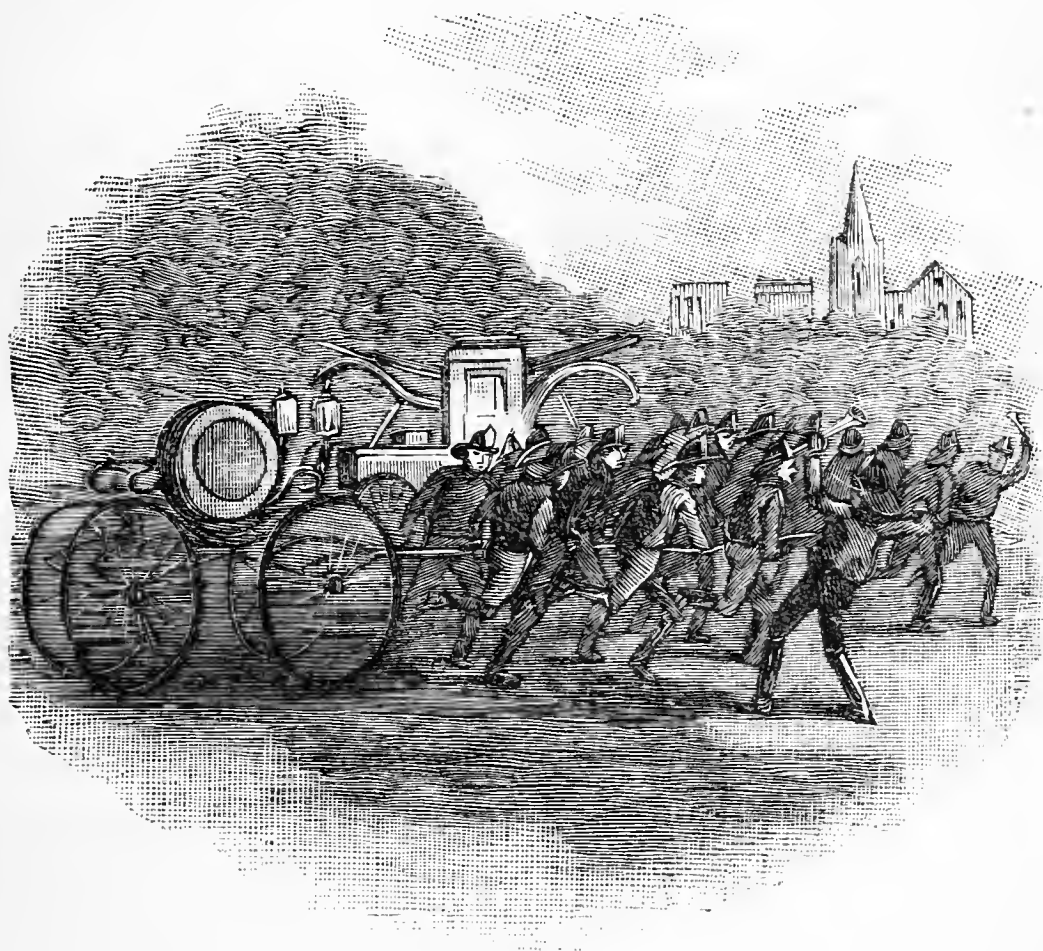
WILLIAM M. TWEED.

At the corner of Ann Street and Broadway there could always be seen a group of firemen, and when an alarm was sounded they scurried away to their different engine houses.

The engines were much loved, and were blessed with very expressive pet names, such as "White Ghost," "Black Joke," "Shad Belly," "Dry Bones," "Red Rover," "Hay Wagon," "Bean Soup," "Old Junk," "Old Maid."

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Many of our respected citizens and many of our politicians first attained prominence through their connection with the old department. Mayors Walter Bowne, Cornelius W. Lawrence, Stephen Allen, Isaac L. Varian, Daniel F. Tiemann, C. Godfrey Gunther, and William H. Wickman; George C.



An Old Time Race.

Connor, Cornelius V. Anderson, William H. Webb, Carlisle Norwood, Zophar Mills, Adam P. Pentz, John T. Agnew, George T. Hope, Samuel Willets, Elias G. Drake, William Aymar, Dr. Lydig Suydam, Fletcher Harper, Lorenzo Delmonico, Alonzo Slote, Shepard F. Knapp, Andrew Underhill, Enoch C. Pentz, Martin B. Brown, William Laimbeer, Thomas Byrnes, William M. Wood, Matthew T.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Brennan, Thomas P. Walsh, Alexander V. Davidson, Francis J. Twomey, John J. Gorman, and William M. Tweed, were all prominent firemen.

These modern statesmen only followed the lead of the Father of his Country, who was an ardent fireman at Mount Vernon, and head of the department in New York for a short time.

At a later time the corner of Ann Street and Broadway and its immediate neighborhood became a "hang-out" for all kinds of sharpers, who came down from the Chatham Street neighborhoods and met the great Broadway stream of respectable travel, with its sprinkling of country folks. In those days the corner was occupied by the Chinese Assembly rooms. Then came a company of quiet, keen-eyed men, who gave to the little dingy, dirty block between Broadway and Nassau Street a peculiar luster and sheen. They ran the most famous downtown gambling houses of the City, when New York was a gambler's paradise. Their games were operated without secrecy and without interference. Gamblers from all over the United States came to these "hells" to "buck the tiger" and to "fleece" unwary countrymen. The games were so well-known that the police captains stationed at the Oak Street station house reported them regularly to the superintendents of police, who dealt with them only in the most inoffensive and perfunctory way. Nobody was unable to enter the gambling houses except policemen, and nobody failed to appreciate the evidences of gambling except police magistrates.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

There were not less than a dozen of these games in this little block.

Numbers 1, 11, 13 and 15 housed some of the most famous of them. Joined to the gambling pest was the pickpocket nuisance in its richest flowering. During the administrations of Superintendents Murray and Byrnes, pool rooms were conducted in which many of the young men employed in the neighborhood gambled their own and their employers' money in bets on the horse races. The pool rooms were closed very suddenly when Richard Croker became an owner of racing horses, and had interests to be injured by the pool-sellers. A mysterious connection was apparent between Croker and the horses, and the superintendent and the pool rooms, in which the pool rooms got the worst of it. Many of the business men of the neighborhood wished that Mr. Croker would buy an interest in some gambling house uptown.

Some people ask: What have we got from reform? Well, among other things, here in this block we are rid of three towering evils that had defied decency for years: public gambling, public pool-selling, and public pocket-picking. The present administration has no interest in gamblers and thieves, and makes no terms with them. The only nuisance that remains is the push cart crowd, which congregates here because several firms in the street supply the venders with novelties for downtown sales, and there is a growing feeling that the peddlers should have a fair chance to earn honest livings.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

New York leads the world in restaurants. Any taste can be satisfied, any appetite can be met, and a meal can be fitted to any pocket-book.

This is a bill of fare of 1850:

D. SWEENEY'S
HOUSE OF REFRESHMENT,
No. 11 Ann Street, New York.

DINNER.

	s.	d.
Roast Beef, Lamb, Veal and Pork		6
“ Poultry, Sirloin Steak	1	6
“ Pig, Chicken Pie, Chicken Soup	1	
Boiled Mutton, Corned Beef, Pork and Beans . .		6
Meat Pie, Soup, Fish, and other dishes		6
Rice, and Mush and Milk		9
Dessert—Puddings and Pies		9

BREAKFAST AND TEA.

Common dishes of Meat or Fish		6
Cakes, Toast, Rolls, Eggs, etc.		6
Fried or Boiled Ham	1	
Ham and Eggs	1	6
Fried Potatoes		3
Extra Bread, Brown Bread		3
Tea and Coffee		3

A gentleman who partook of that fare was so nourished in mental pabulum that he produced this very taking “proposal”:

“TO MY BELOVED VESTA:

“Miss, I’m a Pensive Protoplasm,
Born in some prehistoric chasm.
I and my humble fellow men
Are hydrogen, and oxygen,
And nitrogen, and carbon, too.
And so is Jane, and so are you.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

In stagnant water swarm our brothers
And sisters, but we've many others,
Among them animalculæ,
And lizard's eggs—and so, you see,
My darling Vesta, show no pride,
Nor turn coquettish head aside,
Our pedigrees, as thus made out,
Are no great things to boast about.
The only comfort seems to be—
In this philosophers agree—
That how a protoplasm's made
Is mystery outside their trade.
And we are parts, so say the sages,
Of life come down from Long Past Ages.
So let us haste in Hymen's bands
To join our Protoplastic hands,
And spend our gay organic life
As happy man and happy wife."

Another, impressed with the procession of churchgoers moving down Broadway, dashed off this remarkable production:

"CHURCH BELLES.

"Coming in couples,
Smiling so sweetly,
Up the long aisles
Tripping so featly.

"Flutter of feathers,
Rustle of dresses,
Fixing of ribbons,
Shaking of tresses.

"Envyng bonnets,
Envyng laces,
Nodding at neighbors,
Peering in faces.

"Whispering softly,
Heeding no sermon;
What they go there for
Hard to determine.

"On all around them
Gazing benignly;
Wholly unconscious,
Singing divinely.

"Prosy discoursing,
Don't suit their whims,
Plain they assemble,
Just for the HIMS!"

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

The music of that neighborhood is not now so refined, though it is exceedingly fetching. Here are two gems from "Maggie West's Songster"; a collection that is much admired by frequenters of Ann Street and Park Row.

"TAKE A SEAT, OLD LADY.

"A story I'm going to tell of a woman old and gray,
Wand'ring the street, in the snow and sleet, at close of
a winter's day;
In front of a building grand, quite weary she sinks in
a chair,
When a youth inside, most arrogant with pride, or-
ders her away from there!
Next door there stood a newsboy, who owned a little
stand,
Who saw the poor old creature driven from the build-
ing grand;
He ran into his humble store, as tho' 'twere childish
play,
Bro't a chair from out the place, with a smile upon
his face, these words I heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Take a seat, old lady, for you are welcome there,
Do not hesitate, ma'am, for I own that chair:
I know you must be tired, besides, you're old and gray,
You'll find it there and welcome when you pass this way!
"In silence she sat for a while, and the tears coursed
down her cheek,
Her thoughts seem'd to wander to days gone by, poor
soul, she could scarcely speak;
At last she arose and said, with lips that were trem-
bling and blue:
I'll remember thee, some day you'll hear from me,
once I had a boy like you.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Three years have come and gone, once more the same
old spot I see,

The youth he gets a letter, wond'ring from whence
it can be;

He opens it, it tells a tale, the woman she is dead.

She had died without a kin, left her thousands all to
him, thro' the sweet kind words he said:

—*Chorus.*

“MY BEST GIRL’S A NEW YORKER.

“Singing in praise of your sweetheart, describing her
many perfections,

Is just now consider’d a high art, so I’ll tell you
all about mine;

Tommy and Johnny and Danny, whose sweethearts
can rival most any,

Will turn emerald hued all from envy when they
hear of my charmer divine.

CHORUS.

“My best girl’s a corker,

Not the kind that’s slow,

Born and bred New Yorker,

I would have you know;

You may sing about your Mollie,

Your Mamie or your Pearl,

They’re all back numbers when compared

With my best girl!

“If you could see what she writes me when I’m away
from the fireside

You plainly could tell that she likes me, this dear
young charmer of mine;

Mamma has faithfully taught her to be a most dutiful
daughter,

And that’s why I love her and court her, this girl
that I think so divine.”

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

While speaking of Ann Street restaurants, we should not forget that most famous resort, "Windust's," which extended from Number 5 to 11 Park Row, and had an entrance from Ann Street. Edward Windust was the most famous restaurateur of old New York. At his place the great actors of the Park Theater, like John Brougham and John Gilbert, met and chatted with such *litterati* as Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper. It was opened in 1824. Sandy Welsh's place, in the basement of the American Museum, was the resort of famous politicians, like the "war horses" Elijah Purdy, Robert Morris, Lorenzo Shepard and Rococo Levi. Windust carried on his restaurant until 1865. Mr. Brougham, speaking of Windust's, remembered a fac-simile of the inscription on Shakespeare's tombstone, with the legend on it,

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man y^t spares thes stones,
And curst be he y^t moves my bones,"

which hung on the wall, and the long table at which the actors congregated, and the small boxes for private suppers. While speaking of Windust's steaks, pleasure glowed on his face, and he recalled the names of many with whom he had associated in loving converse about the long table, among whom were the eccentric lawyer, Mr. Natins, Professor Mapes, George Jamieson, Hamblin, Placide, and old Tom Cooper, father-in-law of President Tyler, and the greatest tragedian before Forrest. John

Gilbert recalled William Burton, Tom Flynn, William Chapman, James Wallack, John Mason, George Frederick Cooke, and Bass, the great Shakespearian reader. Mr. Gilbert spoke the very last words on the stage of the old Park Theater—the final speech of Admiral Kingston in the play called “Naval Engagements.” He gave this interesting story about Mr. Bass: “Miss Rose Telbin, an actress and cousin of Bass, had died, and he, out of respect for her memory, ordered a tombstone for her grave. It was brought to Windust’s one evening while a frightful storm was raging, and there it was delivered to the reader of Shakespeare. He remained long with his boon companions, and at a late hour started for home by one of the street cars that passed the door, carrying the tombstone in his arms; and he fell asleep in the corner of the car. The car passed Bass’s street, but he was still asleep, and it finally reached the shed that served as a depot. The conductor did not notice him, still fast asleep in his corner, with his arms round the slab, and went home without waking the poor fellow. Early in the morning the car started as usual on its down trip, Bass still being fast asleep. Imagine his surprise when he was awakened at the terminus of the road downtown, with the tombstone in his arms. Imagine the laughter of everybody near by as Bass sleepily staggered out of the car into Windust’s, and then again started for home with his stony bedfellow.” The funniest part of the story was this: “It was a very dark night, and the way

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

to Bass's home from the car was so hard to find that his wife, afraid that he might not find the house, stuck a vast number of candles in the windows, and thus made a brilliant illumination to show him the way. You can picture her surprise and amusement when Bass walked in the next morning with the tombstone in his arms and told the story I have been telling you now." Among the other frequenters of the place were Robert E. Lee, Miles O'Reilly, William T. Porter ("Tall Son of New York"), Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, and A. T. Stewart; and it is said that during the draft riots of 1863 Horace Greeley hid under one of the tables while a mob was rushing through Park Row. There was an old sign over the beef-steak broiler with this quotation from "Macbeth":

"If it were done, when 'tis done,

Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

All the accounts of Windust agree in declaring that the social atmosphere of the place was remarkable for its freedom, its geniality and its purity. It is a delightful recollection of old New York.

The frequenters of Sweeney's eating-house were generally of a different character from those who went to Windust's and Sandy Welsh's. Its star character was the infamous Captain Isaiah Rynders, the political boss of the old Sixth Ward, the leader of the "Dead Rabbits," the "Plug Uglies," and the "Empire Club," which comprised the criminal adjuncts of Tammany Hall. Rynders was always on hand at mobbing anti-slavery meetings. It is written

that, once when Wendell Phillips was announced to speak at the Broadway Tabernacle, near Worth Street, Rynders announced publicly that he and his cohorts would wreck the building and mob the audience. The trustees of the Tabernacle then sent word to Phillips that he could not speak there, so Henry Ward Beecher invited him to speak at Plymouth Church. Rynders and his thugs went over there, and were allowed to enter the church; but they were overawed by a goodly company of armed and determined men, who had gathered there to defend the orator. The great Phillips used his choicest invectives against slavery, and scarified Rynders and Tammany Hall; but on that occasion the disciples of brutal force maintained a discreet silence. Subsequent to 1850 Sweeney moved to 66 Chatham Street, and there his patrons were more at home than they had been in Ann Street. The building he occupied is Hall's Hotel, at the corner of Duane Street.

There are eating places innumerable, and there is business for them all.

In and around this block both of these propositions may be verified. The leading restaurant is Mouquin's, which runs through to Fulton Street, and uses two large floors, that are filled to overflowing during the busy hours of the day. This place divides the highest trade of the locality with the Astor House. Its bill of fare is large and varied. Its French features attract the Gallic ladies and gentlemen from all the lower part of town, as well as many Americans who enjoy French cook-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ing. This is the place for cheese, coffee and wines. It has grown from a small beginning, and the old French couple who keep it cannot be persuaded by their American sons to make improvements on their old methods. The great quantities of food which are consumed on the second floor are carried upstairs from the kitchens by the hands of waiters, and every dish as it is borne up from the basement is carefully scrutinized and catalogued by a man who has a desk at the head of the stairs, and who charges the waiter with it. Here you will see jolly red-faced old dogs, talking loudly in mellifluous tones, with occasional nasal periods, and sipping wine that seems to go immediately to the ends of their tongues. Snails and frog's legs are common orders. Over there sits a self-reliant young woman, who has walked in without looking to the right or left. She quietly orders her *escargots* and small bottle, and with a showy unconcern spears the martyred snails, extracts them from their houses, masters the impulses of her diaphragm, and assists their slimy voyage down her œsophagus with sips of sparkling liquor. The eager young gentleman across the aisle, fastidiously picking curious bones, and imperiously croaking gar-son-n-ng, between bites, does not succeed in so much as to get even a glance from the devotee of *escargots*; but he will order the crawling gasteropods next time, and so try to change his luck. This is a good place to spend an hour in studying character.

A few doors from Mouquin's is a place famil-

ially known through the neighborhood as "Delmonico's"; because it does not resemble any of those famous restaurants, and because the amiable proprietor frequently reminds his motley crowd of patrons that the pastry which he sells to them at five cents apiece is the very same as that which is sold in Delmonico's at two and three times the price. If you will join the crowd of street peddlers, clerks, printers, storekeepers, merchants and lawyers, who climb up on the high stools and catch the succulent pies, the massive sandwiches, and the fabled pastries that are thrown at them by the proprietor and his rosy-faced German helpers, you will be annoyed, perplexed, amused, and finally will devour your viands with gusto. The proprietor is a well-read and witty man, is apt at quotations, and is on the best of terms with his customers, between whom there is a veritable *camraderie*. There is a half-past one club, which keeps the air full of chestnutty jokes and the sound of champing teeth, while the waiters dazzle the vision by rapid movements with food, cups, plates and towels. With them, a meringue pie is a "corrugated roof," a "Napoleon" is a "fallen greatness," and a "turn-over" is a "wind-bag." If you go once, you may go again, and you may not. It is a good place for the philosopher to alternate with Mouquin's. Dr. Chauncey Shaffer, the eminent lawyer-preacher, for years before his recent death, made a daily lunch there of three hard-boiled eggs, peeling off the shells with his fingers and dropping them on the floor un-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

der his stool, according to the custom of the place, while choice *bon mots* dropped from his lips. He was the only “diner” who could fairly measure swords with the proprietor in the contest of classical quotations, which daily takes the place of napkins in supplying an atmosphere of refinement. A rare philosopher who may be met there daily is the stanch old printer Wynkoop, whose avenue of nourishment is never in a satisfactory position for use unless his feet are twisted into the highest round of his high stool, and his knees are supporting his chin; then, with his gaunt frame comfortably adjusted to the task, his kindly eyes beam out of his leathery countenance, and he mixes coffee-sipping and pie-mastication with speech-jewels, which float out over the incarnated appetites about him in healthy, hopeful and helpful agglomeration; as he gives his old-fashioned American opinions on the various questions of the day. Another odd character is the Rev. XYZ, a preacher with a flock, but independent of a church. A low-browed, heavy, smooth-shaven face, with large teeth and underlip, shaggy eyebrows and inquiring eyes, sometimes shaded by blue glasses, stooping shoulders, and sideling walk—these you observe, all properly incased in rusty black and covered with slouch hat. His plan of operations is unique. In his breast pocket is a list of his patrons. They subscribe one dollar a year apiece for his support, and he agrees to go wherever they may send him during the year, to minister to the sick, to pray with the dying, to visit

the distressed, and to help bury the dead. When he isn't ministering he solicits subscriptions, and when he isn't soliciting he ministers. He is always busy, and wastes no time in useless conversation. He cracks no jokes with the jolly boys, but silently eats his unvaried lunch, of a cup of coffee *with extra milk*, five crullers and a glass of water, and goes on about his business. Surely he doesn't squander his contributions in high living; but perhaps a brighter diet would not hurt him or his work; and Herr Gehlen's ample sweet cider might help the crullers along. The missionary got a subscription from the proprietor by an apt quotation of the last lines of "Childe Harold":

"Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee
As with a sigh thou mightst have been to me."

The pie seller recognized the quotation at once, corrected a slight inaccuracy by inserting "I deem" in the second line, and said it was worth a dollar. Just then a wagon rattled noisily past the door, and he said, "In time we shall be rid of such noises. All noise is *symbolistic* of barbarianism. It is bound to go. Rubber tires will fix the wagons." Is not Herr Gehlen a philosopher? A well-known lawyer, who "dines" there daily, insists that our movements to improve the police machinery are wrong, morally and scientifically; that the only way to do is to convert the criminals and get rid of courts and policemen. So much for a daily diet of pie.

The philosopher of "Delmonico's," like those of

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ancient Greece, has his faithful followers, who worship him, and who catch and treasure up the words that fall from his lips. His immediate retinue of assistants are unmarried men; for he says that he has figured it up, and demonstrated to his satisfaction that a home cannot be respectably supported on the wages which he pays, and therefore to employ married men would be to lead them into temptation. When the high qualities of the philosopher are mentioned in the hearing of one of these young men, he will roll his eyes in ecstasy and add his humble tribute of praise for the master. The other day Fritz said, "There is no other man like the Boss. He is the most wonderful man ever I heard of; here he is head waiter; he is also boss of the shop; he directs his farm; he is the landlord. He has no books, only these little scraps of paper on the shelf; it is all in his head; he knows what he must buy for the store and the farm, and when he must buy it, and when he must pay for it, and when he must pay his interest, and when his rents are due—all these things are in his head; *and he reads Shakespeare. He reads Shakespeare!*" At this climax Fritz's voice failed him, his eyes were raised heavenward, and he clasped his hands as though in devotion. We watched the philosopher for a few moments; it was late in the afternoon; the crowd had dwindled so that there were not more than four or five eaters on the high stools. A gentleman asked for a piece of apple pie; Herr Gehlen brought to him a cut of pumpkin pie in-

stead, and said, "You have eaten apple pie daily for two months; you need a change. It is not well to continue one kind of pie so long." The customer nodded his thanks for the kindly admonition, and began to assimilate the pumpkin pie. The next gentleman seemed uncertain as to his desires, and the graceful "head waiter" tried to tempt him by pointing to the bowl of hard-boiled eggs, furnished from his own barnyard. The customer challenged him to a contest of wit by saying, "You do not expect me to *eggsist* on that fare, do you?" A look of scorn spread over the classic features of the philosopher, who walked away, declining so puny a contest. The next man asked for a cup of coffee without sugar or milk. To him the sage unbent, saying, "We call that here 'a plain, unvarnished tale.'" The gentleman smiled, revealing a scholar's appreciation of the remark. "Will you not have some food with your coffee?"—"Yes!" said the patron, "if it is very light. Give me a charlotte russe." The host nodded and smiled as he reached for the dainty morsel, and said, "'There is naught that lives 'twixt it and nothing.'—From Virginius, you know." He illustrated the difference between harmony and symphony in this way: "Rye bread and Swiss cheese make harmony; add a piece of cheese cake and you have symphony." Here is the secret of "the *Wagner Triology*." His imitators he treats with scorn. The Bennett building barber tries to ape him, and to draw custom by talking "science" to his patients when they

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

are fastened down and he stands over them with gleaming razor. Said he to a man with bulging forehead: "Mr. S——, do you think the old 'Gypshuns' got them pyramids up all by humane power?" (Answer through the lather): "No."—"Well, I'll tell you what I think. If one of those old 'Gypshuns' should come to life, and see them h'isting stones on top of the St. Paul building, he would say *we beat the Dutch*."(!) Herr Gehlen says he ought to learn to be *humane* to his customers. The other day the president of the pie baking company tried to be smart by giving some alleged recollections of the war between Greece and Turkey. The philosopher blandly remarked in reply: "How well you carry your years. That war, according to the books, was fought from 1821 to 1827." The president blushed and subsided.

The place is simply the outgrowth of a little grocery store which was started there fifty years ago.

Thirty years back the proprietor began to sell pie and sandwiches to the office boys of the neighborhood, corrupting many Hebrew lads with his tempting ham sandwiches, and they kept coming and bringing others, until the sugar, the sand and the other grocery paraphernalia were crowded out entirely. Now the proprietor owns the building, and a beautiful farm in New Jersey, and is a man of means. This is an interesting little picture of progress in New York. Right opposite to this place of refreshment is "Theater Alley," which in the palmy

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

days of the Park Theater was the approach to its stage entrance, and was used by Keene, Cooke, Macready, Kimball, Wallack, Forrest, Booth, Powers, Tree, Kemble, Matthews, Garcia, Hilson, Barnes, Blake, Wheatley, Poverly, Placide, Fisher, and other famous actors and singers.

In another store, nearer Broadway, is a typical cheap restaurant, largely patronized by laboring men and peddlers, who want substantial food for little money, and don't care to pay for style. Near by is a St. Andrew's stand, where the newsboys and their impecunious elders get food at a cent or so a portion. In this short block are "Mouquin's," "Delmonico's," and a number of cheap restaurants and stands, and all are busy. Around the corner on Park Row is Dolan's old time coffee and cake house, where a fortune has been made out of "sinkers"; and close by is Dennett's, where an army of men and women, mostly clerks and copyists in the countless offices close by, is filled daily with mountains of food and rivers of coffee, to the accompaniment of Scripture texts and the musical voices of pious waiters. The hum of hundreds of voices, the sharp battle cries of the waiters, and the rattling of millions of dishes, quite hush the annoying clatter of the wagons and cars outside the doors, and go a long way with the excellent food to satisfy the appetite. Other cheap and quick lunch rooms abound. At one, sandwiches and coffee can be bought on a three cent basis. At Hitchcock's, the waiters are picturesque relics of the Bowery boys

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

of old. They take your grammatical and rhetorical order and deliver it in stentorian tones in this way: "*Ham An'! Draw One—Have it in the Dark!*" (I desire a plate of ham and beans, and a cup of coffee without milk.) In a moment your muscular waiter comes sliding down the aisle with piles of plates, pyramids of cups, and pockets full of spoons, knives and forks. He extricates your particular supply and slams them on the table before you (the cups are thick and will not break). Presently you forget all your troubles and all the heart aches of life as the best cup of coffee in New York filters into your system, and moistens the sweetest ham and the most doneful beans that you ever ate. The cost—why nothing; that is, hardly anything. You pay as a matter of form. In this next restaurant is another crowd of men, with strained faces. Ingenious machinery concealed under their hats aids tired jaws to chew with lightning speed and precise dispatch. That they may the more easily attend to the business of the moment, they help themselves to such food as pleases them, and then sit on chairs which have flat, hollowed arms, wherein they deposit their treasures of sustenance, and then devote themselves to business; jabbing their off elbows into the bodies of their rear neighbors with each masticatory effort. The exercise over, they pay their checks, rush frantically into the street, then relapse into a graceful walk, and stand on the corner and pick their teeth. This is the famous "Business Men's Quick Lunch."

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The Germans find their haven in the "*Stadt Keller*," where food and drink are served on the presumption that the eaters weigh two hundred pounds on the average.

At the corner of Nassau and Ann Streets is a French basement "*table d'hote*," where a fair meal, consisting of soup, entree, roast and dessert, with mineral water or apologetic wine, may be had for fifty cents. Around the corner, on Fulton Street, is a bakery lunch room, patronized by thousands, and a chop house. Close to Mouquin's, on Fulton Street, is Libby's excellent old oyster house, where can be had the best oysters at the most moderate prices. An oyster fry there is a revelation. So is a "Daniel Webster fish chowder" on Friday. The habits and methods of this old place have not changed in twenty-five years.

Professor Peter Kalm wrote a description of New York in 1748. Speaking of oysters, he said: "Oysters here are reckoned very wholesome. Some people assured us that they had not felt the least inconvenience after eating a considerable quantity of them." (Dear observant old soul!) "It is likewise a common rule here that oysters are best in those months which have an 'R' in their name; but they are not so good in other months. However, there are poor people who live all the year long upon nothing but oysters and bread." (What a fate!) On the other side of Mouquin's door is Brosnan's liquor store, which is frequented by many old-time characters. This place was once occupied by

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Garibaldi; and his personal servant, a rough, hairy, grimy, wild old man, may be seen daily carrying pasteboard boxes for one of the factories on Fulton Street.

GARIBALDI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

“In trance and dream of old, God’s prophet saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,
Where, fringing round Caprera’s rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,
Behold’st the vision of the seer fulfilled,
And hear’st the sea-winds burdened with a sound
Of falling chains, as one by one, unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up and swear
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white wall
Of England, from the black Carpathian range,
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
And from the Seine’s thronged banks, a murmur strange
And glad floats to thee o’er thy Summer seas
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair—
The song of freedom’s bloodless victories!
Rejoice, oh Garibaldi! Though thy sword
Failed at Rome’s gates, and blood seemed vainly poured
Where, in Christ’s name, the crowned infidel
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell
On that sad mountain slope, whose ghostly dead,
Unmindful of the gray exorcist’s ban,
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,
And draw the curtains of Napoleon’s bed!
God’s providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,
It searches all the refuges of lies;
And in His time and way, the accursed things
Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings—
One royal brotherhood, one church made free
By love, which is the law of liberty!”

It is worth one's time to go through the many restaurants of this neighborhood. To see how the people eat is to see how they live and how they do business. The shocking bad manners which Mr. Dickens saw in his American tour have almost disappeared. We have seen a man cut his apple pie into squares, put it into his glass of milk, and eat it with a spoon, wiping his mustache with his fingers; but that was better than scratching his head with a fork.

We will resume our journey at Nassau Street. It was originally a narrow lane, leading from the rear of the Federal Hall at Wall Street to the Commons, now the City Hall Park. It was first mentioned as the “Street leading by the Pye Woman's to the Commons”; and later it was called Kip Street. The high buildings of recent years, which are being added to constantly, are making a canyon of the street. Where it opens into Printing House Square, the storms rush through it with such frightful force that sometimes men are lifted from their feet by the winds and hurled against the buildings. Where these great office-buildings are, there used to be residences of well-to-do people, which changed into boarding-houses before they were succeeded by stores. Number 126 Nassau had a melancholy fame in 1842, as the home of Mary Rogers, the beauti-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ful girl who sold cigars in John Anderson's noted store on Broadway near Duane Street. She was known to many of the prominent men who patronized Mr. Anderson's store, such as General Scott, James Gordon Bennett, Edgar A. Poe, Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving. All admired and respected her. She disappeared, and her body was found floating in the river at Hoboken, horribly mutilated and disfigured. The secret of her murder was never solved. The "Mystery of Marie Roget," by Edgar A. Poe, is based upon this sad case, and gives his theory of the crime.

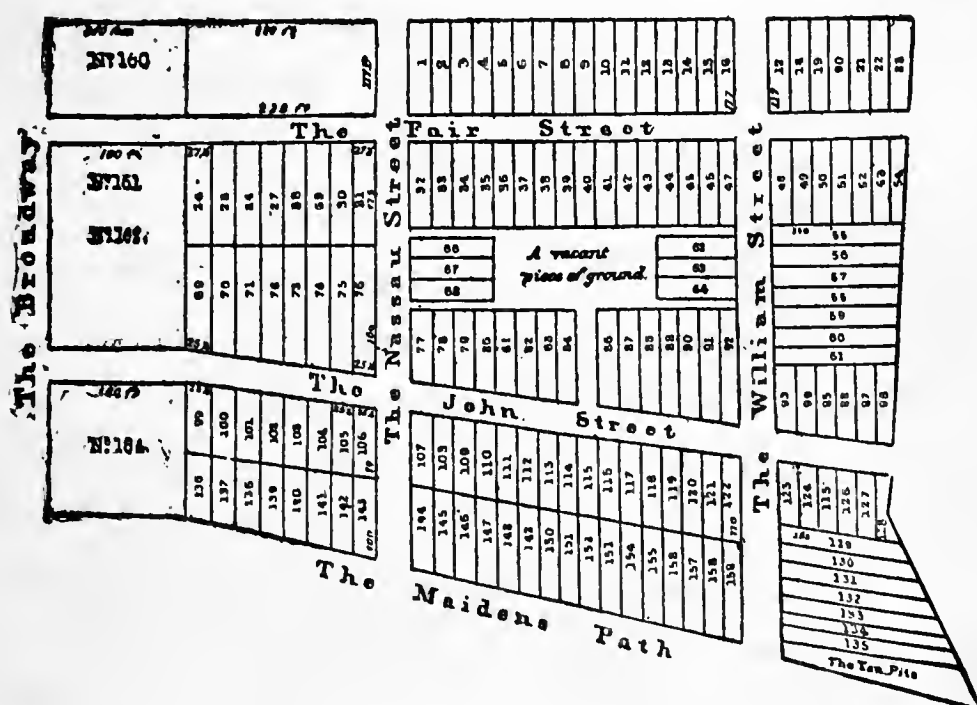
In Ann Street, east of Nassau, stood one of the old churches, Christ Episcopal Church, built in 1794. Its first minister was John Pillmore, who left the John Street Methodists. Its present site is 71st Street and the Boulevard. The surroundings are anything but churchly now.

The block between Ann and Fulton Streets is interesting ground. It was part of the pasture land of the shoemakers in old colony days, which is described in the records of the Register's office, in Liber 28 of Conveyances, page 125. In Revolutionary times it was occupied by a public resort called the Spring Garden.

The original "Herald" building stood where the Bennett building now stands. When Mr. Bennett moved his newspaper offices to Broadway he erected the Bennett building, which was the pioneer of the large iron office buildings. That was but a little more than twenty years ago. In 1875 it was bright

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and new, and had many of the leading lawyers of the City for tenants. It was the talk of the City, and was written up in the newspapers as a wonder of architecture. People journeyed for many miles to see the "immense and massive structure." It was then only six stories high. The present Bennett building is a very different affair from the original building, and is a tribute to the genius of one of the remarkable men who have been evolved



by the high pressure and the opportunities of the marvelous business life of the last few years. The building was enlarged; three stories were added to it, and the entire inside was remodeled and renovated without turning out the tenants, many of whom have remained in the building from the time it was opened. Mr. Pettit, who accomplished this work, borrowed on mortgage for the completion of his plans much more than the price which he paid Mr. Bennett for the land and the old building. He

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

has made a specialty of buying old buildings in good localities, and renovating and improving them at a maximum of advantage and a minimum of expense, so that they have wonderfully increased his original investments. Nassau Chambers, near Ann Street, and the surprising Downing building, at 106 and 108 Fulton Street, are examples of his work. The main part of the Downing building is less than fifty feet wide, but is fourteen stories high, above the store. The total number of windows is over seven hundred.

Downtown business life is much more exacting than it was a few years ago. We have now an era of steam at high pressure, and electricity at the danger point. Then, there was opportunity for relaxation, and the disposition to enjoy it. The old Bennett building had many interesting tenants, who knew and enjoyed each other, and were keenly alive to the chances for practical joking. Among them was Mr. S., an accomplished lawyer, and a rare linguist, artist and musician. He was a master at the piano and the organ. One day he arrived at his office later than usual, and showed unmistakable signs of vexation and anger. He shut himself into his sanctum and astonished his partners and associates by frequently groaning, and pounding his desk. Presently he rushed into his outer office, his face tense and flushed with emotion. Turning to one of his associates, who had some musical taste, he said: "I appeal to you. You must understand me. I am going mad. It is

the result of too acute musical sensibility. You know that pestiferous new song about 'Grandfather's Clock,' don't you?—Well, you know it's perfect musical rot; but I've got it in my head and I can't get it out. The children sing it, the hand-organs play it, the boys whistle it. The cats howl it on the back fence by night. At times I drive it out of my mind, and then a gutter band puts it all back again with malevolent force. What shall I do? What shall I do?" He was tenderly admonished and lovingly soothed, and a gentle friend took him down to Brosnan's. While he was under this influence other friends hurried about the building, begging all the tenants, and especially all office boys, to desist from their inclinations to emit the strains of the pathetic melody. A wink went with each prayerful request. In due time the victim arrived; he was smiling and quiet, having evidently found a calm in the storm. His peace was shortlived. A boy in the next office began to whistle:

"Oh, my grandfather's clock was too large for
the shelf,

So it stood ninety years on the floor!"

Then in the sanctum it was " !!! wsh! wurroo! !!" (*ad. lib.*). Then for fifteen minutes, letter carriers, messengers, clerks, entered the office, each contributing his fragment of melody; and for fifteen minutes the air of the sanctum was blue with intermittent eccentricities. The crisis came at last. A gentleman who was not in the secret entered the office, and by accident he sang:

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“But it stopped!—short!—never to go again!
When the old—man—died!”

The door of the inner office was flung open. Mr. S., a veritable wild man, rushed out, and seized the venerable citizen by the throat. His partners rescued the poor man, and made apologies. Mr. S. was frightened at his own violence, and called a cab and went home. The next day the joke leaked out, and Mr. S. was the head of a lunch table at the Astor House, at which were many of his tormentors. He was entirely cured. After that lunch it was a dangerous thing to say “Grandfather’s Clock” in the Bennett building.

The day for such doings is past. The Bennett building has been made over and now “Life is real,” and “Life is earnest”—perhaps too much so.

The newspapers and publications in their remarkable growth furnish as good an illustration as can be found of the advancement and improvement in culture and taste that have been progressing so rapidly in our City; and while here on this old “Herald” block we may look for a moment at the advancement of that paper, which from the first has simply mirrored the condition of the times, never pretending to have any special convictions of its own.

We have in our hands the first number of the “MORNING HERALD,” dated May 6, 1835. It is printed on a double sheet containing four pages 10½ inches wide by 14 inches long. Its price was one cent. The first word of the first item contains a mis-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

print: "Published daily by James Gordon Bennett & Co., office Number 20 Wall Street, basement story." The terms for advertisements were one square (sixteen lines) a year \$30, one square a single insertion 50 cents. Nearly the whole of the first page was devoted to a "*Biographical Sketch of Matthias the Prophet.*" The rest of the page contained a few lines about "*Books,*" and "*Love for Shakespeare,*" and "*Fashions for April,*" and ended up with this line: "He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do." The prospectus, on the next page, announced the policy of the paper. "Our only guide shall be good sound practical common sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in everyday life. We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or coterie, and care nothing for any election or any candidate from President down to a constable. We shall endeavor to record facts, on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments when suitable, just, independent, fearless and good-tempered." Mr. Bennett saw a field for the "Herald." He said: "There are in this city at least 150,000 persons who glance over one or more newspapers every day and only 42,000 daily sheets are issued to supply them. We have plenty of room, therefore, without jostling neighbors, rivals or friends, to pick up at least 20,000 or 30,000 for the 'Herald,' and leave something for those who come after us." The publisher takes a fling at the "Sun" in a column entitled,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“POLICE REPORTS,” and it is greatly to be desired that the present managers of the “Herald” return to first principles as announced in the first issue.

“*Police Reports.*—In this department of newspapers there exists a gross want of taste, utility or propriety, and more especially among the small daily papers. Ignorance, insipidity and inanity reign triumphant. Take for example the following paragraphs extracted at random from the New York ‘Sun’ and others: ‘James Anderson was brought up on suspicion of stealing a coat; but whether he was guilty or not we could not learn, for he escaped from the hands of justice.’ ‘Robert Barnes was charged with rioting and beating the watchman; but he also escaped from the watchhouse.’ ‘Robert McCormick, who was also similarly charged, endeavored to be similarly circumstanced; he also tried to escape, but his wind gave out and he was caught and committed.’ ‘Three noisy drunkards, Joe Ward, Matthew O’Brien and Thomas McMahan, were each fined \$2 for being drunk and were committed in default of payment.’ ‘Three peaceable drunkards, Jane Conkling, Bridget McGowan and William Edwards, were reprimanded and discharged.’ This trash is headed ‘Police Office’ and pompously set forth ‘Reported for the “Sun.”’ Such may be found every day in their columns, and if we were to look further we might even discover greater trumpery and more want of taste. Having been acquainted as editor with the business of the police office for years, we shall exclude all

such folly from our columns, *and only trouble our readers with that species of reading when there is something interesting or useful to relate. As one of the caterers for the public taste, we feel it to be our duty to say this on the subject of police reporting.* [Oh, 'Herald!' 'Herald!'] As we are generous and gentle, with this we shall stop, deeming it also somewhat irreverent toward a beneficent Providence to inquire too narrowly what are those motives, inscrutable to mortal ken, which disposes Him in His infinite wisdom to drop down block-heads here and there to edit newspapers, like weeds in a garden ere the rose has put forth its bud, or the hyacinth opened its blossom to the morning." Can anything so sweetly and gently sarcastic as this be found in the "Herald" to-day? We fear that the material progress so evident in this paper has been at the expense of the spirit of courtly attention to neighbors that is so beautifully illustrated in the foregoing article.

That the editor of the original "Herald" had a fine sense of humor mixed with streaks of philosophy and prophecy is apparent from this news article, which is unique.

"A SMALL SAMPLE.

"In a walk on a pleasant afternoon in the outskirts of the City, three or four miles beyond the City Hall, on the borders of civilization, north of Washington Square, we found ourselves before a couple of small two-story houses that swarmed with

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

pledges of love, or, in plain language, young children. 'There's a colony!' said one. 'What a flock!' said another. 'Count them!' said a third. One, two, three, four, up to nineteen, between the ages of two and ten, were actually about the doors or poking their heads out of the broken windows. Three of the little girls had each a baby in her arms; a matron stood at the door with one on the breast and another at the foot, and two had their curly heads stuck through broken panes of glass. Half a dozen dogs, some of them as large as the children, were gamboling on the pavement on a perfect footing of equality. Several pigs regaled themselves in the gutter. All seemed hardy, fat, contented and delighted with each other. No monopoly, not the slightest, could be discovered. With such samples of populousness how can New York help being a large City."

This was at Washington Square, on the outskirts of civilization!

Here are two interesting news items. "JOHN CALHOUN, HENRY CLAY and DANIEL WEBSTER are in their respective States, recreating their bodies and minds, and preparing for next year. The other Senators may move about, and no one say, 'Who goes there?'" "DAVIE CROCKETT, at the last accounts, was grinning the bark off the trees in Tennessee." The news items are confined to a few announcements from England, three inches of "*Theatrical Chat*," four inches of "*Court Circular*," and two and one-half inches of "*A Steamboat Explosion*." There are

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

four and one-half inches of poetry, and eleven inches of a composition entitled, "*The Broken Hearted*," ending with these eloquent sentences, "There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful things which pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams! In that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes flowing over the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks, like a spell from Heaven, upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to blessedness and peace." The entrancing loveliness of this anonymous essay is so steeped in the essence of sorrow that its dolorous effect must needs be neutralized, and it is immediately succeeded by a mirth-provoking dialogue between two Irish laborers, which is followed by two inches of melancholy, entitled, "*The Dying Infant*." The particular gem of the paper is entitled, "*The Female Heart*." In these prosaic days we do not appreciate the female heart as did the quaint, experienced Bennett, Sr. He said: "There is nothing under Heaven so delicious as the possession of pure, fresh, immutable affections. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most exalted of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he re-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

ceives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. More priceless than the gems of Golconda is the female heart, and more devout than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love. I would rather be the idol of one unsullied and unpracticed heart than the monarch of an empire. I would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic female than the sycophantic fawnings of millions." He then says of a prim lady: "She looks as if she was fed through a quill, and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy she was going to whistle." It is evident that a great deal of pains was spent in the preparation of this initial number of the new paper, and undoubtedly its advertising features were of the greatest consequence in that day as well as this. There are four columns of advertisements, including three "Houses to let," one "Furnished room to let," one "Woman to do housework wanted," two "Shipping advertisements," and one "Albany steamboat advertisement." Bruce's New York Type Foundry, of 13 Chambers Street and 13 City Hall Place, so well-known to New Yorkers of this day, was advertised in that first issue, and immediately following its substantial announcement was the card of R. Glover, M.D., of 2 Ann Street, whose regular course of study in medicine and surgery had, according to his views, fitted him to deal with a lot of horrible and unnamable complaints. The paper was published at Number 34 Ann Street, on the third story, at which place it was stated, "Or-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

ders will be thankfully received." The newspapers don't put it that way nowadays. If you do not take the papers you are condemned either to go to Siberia, or to acknowledge that you are a hundred years behind the times.

James Gordon Bennett's Public Declaration of Love in
the "Herald," June 1, 1840.

"TO THE READERS OF THE 'HERALD'—DECLARATION
OF LOVE—CAUGHT AT LAST—GOING TO BE MAR-
RIED—NEW MOVEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

"I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful; times are getting so good; the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life. . . .

"I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfill that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life, against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married according to the holy rites of the most holy Christian church, to one of the most remarkable, accomplished, and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

has no Stonington shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance another half a million; in soul, mind and beauty, millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily, the patronage of the public to the 'Herald' is nearly twenty-five thousand dollars per annum; almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation; the religious associations of female excellence; the progress of true industry — these have been my dreams by night, and my desires by day.

"In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal changes in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated, night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the 'Herald.'

"Meantime, I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and of America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.

“JAMES GORDON BENNETT.”

Announcement in “Herald,” June 8, 1840:

“MARRIED.

“On Saturday afternoon, the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Power, at St. Peter’s Catholic Church, in Barclay Street, James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor and editor of the New York ‘Herald,’ to Henrietta Agnes Crean. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaper contest now waging in New York, time alone can show.”

The contrast between the first number of the “Herald” and the 21,741st number, which was issued March 1, 1896, shows not only the increase of the paper, but the increase of the City, which it described from day to day. In the latter paper there are fifty-six pages, each $9\frac{1}{2}$ by $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches, including one hundred and fifty-six columns of paid advertisements. The news articles are profusely and graphically illustrated. The wrecking of the steamship “Ailsa,” and the appearance of its passengers in the rigging on February 29th, are accurately pictured. Every part of the world has contributed its share of the news, and every department of literature is represented. In the religious advertisements, giving long lists of churches, sermons and services; the “personal” advertisements, reeking with lecherosity; and the advertisements of “specialists,”

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

pointing conclusively at vice and crime; the "want" columns and the page advertisements of the great emporiums; the advertisements of "business opportunities," and the reports of the great financial institutions, many phases of the City's life are shown. A Sunday edition of the "Herald," more than any other New York newspaper, truly reflects the condition of the Metropolis, and of the armies of people that inhabit it. To digest one such issue would require a volume. Let it be ours only to suggest to the investigator of life in New York that, though he may be overcome with the size and weight of the Sunday "blanket sheets," and while he may reject some of them as cheap, sensational and unwholesome, he may always take up the "Herald" and make of it a most valuable study. We hope the day is at hand when its proprietor will discontinue its demoralizing "personal" column; but bad as that feature is, it is less unwholesome than the brutally frank descriptions and illustrations of crime which distinguish several of our most enterprising papers.

With all the strength and enterprise of the "Herald" of to-day, its editorial page is remarkable for its weakness and vapidness.

This is an editorial of July 17, 1895.

"A WORD OF WARNING."

"Women have pets and the word pets is only another name for dogs. These pets are well enough in their way, but they should be kept in their proper places. A dog in your arms—well, when there isn't

anything better to have there—is, if we may judge from observation, a rather soul satisfying thing; but if he puts his nose into your soup plate, it would be safer not to partake of the rest of that soup. It may seem incredible that a woman and a poodle should eat their food out of the same dish, but it is not an infrequent occurrence, and it should not be done, even though you are compelled to hurt the feelings of the dog by a refusal.

“We must be allowed in this connection to recall an incident that occurred to notice. The woman was caressing her pet, fondling it, kissing and hugging it. If one’s emotional nature must needs vent itself in this way, one should at least be prudent. In the instance to which we refer the dog had evidently contracted some disorder, and the contact between its nose and her lips transferred the disorder to her. She suffered torments for a few days and finally died in great agony.

“We are truly sorry to interfere with the rights of dogs, because we have great respect both for the microscopic sort and also for those so large that they have to be viewed in installments. They seem to be a great comfort to some people and to afford them even more happiness than religion. It is necessary, however, to simply remind the public that one can love a dog too much, and that the bestowal of affection on the animal may be, as it has been, carried beyond the danger point. Be a little careful about this matter, that’s all.”

Here is another editorial from the same paper.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“THAT SPOOK.

“It is not always necessary to mind what a ghost says. When a sheeted and eccentric creature revisits the pale glimpses of the moon and makes himself visible to you, listen to him respectfully, contradict him if he makes any preposterous statements, and then go about your business as though nothing had happened.

“It is rather important to accept this advice, and if Robert Montgomery had acted on that policy he would be to-day among the jolly miners in Number Eighteen Colliery. He was a veteran of the war and never sneaked behind fence or tree; but a ghost has caused his death. Whether this ghost will be held in the Elysian Fields on the charge of homicide, or whether Robert, now that he is dead, will be sent to an idiot asylum, we have unfortunately no means of knowing. We have correspondents in every quarter of the globe, but beyond that limit we are like the weather prophets, and have to guess.

“Robert was down in the mine, several hundred feet below the reach of sunshine, where only a dim religious light prevailed, and he heard strange noises, so he said. Then a cold draught swept by him, as though some bird of evil omen were flapping its wings. A little later he saw a form, clothed in white, but to his questions he got no answer. Robert remarked to his comrades that he had been ‘called.’ He was in robust health, without ache or pain, but he went straight to bed, and

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

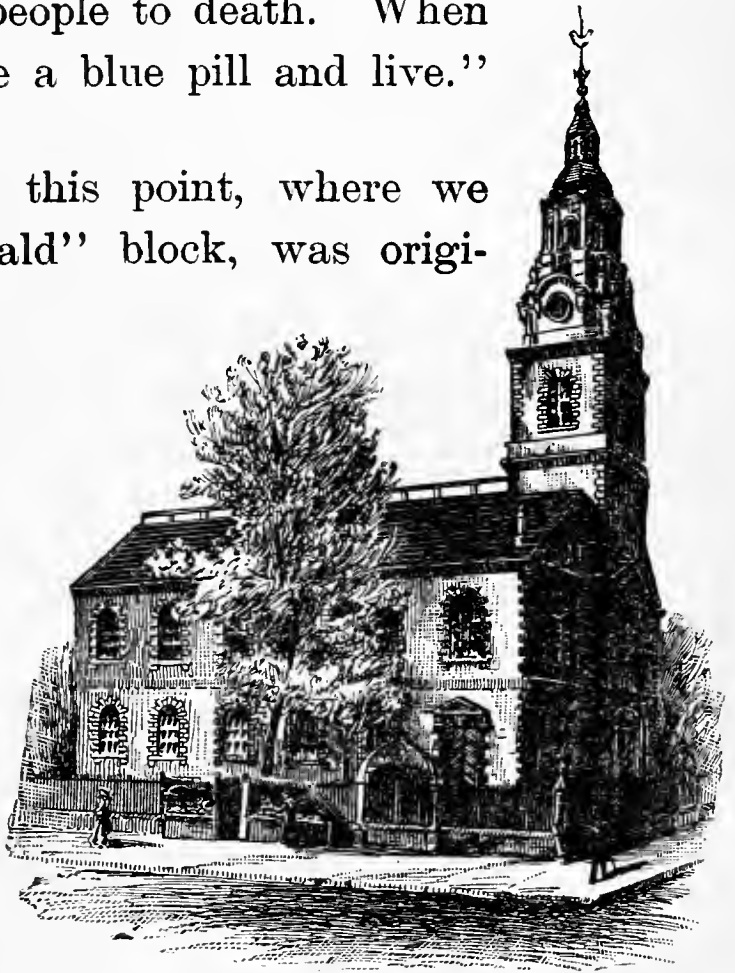
the notion that he was going to die so dominated his body that in the course of a day or two he really did die.

“Now, we are all afraid of ghosts, whether we believe in them or not, but it isn't quite the square thing for a ‘spirit’ to come down into this lower region and frighten people to death. When you see a spook take a blue pill and live.”

Fulton Street at this point, where we leave the old “Herald” block, was originally called Fair Street, and as late as 1728 it ran only to Cliff Street. Fulton Street west of Broadway was called Partition Street. Cliff Street was named after Dirck Van der Clyff, who owned the land from which it ran,

and whose orchard lay between the present John Street and Maiden Lane, east of William Street.

At the corner of Fulton and William Streets was the North Dutch Church and its graveyard, the memory of which is perpetuated by The Fulton Street Daily Noon-Day Prayer Meeting. This church, which was erected in 1767, marked the growth of the denomination, which could not be accommodated



Old North Dutch Church.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

in the Garden Street and the Middle Churches. The consistory had received the site as a donation from John Harpending, the old shoemaker, before 1722, and it was arranged that the building should front on "Horse and Cart Lane" (William Street). Harpending's coat of arms, showing his hammer and awl, were painted on a board and hung over the pulpit. The building cost twelve thousand pounds. The graveyard received the remains of many prominent old citizens. The English soldiers in the Revolution treated the church with the same contempt that they showed for the other Dutch edifices. They made a prison of it, and at one time eight hundred Americans were crowded into it, and they suffered greatly from hunger, cold, and sickness. Ethan Allen wrote of this place:

"I have seen prisoners here in the agony of death in consequence of very hunger, and others speechless, sucking bones or even biting chips, and others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears and despair seemed imprinted on every countenance. They would beg for one copper or a morsel of bread. It is computed that 1,500 died in the course of four months. As the breath left their bodies, they were dragged out by the arm or leg, piled at the door, and there left till there was a cartload, when they were taken to the outskirts of the city and dumped into a ditch. Such was the end of many a brave soldier."

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The dishonored bodies of the dead were dumped on the open grounds beyond the Jews' cemetery near Chatham Square, where they were thrown promiscuously into shallow trenches out of which they were often dug by dogs or washed by heavy rains. For years the bleaching bones could be seen, lying about, on the ground. When the Americans returned to the city in 1783, the edifice was renovated and the services then resumed were continued for many years. Finally the building was demolished and the bones in the graveyard were removed and carried to Greenwood Cemetery. This spot has its sacred memories.

The first Firemen's Hall was standing on the north side of Fulton Street just east of Gold, in 1824, and it accommodated four primitive engines.

The Moravian Church was on the southeast corner of Fulton and William Streets.

Through the street are scattered stores which date back to 1850. Such a store is that kept by James Fallon, a relic of the quieter days, who keeps on making shoes, the while shaking his head and regretfully saying that Fulton Street has been turned upside down in his time.

The next street east is Gold Street. Like Cliff Street it was a lane running down to Dirck Vander Clyff's orchard. It ran over Golden Hill, rich in summer time with its yellow grain, and its curves are reproduced in the pavements and house fronts. A quaint old street is Gold Street and well

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

worth a trip, but we must return to Nassau Street, or we will lose our bearings.

At the southeast corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets was the Shakespeare Tavern. Here gathered the literary men of old New York, among them being DeWitt Clinton, Fitz-Greene Halleck and James K. Paulding. David Provost, called "Old Ready Money," the daring and defiant Long Island



Shakespeare Inn, Fulton and Nassau Sts.

smuggler, was a regular visitor. He is buried in Jones Wood near the foot of East 71st Street. The Seventh Regiment had its origin at the old tavern. This magnificent regiment is descended from the 11th Regiment of New York Artillery. The officers of that regiment met regularly at the tavern, which was a weather-beaten two-storied yellow brick building with dormer-windows and garret, and a remark-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

ably ugly picture of Shakespeare hanging from an arm over the door. In 1826 the 11th Regiment became the 27th Regiment of Infantry. It was frequently called upon to defend the City in riots and to represent it in pageants. It marched in the funeral procession of ex-President Monroe in 1831, in the reception to General Jackson in 1833, and in the funeral procession of Lafayette in 1834. It served the City in the riots of 1834, in the great fire of 1835, and in riots in 1836 and 1837. It marched in the funeral procession of General Harrison in 1841, and in the reception to President Tyler in 1843. It did duty in the fire of 1845. It marched in General Jackson's funeral procession in 1845. In 1847 the State regiments were renumbered, but the 27th Regiment was allowed to retain a part of its title, and it became the 7th Regiment. It defended the City's honor in the Astor Place riot in 1849, and in the riots of 1857 and 1858, and from that time to the present has been in the forefront of the City's militia on every occasion that its services have been required. While the regiment, as a separate organization, did not see any serious war services in the rebellion, it contributed over six hundred officers to the Union army, of whom three were major-generals, nineteen brigadier-generals, and twenty-nine colonels. Its gray uniform originated in the 11th Regiment in 1824, when it was an escort to General Lafayette. A private, Phielutes H. Holt, appeared in the street in his gray working coat, which fitted his trim figure snugly. At that time

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

the officers were discussing a new uniform, and seeing Holt, they decided upon the gray suit, which has ever since been the basis of the 7th Regiment uniform. This is not the place to describe the 7th Regiment, but it is interesting to note the progress of that excellent organization, from the time that it was organized in the ramshackle Shakespeare Tavern, to the present time, when it occupies an armory worth, with its fittings, a million dollars.

At John Street we must diverge on either side. Number 15 John Street is the place where stood the little red frame theater that was in use before the Revolution, and where the British officers played amateur theatricals during their occupation of the City. Major Andre had a part in several of the performances. It was gayly illuminated in honor of Washington's inauguration. The first theater in the City was in the rear of the Middle Dutch Church, the second was on Beekman Street, near Nassau; this one in John Street was the third, and the Park Theater was the fourth. The John Street theater was built in 1767, and performances were continuous until 1776, when the Provincial Congress recommended a suspension of public amusements. While the British occupied the City, numerous amateur entertainments were given. In 1786, Lewis Hallam reopened the theater with regular performances. Thomas Wignell was the leading actor. The mother of Edgar Allan Poe (then Miss Arnold), was a member of the company. When President Washington resided in New York City, he frequently

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

attended the performances in the John Street theater, which, with all their crudeness, pleased and diverted him. There he saw "The School for Scandal," "Every one has his Fault," "Poor Soldier," and "Darby's Return." In his diary, under date of Tuesday, November 24, 1789, he made this record: "A good deal of company at the levee to-day. Went to the play in the evening. Sent tickets to the following ladies and gentlemen, and invited them to take seats in my box; viz., Mrs. Adams (lady of the Vice-President), General Schuyler and lady, Mr. King and lady, Major Butler and lady, Colonel Hamilton and lady, Mrs. Greene—all of whom accepted and came, except Mrs. Butler, who was indisposed." On one occasion the great Wignell played "Darby," who was supposed after a trip abroad to have returned to the United States, and to have observed the inauguration. The actor sang this song at Washington, who was near the stage:

"A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm, a soldiering to go;
But having gained his point, he had, *like me*,
Returned his own potato-ground to see.

"But then he could not rest. With one accord,
He is called to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor—"

and "the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and changes of countenance of the great man became intense."

Washington's adopted son said: "In New York,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

the play-bill was headed, 'By particular desire,' when it was announced that the President would attend. On those nights the house would be crowded from top to bottom, as many to see the hero as the play. Upon the President's entering the stage-box with his family, the orchestra would strike up 'The President's March' (now 'Hail Columbia'), composed by a German named Feyles, in '89, in contradistinction to the march of the Revolution, called 'Washington's March.' The audience applauded on the entrance of the President, but the pit and gallery were so truly despotic in the early days of the republic that, so soon as 'Hail Columbia' had ceased, 'Washington's March' was called for by the deafening din of a hundred voices at once, and upon its being played, three hearty cheers would rock the building to its base."

On the other side of the Street, between Nassau and William, is the site of the first Methodist Church in America. Although the original building is gone, the pulpit from which John Wesley preached is there, and so is the clock that ticked for him.

The Methodist Church has been a mighty force in the development of the nation, and it has had much to do with the extension of civilization, education and popular religion. It was begun and organized in our City. To Barbara Heck must be given the credit for its beginning. She was a plain woman, who came to America with some friends and kinsmen who had been converted according to the Wesleyan idea in western Ireland.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Calling at the house of other associates, she found a company of them playing cards. They had not held any religious service since their arrival in America, and she rebuked them, and then called on her cousin, Philip Embury, who had been an exhorter in Ireland, to hold a class meeting and to preach to them. The rebuke was received kindly, and Embury organized a class meeting at his humble home in the

street now called City Hall Place. The meetings were successful, and the worshipers, needing a larger room, moved to the rigging loft at 120 William Street, in which the Baptist Church was afterward formed. Captain Thomas Webb was the drill master at Albany. He, too, was a Wesleyan; and hearing of the meeting in

William Street, he came down unannounced, and marched in while the service was proceeding. He was in full uniform, carried a sword, and wore a great bandage around his head to conceal the loss of an eye. At first the people were alarmed; but, discovering his purpose, they invited him to preach, which he did, with his sword placed on the Bible,



First Methodist Episcopal Church,
120 William St.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

holding it open to his text. Thereafter Captain Webb preached for them frequently, and he was a mighty addition to the little company.

The Methodists received a heartier welcome in New York than was given them in England; and when the time came to build a church, contributions were made by people of all the other denominations. This, however, was not a strange thing to occur in tolerant New York. Mary Barkley, the widow of the second rector of Trinity Church, leased the John Street site to the Methodists in 1768, and in 1777 they bought it. Among the contributors were Judge Robert Livingston, Mayor James Duane, Recorder Delancey, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Trinity Church. Embury, the first preacher, worked as a carpenter on the building, and preached the dedication sermon. It was unlawful for dissenters from the Church of England to build houses of worship; but at the suggestion of the City authorities a fireplace and chimney were put in the building, which was then classed as a dwelling. John Wesley was informed of the organization, and he sent Asbury to give a formal consecration to the church and its ministers.

In 1760 the Methodist Church numbered six persons, now it is the largest Protestant denomination in America, having millions of members and Sunday-school scholars, owning immense properties, and sustaining thousands of churches, besides schools, seminaries and colleges.

The John Street church is more venerated than

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

any other Methodist building in the land, and it is loved by the many evangelists of other denominations, who have adopted the ideas and religious methods of the Wesleyans. In this church, and the structure which preceded it, nearly all the great Methodist ministers and bishops have preached. The present society is small, and many of its members come from Brooklyn; but they have a loyal ambition to sustain the historic society, and such help as is needed is not lacking from members of the denomination who worship in other churches.

In the early days, when this neighborhood was filled with the dwellings of thrifty people, the John Street church was a place of great activity, and its free and unconventional meetings, contrasting greatly with the services of the staid Dutch and the formal Episcopalian churches, appealed strongly to the common people, whom it attracted in large numbers. As an example of the peculiar power of that church in those days, we cite the case of John Reid, from whose descendants the Methodists have gained preachers and men of wealth and business success.

Mr. Reid arrived in New York, a poor immigrant, with his family. They were dressed in the plainest old-country clothing. He was a strict churchman, and on his first Sabbath in America he went out to find a church. He reached the door of old Trinity, and entering, was shown into a dark and dingy pew, under the front gallery, far from the pulpit, marked, "For Strangers." He was sad,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

lonely and sensitive, and had the impression that the people about him were whispering about his poor clothes. He spent an uncomfortable hour, and left with the resolve that he would never enter the church again. On the following Sunday, while strolling through the streets, he passed the John Street church, and saw many people dressed like himself going in. He noticed that everybody who went in had a cheerful, smiling face. His prejudices were very strong against dissenters; but he plucked up resolution to enter with the rest, and was seated in one of the best pews. He heard a very plain and helpful sermon. His strangeness wore off as he received hearty greetings and invitations to come again from those who sat nearest to him. He did return, and his family grew up to be Methodists. One of his children was the late esteemed missionary secretary, the Rev. John Morrison Reid, D.D., LL.D.

The John Street Church still influences the neighborhood in which it stands. Daily its doors are thrown open at noon, and many business men go there for consultation and prayer. This meeting and the Fulton Street meeting are notable circumstances of the downtown business life.

From the door of the church we may see a tablet on the building at the northwest corner of John and William Street, which tells us that the first blood of the Revolution was shed there.

The Sons of Liberty had a Liberty-pole in the Common, opposite Montanye's Tavern, which was

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

in the neighborhood of the present 252 Broadway. The British soldiers, whose barracks were along Chambers Street, cut the poles down several times, and as often as they demolished them they were replaced, sometimes after severe encounter between them and the angry people. On January 13, 1770, a number of soldiers began to saw away at the pole, and some citizens interfering with them, the soldiers drove them into the tavern at the point of the bayonet, and then completed their work of destruction. The bell of St. George's Chapel called the people together. Thousands of citizens gathered and denounced the outrage, and formally resolved that any soldiers found acting in the same manner again would be deemed to be the people's enemies. The next day three soldiers posted up handbills that ridiculed the citizens' meeting, and they were promptly arrested by citizens, who disarmed them and started with them for the mayor's office, in the City Hall at Broad Street. The battle of Golden Hill resulted. This account of the battle was published in the New York "Journal," March 1, 1770.

"The soldiers, determined to execute their project, availed themselves of the dead hour of the night, and at one o'clock they cut down the *Pole*, sawed and split it in pieces, and carried them to Mr. Montanye's door, where they threw them down and said, 'Let us go to our barracks.'

"This act so exasperated the citizens that they concluded, with the assent of the authorities, to pull

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

down an *old house* which was sometimes used as a barrack by the soldiers, and also a fortification or shelter, to cover their retreat when engaged in pulling down this *pole*. The soldiers drew their cutlasses and bayonets, and dared the inhabitants to come and pull it down. The magistrates and officers, however, interposed, but the soldiers were bent on further insult to the citizens; so they published a handbill, reflecting on their place of meeting (*which they called*) the Gallows Green, a vulgar phrase for a common place of execution, for murderers, robbers, traitors and rioters; to the latter they compare the Liberty Boys, who have nothing to boast of but the flippancy of tongue, etc. Mr. Isaac Sears and Mr. Walter Quackenbos, seeing six or seven soldiers going toward the *Fly Market*, concluded they were going to it to put up some of the above (handbills) papers; upon the former coming to the *market*, they made up to the soldiers, and found them, as they had conjectured, pasting up one of the papers. Mr. Sears seized the soldier that was fixing the paper, by the collar, and asked him what business he had to put up libels against the inhabitants? and that he would carry him before the Mayor. Mr. Quackenbos took hold of one that had the papers on his arms. A soldier standing to the right of Mr. Sears drew his bayonet; upon which the latter took a *ram's-horn*, and threw it at the former, which struck him on the head; and then the soldiers, except the two that were seized, made off, and alarmed others in the bar-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

racks. They immediately carried the two to the Mayor, and assigned him the reason of their bringing them before him. The Mayor sent for Alderman Desbrosses, to consult on what would be proper to be done in the matter. In the meantime, a considerable number of people collected opposite to the Mayor's. Shortly after about twenty soldiers, with cutlasses and bayonets, from the lower barracks, made their appearance, coming to the Mayor's thro' the main street. When they came opposite to Mr. Peter Remsen's, he endeavored to dissuade them from going any further (supposing they were going to the Mayor's), represented to them that they would get into a scrape; but his advice was not taken, owing, as he supposes, to one or two of their leaders, who seemed to be intoxicated. The people collected at the Mayor's determined to let them pass by peaceably and unmolested, and opened for them to go thro'. Captain Richardson and some of the citizens, judging they intended to take the two soldiers from the Mayor's by force, went to his door to prevent it. When the soldiers came opposite to his house, they halted; many of them drew their swords and bayonets; some say they all drew; but all that were present agree that many did, and faced about to the door, and demanded the soldiers in custody; some of them attempted to get into the house to rescue them; Captain Richardson and others at the door prevented them, and desired them to put up their arms, and go to their barracks; that the soldiers were before the Mayor, who

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

would do them justice; the soldiers within likewise desired them to go away to their barracks, and leave them to the determination of the Mayor. Upon the soldiers' drawing their arms, many of the inhabitants, conceiving themselves in danger, ran to some sleighs that were near, and pulled out some of the rungs. The Mayor and Alderman Desbrosses came out, and ordered the soldiers to their barracks. After some time they moved up the Fly. The people were apprehensive that, as the soldiers had drawn their swords at the Mayor's house, and thereby contemned the civil authorities and declared war against the inhabitants, it was not safe to let them go thro' the streets alone, lest they might offer violence to some of the citizens. To prevent which they followed them and the two magistrates aforesaid to the corner of Golden Hill (John Street and Pearl), and in their going, several of the citizens reasoned with them on the folly of their drawing their swords, and endeavored to persuade them to sheathe them, assuring them no mischief was intended them, but without success. They turned up Golden Hill, and about the time they had gained the summit, a considerable number of soldiers joined them, which inspired them to reinsult the magistrates, and exasperate the inhabitants; which was soon manifested by their facing about, and one in silk stockings and neat buckskin breeches (who is suspected to have been an officer in disguise) giving the word of command, 'Soldiers, draw your bayonets and cut your way through them,' the former

was immediately obeyed, and they called out, 'Where are your Sons of Liberty now?' and fell on the citizens with great violence, cutting and slashing. One of them made a stroke with a cutlass at Mr. Francis Field, one of the people called Quakers, standing in an inoffensive posture in Mr. Field's door, at the corner, and cut him on the right cheek; and if the corner had not broke the stroke, it would have probably killed him. This party that came down to the main street cut a tea-water man drawing his cart, and a fisherman's finger; in short, they attacked every person that they could reach, and their companions on Golden Hill were more inhuman; for, besides cutting a sailor's head and finger, they stabbed another with a bayonet; two of them followed a boy going for sugar into Mr. Elsworth's house; one of them cut him on the head with a cutlass, and the other made a lunge with a bayonet at a woman. During the action on the hill, a small party of soldiers came along the Fly by the market, and halted near Mr. Norwood's, where they drew their bayonets and attempted to strike Mr. Jon. White. After which many of the magistrates and officers collected together and dispersed the soldiers."

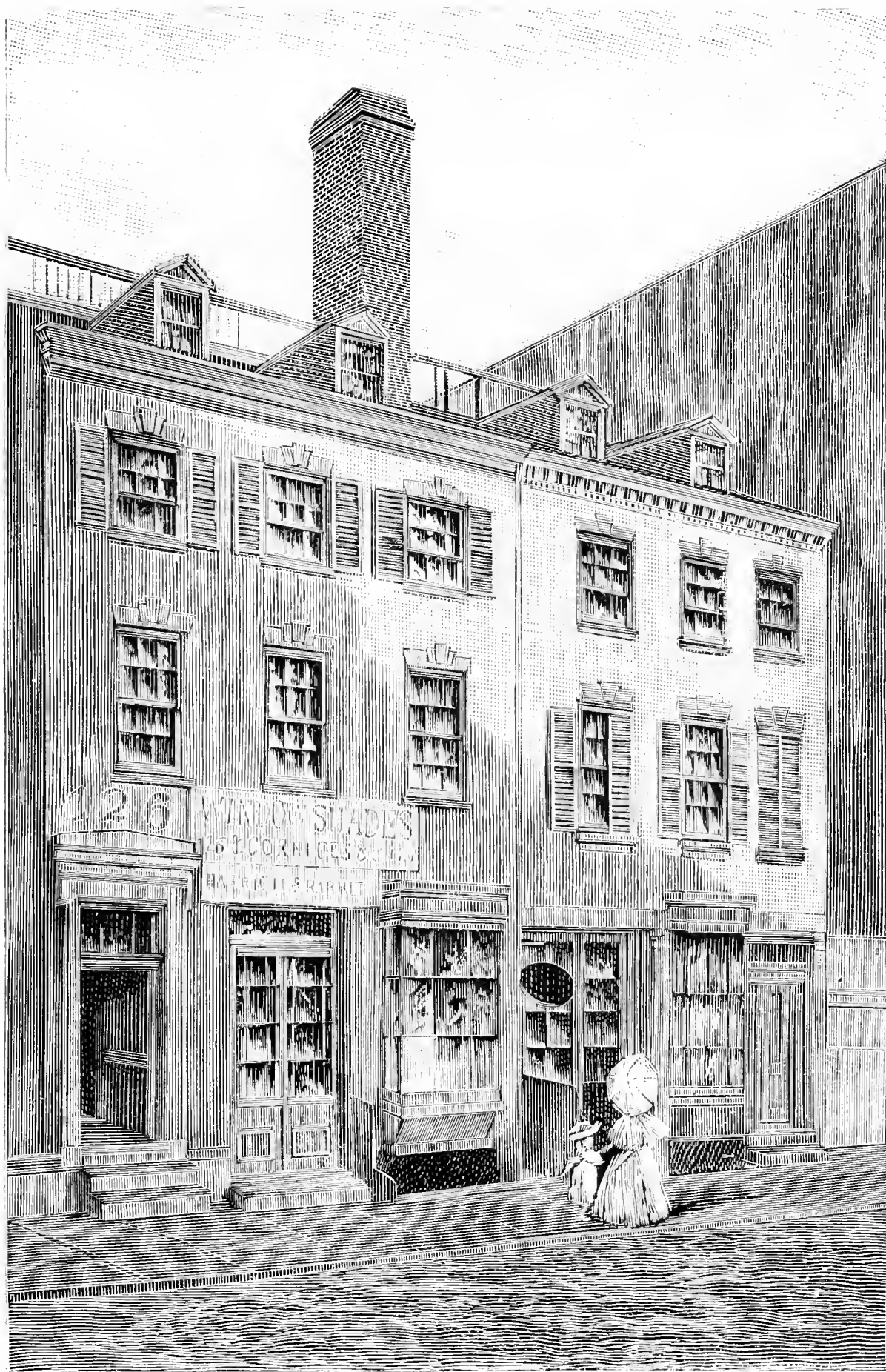
The battle occurred in the rear of the old house Number 122 William Street.

Several of the Americans died from their wounds.

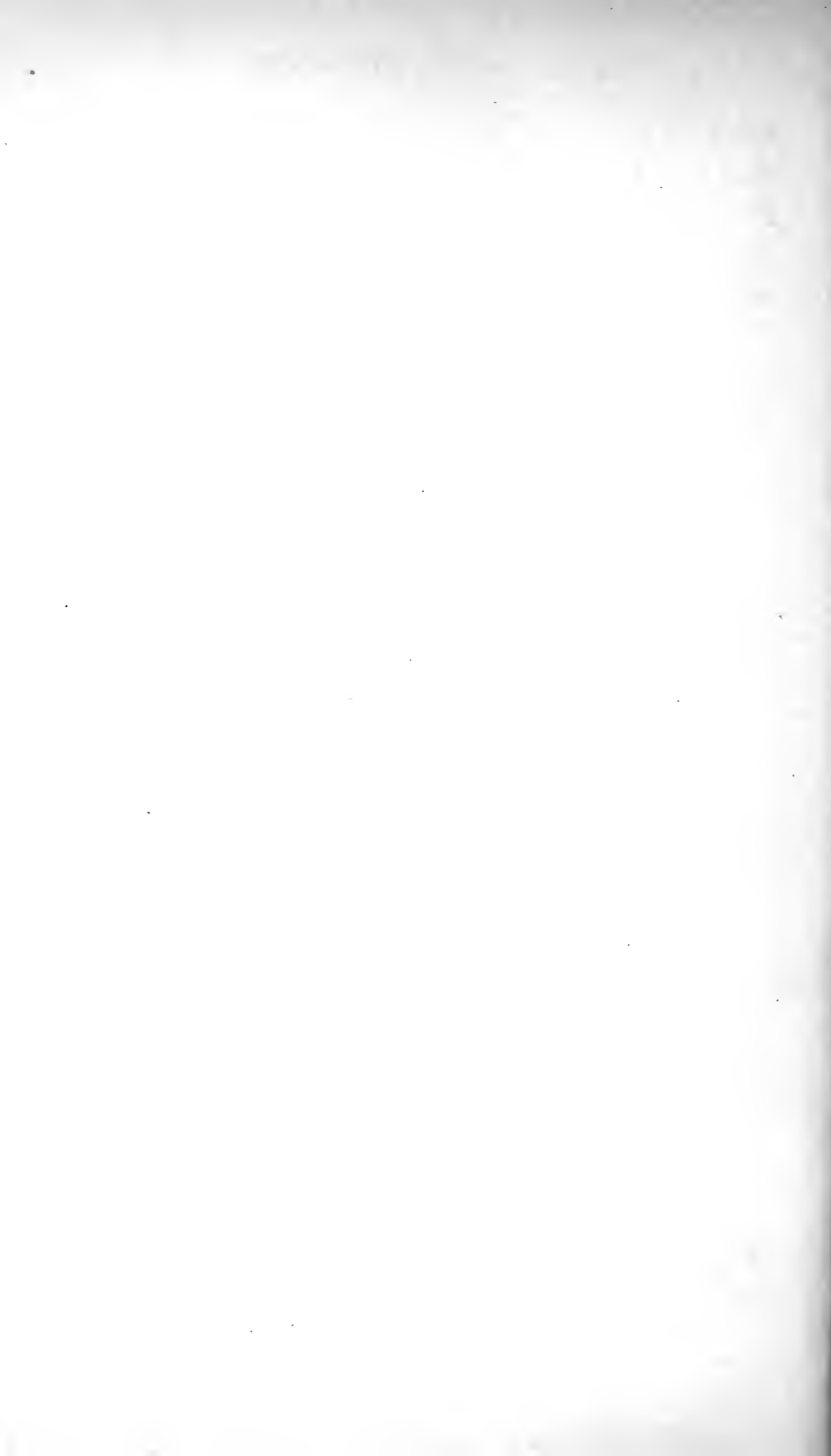
On the next day in the market three of the soldiers attacked a couple of old women who had spoken derisively of them, cutting one of them with

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

a sword; and a party of them attacked Mayor Hicks in the neighborhood of Golden Hill; but were driven off by a crowd of the Liberty Boys, who often assembled at the old tavern at 122 William Street. This was the first blood shed in the struggle for liberty, and it was the first physical resistance to the tyrannous acts of England's representatives. The effect of this conflict upon the people of the City was startling and lasting. The church bells rang, calling the people together, and the excitement and indignation of the citizens was forcibly expressed in public gatherings. Two months afterward, British soldiers attacked the people in the streets of Boston, and shot several of them. These outrages called forth the thrilling speeches of the early patriotic orators, who again and again called for forcible resistance to the English government, in the name of those whose blood had been shed. The two old buildings at Numbers 122 and 126 William Street are in a very good state of repair. Number 122, which we have mentioned, was erected about two hundred years ago. Its foundations are solid, its fireplaces big, its walls three feet thick, and its brick Holland's own. Its neighbor, Number 126, was built by the owner of Number 122 shortly after the Revolution. The Lanthorn Club meets at Number 126. It is composed of odd men of various callings, whose happiness is conserved by eating primitive dinners in old buildings, and scribbling on the walls between courses. In this weird assembly may be found Irving Bacheller, Willis B. Hawkins, Edward



OLD HOUSES IN WILLIAM STREET, BETWEEN FULTON AND JOHN STREETS, 1861.



NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Marshall, Charles W. Hooke (Howard Fielding), Stephen Crane, John Brisbane Walker, Louis Klopsch, Paul Wilcox, and Van Eyrie Kilpatrick; and occasionally Alden, Howells, Gilder, Lathrop, Stoddard, and such bright lights are so filled up with Revolutionary yarns as to be induced to return to infantile days and write their names where Captain Kidd and General Putnam and Benedict Arnold and Lafayette and Provost-marshal Cunningham, and other shades, are believed to have enjoyed the pot.

On the other side of William Street is a curious little basement store kept by a Greek named Papodopolo, who sells sponges and shells and curiosities of the seas. His wares come from every warm clime. There is a dreamy, briny, far-away suggestiveness about the place and its sleepy Greek occupants, which carries you away from William Street. On a post close to the proprietor's desk are pencil memoranda of addresses. One address is in classical Mitylene. The next is in our own Exchange Place.

At 131 William Street Washington Irving was born. His family moved across the street to Number 128, where he passed his boyhood. Smooth, gentle and quiet, his sketches seem to show him; but he was a prankish youngster. It was his delight to straddle the ridge-pole of his home, make his way to a higher building next door, and drop big stones down its chimney, to the amazement of its occupants, who could not understand how such things could be, except by the work of bad spirits. The "leatherhead" policemen of his day were always

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

objects of sport for the boys, and it is related that one night, discovering one of them asleep in his watch-box, young Irving and his friends lassoed the box and rushed off, dragging it after them, the poor old "leatherhead" shouting bloody murder, until they dropped him and scampered home. One day his nurse lifted him up to the great Washington for his blessing, saying, "Dear General Washington, this is the bairnie who was named after ye." The blessing came back in the shape of the exalted "Life of Washington," which we love to read.

William Street was once the resort of ladies bent upon shopping. It was filled with dry-goods stores. We would look in vain for such trade now, though at some hours of the day there are many women to be seen. They are not there to shop, however, but to perform the various kinds of work which have been opened up to women during the last few years. We remember well, how unusual it was a few years ago to meet women in these streets; but the development of the typewriter, and the general use of shorthand in all classes of business, have given to women a field of work in which they have shown themselves to be competent and serviceable. It is an inspiring sight to see the multitudes of self-reliant young women who have made themselves indispensable to the business of our City. They sustain themselves well, and they have lost nothing of their grace, carriage and character. There is no city in the world where so many women are engaged daily in honorable call-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

ings, and there is no other city where they are more cordially received into business circles and stand more squarely upon their merits and receive a higher rating than they do in New York.

William Street was first called Smith's Vly (or Valley), after the blacksmith whose shop was at Maiden Lane. The shoemakers' tan pits were in the north side of Maiden Lane east of William Street.

Returning to the "Street that Leads by the Pye Woman's" we resume our stroll toward Wall Street and the Fort.

The Reformed Germans had their church on the east side of Nassau Street between John Street and Maiden Lane.

Thomas Jefferson, while Secretary of State, lived in Maiden Lane.

The negro uprising of 1712 occurred in this neighborhood. There were then nearly five thousand slaves in the City. A number of them gathered in an orchard of Mr. Cooke, near Maiden Lane, and set an outhouse on fire. When the people came to put out the fire, they were murdered. A company of soldiers from the Fort dispersed the conspirators. Over twenty of them were caught and executed, some of them being burned.

Back of the Bryant building on Liberty Street is Liberty Place, and on that little alley, where the Real Estate Exchange and Auction Room stands, was the original Quaker meeting-house. Liberty Street was then called Little Green Street. The

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Quakers occupied this meeting-house from about the year 1770 until the time of the Revolutionary War, when they built a larger place on Pearl Street between Franklin Square and Oak Street.

In Liberty Street close to Nassau lived one who was not a Quaker, Captain Kidd. He used the first woven carpet in New York.

We are not far from the site of the First Baptist Church, which was erected on Gold Street near John about 1760. In 1762 the congregation was re-organized, and removed to the corner of Broome and Elizabeth Streets in 1842, then in 1871 to Park Avenue and 39th Street. It is now on West 81st Street near the Boulevard. It has had only nine pastors since its founding.

These blocks, so nearly devoid now of church buildings, saw the birth of most of the leading denominations that are now so prosperous in our city.

The block on Nassau Street between Liberty and Cedar is hallowed by memories which must ever be dear to us who treasure the record of heroism made by the men who devoted their lives to the securing of the nation's independence. The Mutual Life Insurance building has given grace, beauty and richness to the neighborhood, and shows our modern tendencies to their best advantage. The appearance of that block is so different from what it was only a few years ago that it is difficult for us to remember the old Dutch church that was used as a Post-office, and we almost doubt that we stand on the same spot.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The Middle Dutch Church was built about 1728, to accommodate the increasing membership, and it was used regularly for worship until the British occupation in 1776. The English soldiers, having no sympathy for Dutch churches, used the building at one time as a riding school for their cavalry and at another time as a prison. The Livingston Sugar-house, which adjoined it on Liberty Street, was also used as a prison. When Fort Washington fell, through the treachery of its commander's orderly, the captured garrison was imprisoned in the church and the sugar-house. At one time there were three thousand prisoners in those two buildings, suffering the severest privations and miseries. There they were kept as prisoners, while their companions in arms fought out the unequal struggle. The treatment of these prisoners was grossly inhuman. They had meager rations of unwholesome food, the buildings were not warmed even in the coldest days of the very severe winters; they had no supply of clothing, and no facilities for washing. Many of them sickened and died. There was no hospital service, and scarcely any attention was paid to dying men. The sick were not separated from the well. The beds were of straw, with a mixture of vermin, who were perpetually hungry, because of the poor picking they had. For weeks at a time the death rate averaged ten a day. As men died, their bodies were dragged to the entrance of the church, and lay there until they were removed to the "dead cart," which carried

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

them to the dumping ground beyond the "Jews' Burying Ground," or to the trench in the public part of Trinity's graveyard. While those terrible sufferings were being endured with patriotic fortitude, the British garrison of the City enjoyed life fairly well.

The thousands of Americans who were held prisoners in New York from 1776 to 1783 were confined in the Jail, the Bridewell, Columbia College at the end of Park Place, the City Hall at Wall Street, the Quaker meeting-house on Pearl Street, north of Hague Street, the Presbyterian Brick Church (site of "Times" building), the North Dutch Church on Fulton Street, the Middle Dutch Church on Nassau Street, the Presbyterian Church on Wall Street, the Scotch Church in Cedar Street, between Nassau Street and Broadway, the French Church in Pine Street, near Nassau Street, the Rhinelander Sugar-house at Rose and Duane Streets, and the Sugar-house on Liberty Street, near Nassau Street. Everywhere they suffered. Mrs. Deborah Franklin, Mrs. Ann Mott, Mrs. Whitten, Miss Margaret Lent, Mrs. Penelope Hall, Mr. John Fillis, and Mr. Jacob Watson, were conspicuous for their friendliness to the prisoners and their efforts to mitigate their troubles.

When the Sugar-house in Liberty Street was torn down in 1840, the names of many of the prisoners were found scratched on the walls and beams with pathetic messages. Many so etched their names, in the hope that their friends might afterward learn

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

of their fate. Sergeant Waddy commanded this prison. John Paulding, one of Andre's captors, was confined in the Dutch Church on Nassau Street, and escaped through a tunnel. His partner in the venture, Azariah Clark, was caught, and was whipped within an inch of his life, and put in a dungeon, with nothing to sit or lie on except vermin and straw. He was afterward exchanged, in a pitifully emaciated condition. Judge Thomas, the hero of Westchester County, who was seized in his bed by British soldiers on March 22, 1777, died in the Sugar-house on May 2, 1777, from the treatment he received, and was thrown into the ditch in Trinity churchyard, near the Pine Street monument. Commodore Talbot, one of our first naval commanders, was a prisoner in the Sugar-house.

Chaplain McCabe has told us of the bright side of life in Libby Prison, and there was a bright side to the darkness of the Sugar-house Prison. Blessed are those sunny dispositions which can extract humor and comfort out of the hard circumstances of life! They relieve the pangs of their own suffering, and save others less hopefully constituted from utter despair and collapse. There were two bright sunny men among the herd of prisoners—Captain Lord and Lieutenant Drumgoole. There was no circumstance, however discouraging and cheerless, that did not afford opportunity for the witty plays of these two, who, nevertheless, were as tender and gentle to the more unfortunate of their comrades as the best of nurses could have been. They were familiarly known

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

as *Orestes* and *Pylades*. They instituted a court, taking turns as judge and prosecuting attorney, and many of their comrades were tried on charges of overfeeding and overdrinking. The humor of this situation was so great that it could not be retained within prison walls, and some of the young English officers visited the prison to enjoy the fun of the trials. There was fun indeed, but not for the Englishmen, who were more or less "guyed," and whose hearts were touched by the sight of men who were thin and weak and dying, from lack of the necessaries of life, and trying to warm themselves by laughing at their misfortunes. The American officers soon received an invitation to dine with their visitors, and were delighted to find that some extraordinary arrangement had been made for them, whereby they were to be conducted from the prison to the place of their entertainment. Of course they accepted the invitation, and a rare time they had at the feast which had been prepared for them. This feast, however, meant better things than temporary relief. A negro who had been servant to one of the officers had made his way to the city and had entered into the service of the English, so as to be near the prison where his master was confined. A few days afterward he came into the prison with a basket of provisions sent by the generous English soldiers, and what was better, communicated a plan of escape, which was followed by Drumgoole and Lord, and resulted in their deliverance from prison. They

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

always believed that some of their English friends, touched by their distress, opened a door and neglected to shut it.

To the brave but unfortunate men who, by the fate of war, were prevented from engaging in the struggle of battle, equally with those who served their country in the field, is due the gratitude of the nation, which has sprung out of patriotic sacrifices.

We should never pass this noble insurance building without stopping to think of the connection between that which we see and the scenes that so short a time ago were enacted upon the same ground.

When the war was over, the City evacuated, and the prison emptied, the church was in a sorry condition. The marks of the hard usage of the soldiers were there, and the pathetic evidences of the sufferings of multitudes of prisoners were there too. Within the walls, consecrated by the death of many American soldiers, the returning people worked to restore their church so that it could be used for worship. It was a long time before it was fit for occupancy, but finally services were resumed. The last service was held in 1844. In 1845 the building was bought by the United States government for a post-office. It was unsuitable for this use, but there was a general demand for it, to which the government yielded.

The land was bought for the church in 1728 at £575, was sold to the United States for \$200,000,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and was bought by the insurance company for \$650,000. At that time the post-office was in the "Rotunda" which was in the City Hall Park. The merchants and bankers objected to its distance from the business center, and the church building was the only other available place for it.

The announcement of the opening was as follows: "The postmaster has great pleasure in announcing to his fellow-citizens that the *new* post-office building in Nassau Street will be ready for occupation in a few days, and he respectfully invites them to view the interior arrangements of the establishment."

The church was surrounded with a graveyard, in which many of the old citizens had been buried, and there were bodies in the vaults under the church. While the post-office authorities were conducting their business in and about the venerable building, the church people were removing the sleepers, who could not be allowed to remain undisturbed to block the development of the City. The steeple of the church was used by Benjamin Franklin in his electrical experiments.

The bell, which was made in Amsterdam, was hid by patriotic members of the church when the British soldiers entered the City, and it was restored to its place when they left New York. On the transfer of the property to the government it was removed to the Dutch Church which was in 9th Street, from which it was taken to the church in Lafayette Place, and finally was swung in the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

church on Fifth Avenue, at 48th Street, where it now is. There is an inscription on it, stating that it was a legacy to the Low Dutch Church of New York from Abraham De Peyster.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company is an institution which we need not be ashamed to see established on this spot, so long occupied by the Middle Dutch Church, and consecrated by the sacrifice of the American Revolutionary prisoners who suffered and died there. The building itself is worthy of the spot, and, situated as it is, is a picture of the solid and enduring development of the good plantings of the past. The company itself, strong, conservative and influential, has gained its pre-eminence by adherence to business methods and honorable policy, in which we have reason to feel pride.

It was organized in 1843, and its means were then so small that the president's salary was only fifteen hundred dollars a year, out of which he had to pay rent and current expenses. At the end of ten years it had nearly seven thousand policies in force, and assets of \$2,000,000. In 1853, Frederick S. Winston was chosen president, and in the many years of his management he stamped his own noble character upon the corporation, which is a monument to his greatness and his goodness. In 1861, the company had to face a great problem. It had many policy-holders in the South who were unable to communicate with the company and to send on their premiums. It would have been easy,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and was considered expedient by other companies that were similarly placed, to let the policies lapse; but this company decided that the just course was to treat the policies as though they had been tendered to the company for surrender, and they figured a cash value on each of the policies, and paid that value when it was possible to open communications with the policy-holders. Another serious question arose at the same time. Soldiers were being enlisted for the Union army, and some of them held policies in the Mutual Life Insurance Company. By the terms of the policies they became void on the enlistment of their holders. The company did not hesitate for a moment in standing for the Union. Its management was broad enough to see that patriotism and business ought not to be separated. The company established a "soldier's rate"; for it was obvious that it could not, in justice to its other policy-holders, accept soldiers' risks at ordinary rates. It carried the soldiers' policies upon its books, charging the special rate against the dividends, and paying the policies in cases of death. They even took new risks at this special rate. The following is a letter that was written to Captain Seymour, in Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, on December 26, 1860, when the surrender of that fort to the Confederates was in contemplation:

"DEAR SIR—Your note of the 22d is before me. May God avert the insane outrage and the terrible calamity you contemplate; but if it comes

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

to you now, while doing your duty in Fort Moultrie, abandoned by the government that should sustain you, have no anxiety about your policy. So sure as there is a North on this continent, you shall be paid if you fall. On no spot in this land is so much interest concentrated as on the fort you occupy. May the Stars and Stripes wave over it forever.

“Very respectfully yours,

“F. S. WINSTON.”

It is a gratifying fact that the special soldiers' rate met the payments on account of soldiers who died in the service with a few dollars to spare. But the company went further: it backed up the financial movements of the government to the extent of its ability, investing fifty per cent of its assets in the various issues of bonds, notwithstanding the attitude of banks and capitalists who looked upon them as doubtful securities, and hesitated or declined to take them. The company said, "If the bonds fail, we fail. If the country survives, we survive." It resolved also to take the paper currency, which was depreciated in value, at its face when paid for premiums. In every way that was possible it showed its faith in the government, and linked its destinies with those of the nation. Again and again the company and its officers contributed money to the Sanitary Commission and the various other agencies for relieving the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

army. During the reign of the "Tweed Ring" there was a conspiracy by the chief rascals to get control of this great company by having it placed in the hands of a receiver by a Judge of the Supreme Court who was a member of the "ring," on a false allegation of its insolvency. The president, learning of these intentions, employed George H. Purser, a well-known lawyer, to save the institution. The lawyer called on the judge and became satisfied of his intention to make the order. Another prominent member of the "ring" endeavored to bribe the lawyer into complicity. Then Mr. Purser obtained a certificate from the Insurance Superintendent showing that the company was solvent, and, calling upon the judge, he said that unless he received an assurance that the order would not be made, he would apply for an injunction against his proposed interference with the company, charging him personally with conspiracy. The determined attitude of Mr. Purser brought the judge to terms, he made the promise that was required of him, and thus the company was saved from the serious danger which threatened it (Lossing).

This advertisement appeared in the New York "Gazette," March 18, 1739.

"To be sold by Benjamin D'herriette at his house near the New Dutch Church, several sorts of Goods at very reasonable prices; viz., Rhubarb at 5 l. per pound. Manna at 10 s. per pound. Juice of Liquorish at 4 s. 6 d. per pound, three thred twine, Car-

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

tredge paper, very good brown ozenbrigs at 10 d. per ell. Good South Carolina Rice at 12 s. per Hundred and very good Corks at 15 d. per groce, and very good light Deer Skins, Glass bottles and good painted Calicos. He has also a New Chaise and a Horse to Sell."

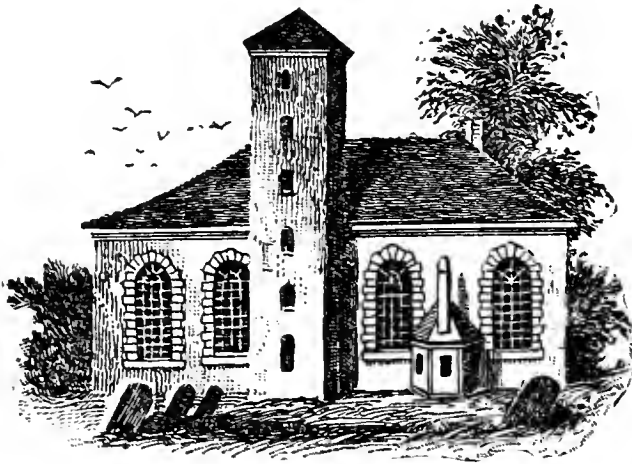
The Presbyterians had an important church on the south side of Cedar Street, between Nassau Street and Broadway, which was built in 1761. It was founded by Scotch seceders from the Wall Street Church, who could not tolerate the new organ, which they called a "kist of whustles," and which they deemed to be a sacrilegious innovation. The church at 96th Street and Central Park West is the same corporation.

Among the notable figures that once moved through this neighborhood was Aaron Burr. His law office was at Number 10 Cedar Street, and he lived in Maiden Lane prior to his residence at Richmond Hill. When he returned to New York, after the murder of Alexander Hamilton, he opened an office at Number 23 Nassau Street, and from thence he moved to Reade Street (the barber-shop now standing near Center Street). While there he laid siege to the heart of Madame Jumel, who lived in the house which Washington occupied as his headquarters during the battle of Harlem Plains. He married her. Their life was misery. Broken in health and spirits, he returned to his office at Reade Street. His hold on life grew feeble. With the assistance of old friends he was moved to the Jay house at Bowling Green,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

where he lived, a moral and physical wreck, amid the scenes of his former glory. The house was torn down in 1836, and he was taken to Port Richmond, where he died in obscurity and poverty.

The ground east of this point, centering at William Street, was called "Pot-baker's Hill" in olden times.



French Church, Pine Street.

Pine Street, which we cross next, was called King Street before the Revolution, and on the north side of the street, east of

Nassau, stood the church of the French Huguenots. James Duane, the first mayor after the Revolution, lived near the church.

Pine and Cedar Streets were laid out in 1692, through great patches of sweet clover.

And now we come to the United States Sub-treasury, formerly the custom house, standing upon the spot which, after the old Fort, is the richest in historical associations within the City. This grand building, reproducing so excellently the lines of the ancient Greek temple, and containing hoards of precious metal, guarded by the best known devices, stands on the site of the City Hall, to which the seat of government was removed from 73 Pearl Street, and which witnessed the inauguration of the first President, and became the first capitol

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

building of the nation. Here for many years the spirit of freedom grew among the officers of the various Colonial and City Councils. We hope that this site may always be occupied by the national government. It has been used in all the stages of national development, and it has never been disgraced by lapses from patriotic and honorable principles. The spirit of freedom early found responsive souls here. Here, among the earliest voices to speak for liberty, were heard the inspired words of patriotic leaders. Here our forefathers wrestled with English governors for popular rights. Here Mayor Cruger and the people's representatives met and denounced the importation of stamps, and resolved on a course of defiance to irregular taxation. They led the colonies in their revolt. They demanded from the royal governor the stamps which had arrived at the Fort, and they did not rest until they had compelled him to deliver them up for destruction. Here great men consulted about the Revolution, and took measures for its success. Here the representatives of the State and of the Confederation met. Here was transacted much of the business that put New York in the forefront of the Colonies and the States in the early construction of the Nation. Here the people rejoiced over the adoption of the Constitution. Here the machinery of the new nation was started. Here the people rejoiced over the culmination of the Revolution, and gave their prayers and themselves to their country. Here the first great measures for national life and pros-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

perity were adopted. On this little spot the three great branches of the government—the executive, the legislative and the judicial—touched each other, and began their diverse yet unified work, under one small roof. Although New York did not remain the capital city, this spot remained the nation's land. For many years it was occupied by the most important custom house of the country, and now it is the heaviest depository of national funds outside of Washington. Financial panics have raged about this temple of the nation's wealth, and many times has it furnished the means for the restoration of healthy circulation.

In the century that has elapsed since Washington was inaugurated vast material changes have occurred; and the little struggling child among nations has leaped to the front of the world's progress. The old Fort has its associations that we can never grow weary in recalling, and the beauty and value of which will ever increase; but they are linked to the Colonial period. This treasury site will always hold our minds and hearts more closely, because it is the birthplace of the Nation.

It was no fortuitous circumstance that made New York the nation's cradle. The place was wisely selected. The impulse for national strength, business principles and enlightened tolerance, then gained, will never be lost.

Few of the multitudes of people who restlessly traverse the streets about the Sub-treasury allow their thoughts of stocks, and bonds, and oil, and

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

grain, and lawsuits, to be disturbed by reflections about the fence, the wall, the stocks, the watch-house, the fire-house, and the cage;—the City Hall, the mayors, the judges, the conventions, the Congress, and the great President, who, at various times, were the conspicuous and impressive objects of attention.

Looking up and down Wall Street, we see nothing that tells of those former days, excepting always the commanding statue of the President, who, even in the lifeless metal form before us, speaks to us and compels us to think of the great past and of the duties of the present.

The relics of primitive living are all gone. The fence, through which the paid herdsmen drove the cattle of the colonists to the fields and hills about the present City Hall Park, and through which they brought them home at night; the stout palisades and the wall that were built as a defense against New Englanders and Indians; the cottages of the venturesome pioneers who first dared to live outside the wall; the gardens of Colonel De Peyster and his sugar-house; the handsome colonial residences that next came; the taverns and the shops that supplied the varied needs of the growing population before the street became the nation's center of finance;—they have all departed, and everything about us is eloquent of wealth, boundless enterprise, restless activity and world-impressing business. Every lot in this part of the city is worth a fortune, and is put to its best possible use. There

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

is no place here for gardens as there was once upon a time.

Here along the north side of Wall Street, on both sides of Nassau and running down to William (then called Smith Street), was the De Peyster garden, bought by Colonel De Peyster and Colonel Bayard from Governor Dongan. Colonel De Peyster's grand house was about where Pearl and Pine Streets now intersect, the grounds extending on either side and running down to the river,—and there was a small building standing in the jog which is yet apparent on the west side of Nassau Street. The whole of this Wall Street front was divided into lots by the Bayards and De Peysters about the year 1718, and they were sold to various persons. The Bayards had a great sugar-house in 1728 in the neighborhood of 40 and 42 Wall Street, and in 1718 the ground on the north side of Wall Street, fifty feet west of Nassau, was sold to the First Presbyterian Church for three hundred and fifty pounds sterling. In this church Jonathan Edwards preached, and opposed his hard, gloomy theology to the brighter evangel of free grace in William and John Streets. The Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and 12th Street is the same corporation that met on this Wall Street site. The three lots east of the assay office were sold in 1773 to Samuel Verplanck for two hundred and sixty pounds. The City Hall site was donated by De Peyster for the purpose of enticing the removal of the seat of government from Pearl Street. Governor

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Tryon lived for a short time at the northeast corner of Wall and William Streets, the site of Hamilton's Bank. At the close of the Revolutionary War many notable people lived on Wall Street, and it was a gay promenade for ladies and gentlemen on pleasant afternoons. Alexander Hamilton lived in the build-



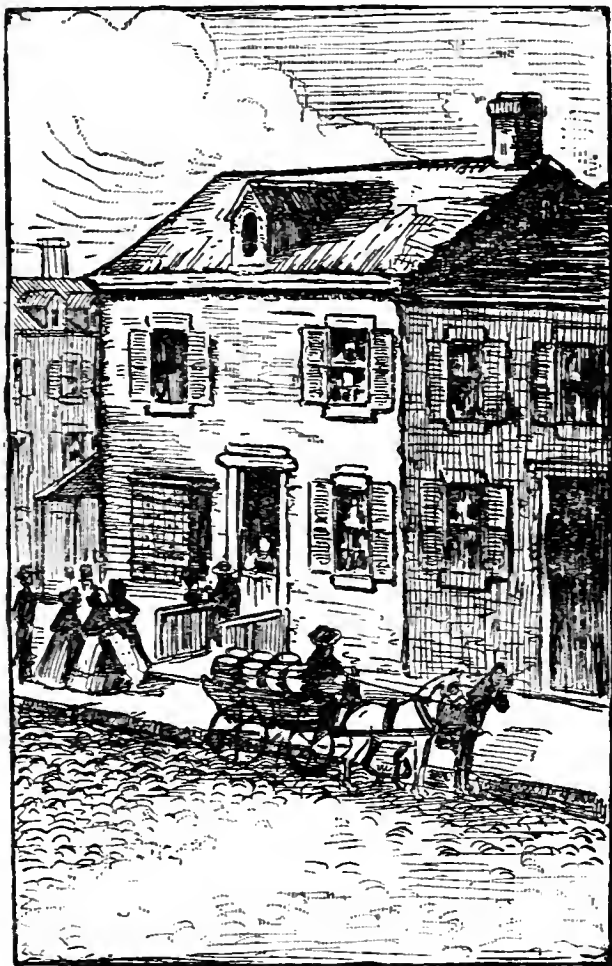
First Presbyterian Church.

ing afterward occupied by the Mechanics' Bank, in sight of the graveyard where his remains rest. The Livingstons, the Bleeckers, Nicholas Law, Mr. and Mrs. Jay, General Knox, Robert Troup, Daniel C. Verplanck, and Sir John Temple, were among the prominent residents.

It was Sir John Temple's house that came near being wrecked by a mob at the time of the "doc-

tor's riot," because they thought his name-plate proclaimed him to be Surgeon Temple.

As late as 1804, the whole post-office business of the City was conducted in General Bailey's private house at 29 William Street, close to Wall Street, the office proper being twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep. That place was abandoned and



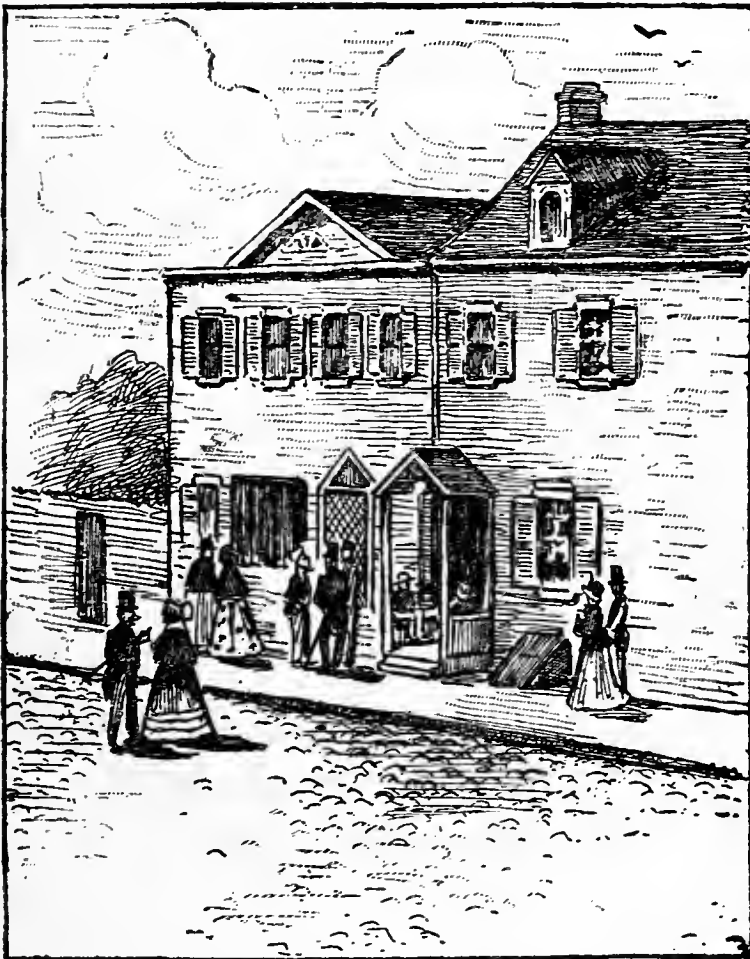
First Post-Office, 29 William Street.

a new post-office was established in the same neighborhood in 1825, in a little schoolhouse on Exchange Place, east of Broad Street. Eight clerks were there employed. Quite a number of years later, Mr. Adams, who lived on Wall Street, started the business that grew into the Adams Express Company, by carrying parcels with his own hands. Now banks, trust companies, and insurance

companies, and other concerns, whose business covers the nation, are crowded in and around the street. Men go to the Street in the morning with bright expectations, and go out of it at night haggard and broken. Some make fortunes, some lose everything; and many wreck their bodies, minds and souls. It requires a strong and cool man to keep his head

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

to the current in this place. At the top of this street of concentrated wealth and activity, Trinity's stone sentinel stands, and the bells call the thoughtless to think, all through the hours of the day. In the churchyard are uncounted thousands, who wove their lives into the fabric of the common-



Second Post-Office. Garden Street (Exchange Place).

wealth, and many of them were influential and noble. Some there are who betimes look away from their absorbing affairs, and heed the impressive lesson of mortality and immortality.

In 1709, down at the other end of the street (in the neighborhood of Pearl Street), was established a slave market, and its dismal trade was continued

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

many years. There is still irksome, killing human slavery on the street.

These samples of advertisements will give a little idea of the African slavery of old New York.

“Ran away last Tuesday night two negro men, both branded R. N. on their shoulders; one remarkably scarrified over the forehead, cloth'd with a pair of trousers only, the other with a coat and pair of trousers. Whoever brings the said negroes to Jasen Vaughan in New York shall have thirty shillings reward and all reasonable charges paid.”—New York “Gazette,” 1730.

“To be sold at Benjamin D’harriettes’ House one negro man named Scipio, a Cooper, about 22 years old, and one ditto named Yustee, a House Carpenter, a Plowman, and fit for country work, about 26 years old: and very good pitch to be sold and Rozin at 10 S. per hundred by the barrel.”

“To be sold on reasonable terms a likely negro girl about 18 years of age and a likely negro boy about sixteen years, both born in this city. They can speak good English and Dutch, and are bred up to all sorts of house work. And a new negro man. Enquire at the Post-Office.”

“A likely negro boy about ten years old and has been about a month imported, to be sold. Enquire of the Printer hereof.”

“A very likely negro girl to be sold. Brought up here in town, speaks very good English, age about ten years, has had the small pox and measles and begins to handle her needle. Enquire of the Printer hereof.”—New York “Gazette,” May, 1733.

“To be sold Two likely negro men and a likely handy negro woman, they are fit for either town

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

or country business. Enquire of the widow of Capt. Bisset at the corner of New Street and Valetenberg (Exchange Place) in New York.”—New York “Weekly Journal,” August, 1734.

“To be Sold Two likely negro women, one about 18 and the other about 25 years of age, both fit for any house service and good slaves. Enquire of the Printer hereof.”—New York “Weekly Journal,” August, 1734.

“A likely Negro Woman about twenty-two years old has had the Small pox and can do all sorts of household and Country work, viz.: Bake Bread, Cook, Wash, Spin, Work in the Field, and is a very good Dairy woman. Enquire of the Printer hereof.”—New York “Gazette,” December, 1734.

“To be sold a very likely Negro Woman about 30 years of Age, has been in the City about 10. She is a fine Cook, has been brought up to all sorts of House-work and speaks very good English. She has had the Small pox and has now a young child. Enquire further concerning her, and the Conditions of sale, of Mary Kippin or the Printer hereof.”—“Weekly Journal,” May, 1735.

In later years the Slave Market became the “Meal Market.”

This interesting advertisement appeared in the “Post Boy,” May 7, 1744:

“Joseph Leddell, Pewterer, who for many years has lived at the sign of the Platter in Dock Street opposite to Wm. Franks, is now removed to the lower end of Wall Street near the *Meal Market*, in the House where Mr. Joseph Sackett lately lived, and has the same Sign; where his former customers or any others may be supplied with most sorts of

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Pewter ware, Wholesale or Retail, at reasonable rates, and gives ready money for old Pewter and Brass." [There was great reverence in those days for old signs.]

It was a different institution from the Slave Market which was organized under the shadow of the old Trinity Church in 1719—the first Presbyterian Church.

Here is an advertisement which appeared in the "Post Boy" of September 2, 1745, announcing the preaching in that church of George Whitefield, who had come on an evangelical tour.

"Tuesday last the Rev. Mr. Whitefield arrived here from Long Island, and the next Evening began to preach in the Presbyterian Meeting-house, where he has preach'd twice every day since and yesterday three times to crowded audiences: We hear he intends to take his leave of us this Night or Tomorrow Morning."

The Tontine Coffee House, at which the important business and governmental life of the City centered in olden days, was built at the corner of Water Street in 1794.

At the corner of William Street stands the first bank—the Bank of New York—which has occupied that site since 1791. It was the creation of Alexander Hamilton.

Aaron Burr could not remain far behind Hamilton. He knew that he could not get a direct bank charter, so he took a charter for a water company to be called the Manhattan Company,

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

and inasmuch as the water business was considered risky, he obtained permission for it to do such other business as it might desire to do. A well was sunk, and hollow wooden logs were laid in various streets, and are even now occasionally dug up. The company still keeps its charter by maintaining a great tank at 25 Center Street, which it keeps full by pumping, the overflow running into the sewer. The bank which the water works screened was opened at 23 Wall Street in 1793, and has ever since continued to do a heavy business; but nobody wants the water. This is not the only instance in New York where the stock of a financial institution is floated by water. If the well in Center Street should dry up, the Manhattan officers would have to hustle for a new fountain. At the time of the founding of the Manhattan Bank, there was an exclusiveness about financial matters that exalted bank officials, kept banking privileges within certain mercantile lines, and shut out the general public. The new bank broke down this business aristocracy, by making loans and discounts to mechanics and tradesmen, and all other classes who desired money and could give security. This was a great help to the business of the City. In 1810, there were these other banks: the United States Bank at 38 Wall, the Merchants' Bank at 25 Wall, and the Mechanics' Bank at 16 Wall (in which latter building Hamilton lived).

Massive buildings have appeared more slowly in this street than in some other localities, but there

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

is an appearance of substantiality about them that is not equaled anywhere else. The buildings from the Assay Office to William Street are unmatched in their solidity, and the Custom-house front, with its majestic solid pillars, each weighing thirty-three tons, is a pattern of simple dignity and strength.

Many have been the exciting and soul-stirring events in this street. The great fires have been mentioned. The financial panics centered here. Here were held the great "war meetings," and all parties have claimed the use of the Treasury steps for political meetings.

In 1834 the "Courier and Enquirer" office, at Number 58 Wall Street, was the objective point of the tender interest of an ugly mob. In that year the mayor was first elected by a popular vote. The antagonism between the Federals, and the Republicans or Democrats, as they began to be called, was very bitter, and was intensified by President Jackson's war on the United States Bank. The Democrats had begun to attract the foreign element, and were very energetic in expressing their hatred for the Whigs (the title adopted by their leader, Colonel Webb, editor of the "Courier and Enquirer," in 1832). In this election of 1834, the Democrats were disorganized by a split in Tammany Hall. The Democratic candidate for mayor was Cornelius W. Lawrence, and the Whig candidate was Gulian C. Verplanck. Colonel Webb incensed the Democrats by applying the title of "Tories" to them in his newspaper. As the day of election approached many

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

affrays occurred. The Whigs rigged up a ship named "Constitution," and wheeled it through the streets. The Democrats matched it with a ship that they christened "Veto," which followed the "Constitution" on her voyage, and particularly up and down Wall Street. In the Sixth Ward the Democrats invaded the Whig committee room, killed a man, wounded others, and destroyed the ballots. Four thousand Whigs gathered that night to take measures to protect themselves. Colonel Webb took three hundred volunteers to the City Hall, had them sworn in as special constables, and posted them at the polling places in the Sixth Ward, where they announced to the lawless crowds their determination to see that a fair ballot was cast by every man who desired to cast one. This action prevented the rioters from running the election their own way, and they became terribly incensed against Webb and the "Courier." That night, thousands of the turbulent Sixth Warders gathered in the City Hall Park. They vowed vengeance on the public officers, and especially on Webb. A large wooden cross was displayed with the words on it, "DOWN WITH THE 'COURIER and ENQUIRER' BUILDING!" The rioters marched by it, and each touched it, thereby registering his oath. The officials in the City Hall became alarmed, and they sent a committee to warn Colonel Webb to close up his building. The brave colonel had no idea of doing any such thing. He gathered thirty or forty men about him, placed bundles of paper on his windows for breastworks,

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

and gathered seventy muskets, a hundred pistols, with plenty of ammunition, and five loads of paving stones (on the roof), warranted to crack the thickest skull. Colonel Webb's printers went on with their work as usual. When the mob reached Pine Street the leaders fell back to the rear, though they kept their faces to the front. The new leading rank did likewise, and the next and the next followed. The result was that, while the crowd marched toward Wall Street all the time, it continually slid back at Pine Street. Then they made a rush for Wall Street; but they cooled down before they reached Webb's building, and seemed disinclined to test the defenses. They gathered in force before the building, and hammered on its front with their clubs. Then Webb pushed a musket through a window and shouted that he would shoot any one whom it covered, and that mob just melted away. Next day the Mayor was knocked down in the street by roughs, and the arsenal had to be guarded by militia to save its stores from the mob. The election proceeded under the most exciting conditions. Ten thousand Whigs gathered on Wall Street to watch the returns displayed by the "Courier." The Democrats elected the Mayor by a small majority, and the Whigs carried the Common Council. The Whigs claimed this as a victory, and held a thanksgiving demonstration at Castle Garden, at which Daniel Webster made the leading speech.

It was a different sort of a gathering which met in front of the Treasury after the murder of

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

President Lincoln in April, 1865, just seventy-six years after the inauguration of Washington. The gathering in 1789 was transported with joy at the successful inauguration of the new government. This meeting was wild with grief and anxiety over the assassination of the President who had carried the nation through the Rebellion. In the minds of many that were there, the killing of Lincoln seemed to be the renewing of the conflict which they hoped had subsided. Those who were close in Lincoln's counsels had been struck down, too; and no one knew the extent of the movement or the scope of the conspiracy which seemed to have begun to work in the dark to overturn the results of the war. The whole City was in commotion, but the people did not shout: with white faces and pallid lips they conversed in whispers. While the great meeting was in this condition of suppressed excitement, and every heart was quivering with the tension, two rash men spoke their satisfaction at the assassin's deed. One of them was struck dead by an avenging hand so suddenly and so fiercely that the unfinished words trembled upon his lips as he fell; the other was trampled under many feet. This sudden tragedy broke the spell, and the whole mass of people began to shout and gesticulate, their pent-up feelings rushing into expression. The "World" had been distinguished for the comfort which it gave to the Southern cause, and its comments upon the assassination had made it an object of the resentment of all who loved the Union. A man appeared with an

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

imitation of a gallows, having a noose dangling from it, and excitedly called for volunteers to follow him to the "World" office. In a moment the great crowd, finding something to attack, swayed in a mighty movement to follow the man and the dangling noose. Just then there arose on the platform a man of commanding presence, who, of all the company, alone seemed to have caught the inspiration of the situation and the ability to command it. Little did he know then, that he himself would be the nation's executive, and that he too would be laid low by an assassin's hand. Then he was unknown, except to his neighbors and companions in arms. He held a flag in his hand. The noble tones of his voice rolled out over the disquieted throng, and these were his words: "Fellow citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens: God reigns and the government at Washington still lives!" The words fell upon that multitude like a heavy cooling rain. Wild passions went out. Reason and judgment returned. The men who had gathered were not there with lawless purposes, and they realized that, while punishment was deserved by those against whom they had been stirred, they had sober and serious business to do. Those few ringing, inspired words of him, over whom was an unseen martyr's halo, reminded them of other dark days, when God's

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Mercy had overruled great disasters. The practical support which went out from this and from other patriotic gatherings all over the nation was a quick assurance to traitors, as well as to those who took up the administration of government, that the nation, which had been sustained through wasting war, would not be allowed to perish.

(In May, President Johnson issued a proclamation to the effect that the government had evidence that Jefferson Davis, Jacob Thompson, and other prominent rebels, had formed a plot to assassinate Lincoln and Seward, and offered a large reward for their arrest.)

(From the London "Punch.")

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's
laugh,

Judging each step, as though the way were
plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more
true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart, and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace
command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden
grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting
might:

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie; hiding the 'mazed wanderer's
tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to
train :

Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may
bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to
cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering
mood :

Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger
prest—

And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid
to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to
men.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat
high;

Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck
before

By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly
out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly
striven;

And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Among the pleasantest recollection of the Wall and Broad Street neighborhood is its association with the evacuation of New York by the British army, the departure of the last emblem of tyranny and monarchy, and the touching farewell of General Washington to the devoted officers who had shared with him the sufferings of the war and the joys of its victories. When the British army left New York, the lusty infant City threw off her swaddling clothes, never more to be restrained in her growth. It was the beginning of her greatness. Although the battle of Yorktown decided the Revolution, and it was well understood by both sides that it had ended in the independence of the colonies, six months of uncertainty passed before the English troops were withdrawn from the Southern cities.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The City of New York was England's stronghold during the entire conflict, because, owing to its situation between the rivers, it could not be held by the Americans against her ships of war. The British forces, being withdrawn from other points, concentrated in New York, and continued to occupy the public buildings and the many residences which had been evacuated by conspicuous patriots.

In 1783 negotiations for final peace and the independence of the colonies came to a successful issue. On the 10th of November, 1783, there remained in the City six thousand English soldiers belonging to the royal artillery, the light infantry, the grenadiers, the dragoons, and various foot regiments, and several German regiments. A large English fleet assembled to carry these troops away. Besides the soldiers there were a great many "loyalists," who feared to remain in America after the defeat of the English. They were not all citizens of New York, for many had come from other parts of the country, because the City remained to the last under English control. It was quite an army that made its arrangements to leave New York, and it took a long time and much good management to complete the arrangements for the evacuation. These necessary delays annoyed and incensed the people, who were anxious to enjoy the fruits of victory, and made them exceedingly impatient to see the back of the last redcoats. On the 19th of November, General Washington, who had been disbanding the army at Newburg, arrived at Day's Tavern

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

(125th Street and Eighth Ave.), and a small brigade of American veterans, which he had selected to occupy the City, camped at McGowan's Pass, in the neighborhood of the ancient building now known as the McGowan's Pass Tavern, in the upper part of Central Park, near Fifth Avenue. Major-general Knox, who had narrowly escaped capture when the American troops evacuated New York in 1776 after the battle of Long Island, was chief in command, and many of the soldiers and officers had taken part in that rapid retreat. One of the officers was Major Job Sumner, grandfather of the late Senator Sumner, and whose body is now laying in St. Paul's churchyard. These soldiers had not seen New York since the day they were driven out of the City on the double quick. They started from McGowan's Pass for home early in the morning of November 25th, and it was a great day for them. It was arranged that the English should occupy the old Fort at Bowling Green until noon, and the American soldiers marched down the Old Post Road (the last remnant of which is Sylvan Place, west of Third Avenue, between 120th and 121st Streets) into the Bowery, where they waited for the hour of occupation. At one o'clock instead of twelve, they received word from the British commander that his troops had been withdrawn from the Fort. The drums rattled, the soldiers sprang into line again, and with happy hearts stepped out to perform their last duty of the war. There was a fierce little battle on Murray Street near Greenwich which delayed

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

the evacuation. Major Cunningham, the provost-marshal of the City under British rule, and the infamous commander of the prison in the Commons (the Register's Office in the City Hall Park), while on his way downtown to join the departing forces, full of venomous disappointment, saw an American flag flying from a pole in front of Mrs. Day's home. Her house was not on his line of march, but he saw the hated flag from Broadway, and went down Murray Street in his characteristic manner, seized the rope, and with much profanity began to haul the flag down, intending, no doubt, to carry it away as a souvenir of his prowess, and to tell big stories about it. He did not get the flag, but he got a souvenir; for Mrs. Day rushed out of the house with a broomstick, a weapon which women know how to wield, and in a moment Major Cunningham's head gave forth great clouds of powder, which she batted out of his wig. The doughty soldier turned to grapple with his powerful enemy, and she let him have the broomstick across his nose so fiercely that her energy was transformed into a torrent of gore that made Cunningham's front as red as his back. Fear of being left behind, and fear of further broomstick evolutions, sent the officer scurrying toward the Battery, and left the flag flying and Mrs. Day the victor in the last battle of the Revolution.

The American troops did not march down Broadway, for in those days Queen Street (now Pearl) was the select street and the route for processions.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

They marched down this old street, to which we have previously paid our respects, through thousands of rejoicing people, many of whom had come back to their homes with the soldiers. They turned up Wall Street and marched into Broadway, passing the spot which was destined in a few years to receive their commanding general as the President of the nation.

All along the line of march the soldiers with grief and indignation saw the marks of British vandalism, and as they moved up Broad Street and into Broadway, they beheld the desolation of the great fire which burned so fiercely on the night of their evacuation in 1776. Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, was still in ruins. On Broadway the little army halted, and two companies were sent to occupy the Fort. This pleasant duty was speedily performed, and soon the hearts of the people bounded as they heard the guns salute the flag.

General Knox rode back to the Bull's Head Tavern, where General Washington and Governor Clinton were waiting. A citizens' procession was then formed, in which all of the prominent civil officers were included. They followed the same line of march and joined the soldiers on Broadway. That afternoon Governor Clinton gave a public dinner at Fraunces' Tavern, at the corner of Broad Street and Pearl. This old building, which was formerly the home of Steven Delancey, one of the greatest of the Colonial figures, is still standing. At this dinner thirteen toasts were responded to, one for each State.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The following are the orders that were issued to the light infantry, forming a part of the army of occupation, on November 24th:

“McGowan’s Pass, 24th Nov., ’83.

“*B. G. Jackson’s Orders:*

“The troops will cook one day’s provisions this evening, and be in perfect readiness to march to-morrow morning at 8 o’clock.

‘*After Orders, Nov. 24:*

“Field-officer of the day to-morrow—Col. Vose.

“The light infantry will furnish a company for main guard to-morrow. As soon as the Troops are form’d in the City, the main guard will be march’d off to Fort George—on their taking possession an officer of Artillery will immediately hoist the American standard. The officer will then detach two Pattrols, consisting of one Sub., one Sergt., two Corporals, and fifteen Privates each—one to pass from the North to the East River as far up as Maiden Lain, the other from North to East River from Maiden Lain upward.

“On the Standard being hoisted in Fort George, the Artillery will fire thirteen rounds. After his Excellency Governor Clinton will be received on the right of the line. Then officers will salute his Excellency as he passes them, and the Troops present their arms by Corps, and the Drums beat a march. After his Excellency is passed the line and allited at Cape’s Tavern (corner of Rector Street and Broadway), the Artillery will fire Thirteen rounds.

“In case of any disturbance the whole of the Pattroles

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

will instantly march out, preserve the peace, and apprehend and secure all offenders. For the greater security and good Order of the City each Battalion will mount a Piquett at their Barracks, consisting of one entire Company. They will lay on their arms and be in constant readiness during the Twenty-four hours, to parade on the first alarm and wait the orders of the Officer of the Day.

“On an alarm of fire all the officers and men on duty will immediately repair to their Barracks and parade without Arms, and wait the Orders of the Commanding Officers. The officer commanding pattroles will march them in the most regular and silent order, both day and night, and will take up and confine in the main guard any violent and disorderly soldiers they may meet with. The Grand Parade will be near the bridewell (in the City Hall Park), the guards and pattroles will march off the Grand Parade under the direction of the field-officer of the day.”

There was rejoicing and celebrating for many days. On December 11th the troops assembled at St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street, and listened to a sermon by their chaplain, Dr. Rogers.

Rivington's "Gazette" of November 26, 1783 (the day after the evacuation), gave the news of the memorable occasion; and in order that we may make a comparison between the newspaper methods of that day and of our own time, we will give the entire account from that paper. It was published without any editorial comment:

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

“*New York, November 26.*—Yesterday in the Morning the American Troops marched from Haerlem, to the Bowery-Lane. They remained there until about One o’Clock, when the British Troops left the Posts in the Bowery, and the American Troops marched into, and took Possession of the City, in the following Order, *viz.*

1. A Corps of Dragoons.
2. Advanced Guard of Light Infantry.
3. A Corps of Artillery.
4. Battalion of Light Infantry.
5. Battalion of Massachusetts Troops.
6. Rear Guard.

After the troops had taken Possession of the City, the General (Washington) and Governor (George Clinton) made their Public Entry in the following Manner:

1. Their Excellencies the General and Governor, with their Suites, on Horseback.
2. The Lieutenant-Governor, and the Members of the Council, for the Temporary Government of the Southern District, four a-breast.
3. Major-General Knox, and the Officers of the Army, eight a-breast.
4. Citizens on Horseback, eight a-breast.
5. The Speaker of the Assembly, and Citizens, on Foot, eight a-breast.

Their Excellencies the Governor and Commander in Chief were escorted by a Body of West-Chester Light Horse, under the command of Captain Delavan.

The procession proceeded down Queen-Street (now Pearl) and through the Broadway, to Cape’s Tavern.

The Governor gave a public Dinner at Fraunces’ Tavern; at which the Commander in Chief and other General Officers were present.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

After Dinner, the following Toasts were drank by the Company :

1. The United States of America.
2. His most Christian Majesty.
3. The United Netherlands.
4. The King of Sweden.
5. The American Army.
6. The Fleet and Armies of France, which have served in America.
7. The Memory of those Heroes who have fallen for our Freedom.
8. May our Country be grateful to her military children.
9. May Justice support what Courage has gained.
10. The Vindicators of the Rights of Mankind in every Quarter of the Globe.
11. May America be an Asylum to the persecuted of the Earth.
12. May a close Union of the States guard the Temple they have erected to Liberty.
13. May the Remembrance of This DAY be a Lesson to Princes.

The arrangement and whole conduct of this March, with the tranquillity which succeeded it, through the day and night, was admirable; and the grateful citizens will ever feel the most affectionate impressions, from the elegant and efficient disposition which prevailed through the whole event."

This closing remark marked the great condescension of the tory printer.

What a pity that there was no "Journal," no "World," no "Herald," no "Tribune," no "Sun"—no valiant modern journal, to give us an artistic account of this great event!

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

We would not care if the truth were slightly stretched or strained, could we but experience the thrill of the new-Journalism, the pictorial enjoyment of the enterprising-Journalism, the soporific pleasure of the steady-old-Journalism, or the "bite" of the vitriol-Journalism, in the application of their peculiar genius to the recounting, the illustrating, the embellishing, and the editorializing of the events of this monumental occasion.

[Evacuation Day Dinner, 1896.]

Eaten with great pains by the New York Daughters of the Revolution, who valiantly sustained the honors of the day, amid yellow chrysanthemums, maidenhair ferns, smilax, flags and ancient flintlocks.

Oysters à la Washington.

Pickles. Celery. Olives.

Chicken Pie à la Putnam.

Yorkshire Pig, Ethan Allen Style.

Mashed Potatoes. Green Peas.

Punch à la Oliver H. Perry.

Canada Turkey, Stuffed à la Saratoga.

Lettuce Salad.

(No "à la" this time.)

Pumpkin Pie à la Molly Stark.

Mince Pie à la Martha Washington.

(Oysters and Pie!)

Ice Cream à la Lafayette.

Assorted Cakes. Fruit.

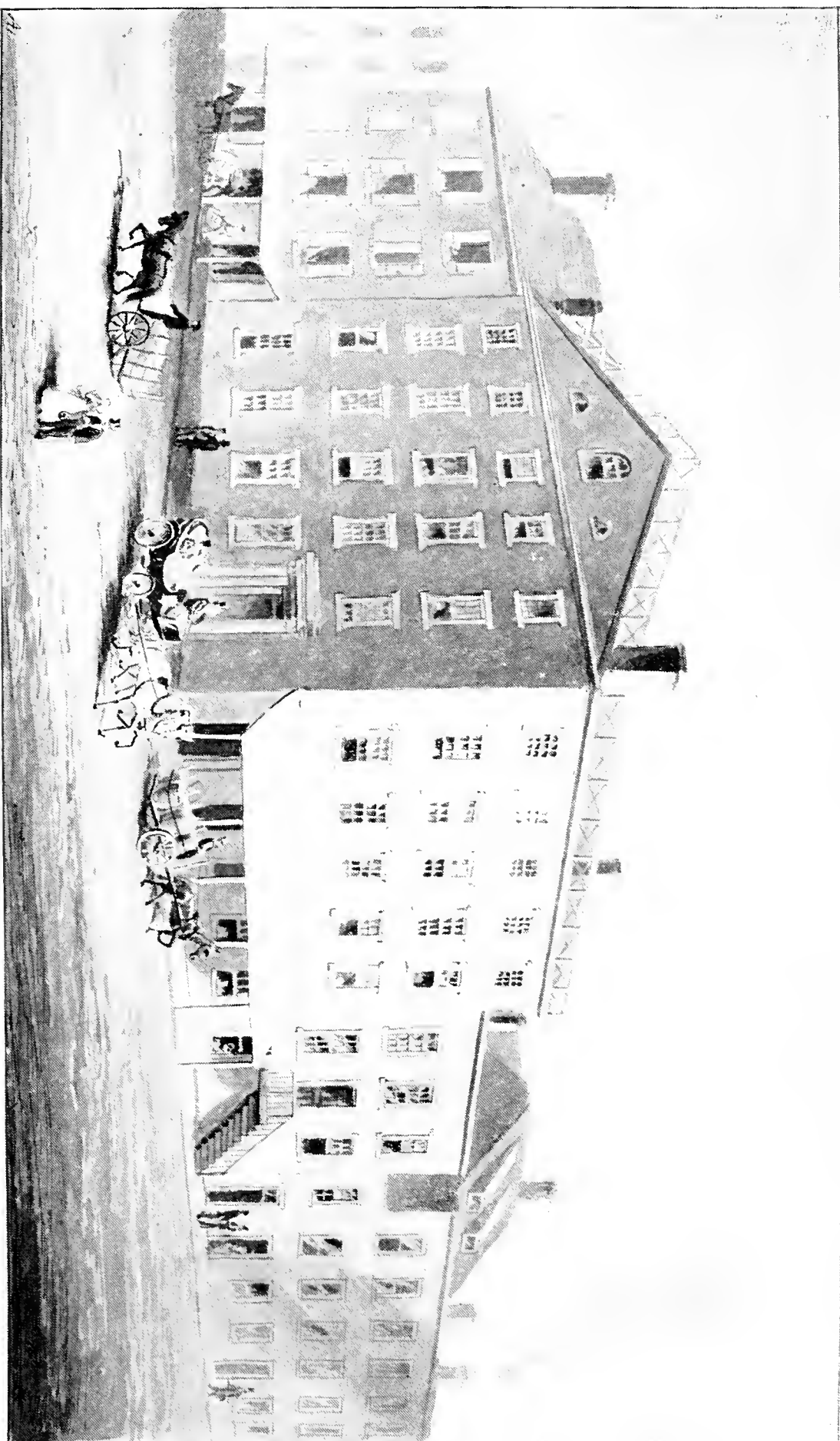
Coffee à la Valley Forge.

Congress will be duly petitioned to issue gold service medals to commemorate the heroic event.]

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

Chaplain Rogers was a Presbyterian. The Presbyterian churches, which were on Wall Street and the present site of the "Times" building, had been so badly used by the English soldiers that they were not fit to be occupied, and the kindly spirit of the Episcopalians showed itself in quick and generous invitations to the chaplain and the soldiers to occupy St. Paul's and St. George's chapels until their own churches could be renovated.

Washington said farewell to his officers on December 4th, at Fraunces' Tavern (now 170 years old). Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge wrote of this occasion. "When his Excellency entered the room his emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine, and turning to the officers, said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added: 'I cannot come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed, and parted with his General-in-Chief.



FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

New York, Vol. One, p. 406.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and hope I may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the interesting scene. The simple thought that we were about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war, and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable. But the time of separation had come, and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently on to Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting. [Staten Island Ferry.] We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man, who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States. As soon as he was seated, the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream, our great and beloved General waved his hat, and bade us a silent adieu."

The English ships did not sail from the harbor until the 5th of December.

At the old tavern, consecrated by Washington's presence and voice, the Chamber of Commerce, which has ever been associated with the progress of New York, had its origin, and many important

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

gatherings were held there in the days succeeding the Revolution. It is sought out and visited more than any other of the relics of the former days, but its appearance is very disappointing. The building has been altered and modernized so as to adapt it to the purposes of a very commonplace restaurant and beer saloon, the proprietor of which is so lacking in appreciation of his possession that he does not, even for a commercial purpose, bring out and exhibit the points which would attract the many to whom the associations of the place are deeply interesting. If you are not interested in the saloon you may pass to the restaurant upstairs and behold the incongruous relation of framed copies of old resolutions of the Board of Trade, and photographs of German family picnics. Twenty-five cents is the price of dinner, and the people who serve it would stare at you in amazement, if you asked them about Washington's farewell to his generals.

Samuel Fraunces, whose name survives in the accepted title of the dwelling, was a famous provider and an ardent patriot. He became well and favorably known as the landlord of the Masons' Arms. He sold that place in 1762, and purchased his more famous tavern from Oliver Delancey for two thousand pounds. He became a devoted admirer of General Washington, and his daughter entered Washington's service, and was his housekeeper while his headquarters were at the Richmond Hill Mansion, which afterward became the home of Aaron Burr (corner of Varick and Charlton Streets).

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

When the English warship the "Asia" fired upon the City, she drove a round shot through the roof of the tavern. Some of the most famous men of the City frequented "Fraunces'," and met socially there, even in its earliest days. Among them were John Jay, who was Member of Congress, Minister to Spain, Chief-justice, Minister to England, and Governor of New York; Gouverneur Morris, who was Member of Congress and Minister to France; Robert R. Livingston, who was Minister to France and Chancellor of New York; Morgan Lewis, who was Governor of New York and a general in the American army; and others, such as Egbert Benson, Gulian Verplanck, John and Henry Livingston, Francis Lewis, John Watts, Leonard Lispenard, Richard Harrison, Daniel Ludlow—who were in the front of public affairs during their day. While Washington was at Richmond Hill, the plot hatched by Governor Tryon for his murder was under way. Mayor Matthews was supposed to be a prominent member in the conspiracy, but he stoutly denied any knowledge of it. The plot included a number of tavern-keepers, who were expected to tamper with the soldiers and to find the instruments for performing the dastardly work that was in contemplation. Some of these tavern-keepers were: the landlord of the "Highland," at Beaver Street and Broadway; the landlord of the "Robin Hood"; Lowry, keeper of a tavern near the Oswego Market, at Broadway and Maiden Lane; James Houlding, whose alehouse was at Tryon Row near

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

the Barracks; and one Corbie, who kept a place very near Washington's residence. Two of the Lifeguards, who had been specially selected for their zeal, bravery and character, were secured by the conspirators; and one of them, Hickey, was selected to kill the General. Hickey resolved to perform his task by using poison, and he flattered himself that Miss Fraunces, whose company he affected, would aid him. When she perceived the design of the scoundrel she humored him, pretended to be deeply smitten with him, and agreed to mix the poison with the General's green peas. She quietly informed Washington of the plot, and the peas which had been fixed according to Hickey's plans were rejected. The mayor and more than twenty others were arrested, but only Hickey lost his life. He was executed on Colonel Rutger's grounds, east of the Bowery, in the presence of twenty thousand people.

When Washington became President he selected Fraunces for his steward, and many were the journeys which old Sam made to the Fly Market in Maiden Lane to purchase supplies for the President's table.

The first meeting to consider the Boston Port Act was held at Fraunces' Tavern, and was adjourned to the Merchants' Exchange, only because the tavern was not large enough to accommodate the crowd. "New York laid the cornerstone of the American Union by her course in support of Boston at this trying time" (General Austin Stevens).

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

Wall Street was filled with rejoicing when General Knox, General Washington and Governor Clinton led the processions through it on Evacuation Day; but never was ecstasy more nearly realized by a great multitude than at the time of Washington's inauguration and the commencement of our constitutional government. The greatness of the victory, and the responsibilities and difficulties which it entailed, were not considered until after the English sailed away. Then it was realized not only that a detested government had been overthrown, but that the people of the colonies, who had bravely fought together, had no system to erect in its place that would be strong and respectable, and that would not interfere at some point with the rights of the States. The conceded weakness of the Confederation, and the apparent impossibility of agreeing upon anything stronger, had put the people in doubt and uncertainty, and had caused many to believe that they had gone too far in separating from England.

While New York's governor, Clinton, was opposed to the proposed Constitution, and an influential body of the people followed his lead, her idol, Hamilton, was its principal architect, exponent and defender. The battle over its adoption was fought out on New York's soil, and when Hamilton prevailed over Clinton, the matter was settled. Hamilton's earnestness and brilliancy; his great services to Washington and the American cause; his commanding position, and his signal victory in the con-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

test over the Constitution made the people of his City proud of him, and gave them a peculiar feeling of personal relation to the Constitution and the Nation. They had celebrated the adoption of the Constitution, and now they were to behold its first practical operation, and to give a home to the new government in their own City Hall. Their own Chancellor was to administer the oath of office to the President. The old building had been improved and decorated at a large expense for those days, which was promptly provided by the voluntary offerings of the people.

Washington, who by his known virtue and unselfishness had in his own person overthrown the last powerful argument against the adoption of the Constitution, was especially loved in New York.

The nobility of Governor Clinton's character was shown in his allegiance to the plan of government, and in his hearty participation in the ceremonies. All differences were forgotten, and the entire population joined in the celebration.

On the morning of April 23, 1789, the river front was crowded with people. Presently a barge carrying the President, and rowed by thirteen ship captains, came up out of the Kill von Kull. French and Spanish ships of war saluted it; a procession of small boats followed it as it moved toward the City. The resounding guns woke the voices of the multitudes on shore. Governor Clinton waited at the foot of Wall Street to receive the President. Colonel Bauman, who had held a prominent position in the

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

column of troops that reoccupied New York in 1783, commanded the military escort.

This was the order of the procession as officially declared:

“Colonel Lewis.

Majors Morton and Van Horne and their troop of
Dragoons.

Captain Stakes.

German Grenadiers.

Captain Scriba.

Music.

Infantry of the Brigade.

Captains Swartout and Steddiford.

Grenadiers.

Captain Harsin.

Regiment of Artillery.

Colonel Bauman.

Music.

General Malcolm and Aids.

Officers of the Militia—Two and Two.

Committee of Congress.

The Most Illustrious, The President of the United States,
and

His Excellency, Governor Clinton.

The President's Suite.

Officers of the State.

The Mayor and Aldermen of New York.

The Reverend Clergy.

Their Excellencies, the French and Spanish Embassadors
in Carriages.

Citizens.”

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

The procession turned up Pearl Street, and escorted the President to the house that had been prepared for him at Cherry Street. After he had inspected his home, he was escorted back through Pearl Street to the residence of Governor Clinton, in the old De Peyster mansion on Pearl Street opposite Pine, where he dined, and received congratulations. April 30th was set for the formal inauguration. For a week the city was in a ferment, and Washington was almost worn out with hand shaking. On the great day, crowds came into town from every direction. All the cannon were fired and all the bells were rung. The inaugural procession organized at the President's residence, and proceeding down Pearl Street, continued on beyond Wall, and turned into Broad Street, marching up the gentle slope to the City Hall, which lay directly across the head of Broad Street. Washington stepped from his carriage, and, attended by Senators and various committees, entered the building. He stepped on to the open balcony, and facing the assembled people, who filled the open space at Wall and Broad Streets—while the blessings of the nation fell upon him, and prayers for his safety and success rose from thousands of hearts—he placed his hand upon the Bible held by Mr. Otis, Secretary of the Senate. The tumult was stilled. All heard the words of the Chancellor: “*You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of your ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of*

the United States." They listened intently for Washington's voice. It came slowly and solemnly: "*I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help me God.*" As he leaned forward to kiss the book, the new nation's beautiful flag was raised on the building, the people broke forth into joyous shouts, and the guns on the forts and the ships joined in the tumult. The stone of the balcony on which he stood is carefully preserved in the Treasury building. Washington quickly re-entered the building, and with ill-concealed nervousness and embarrassment read his inaugural address to Congress.

"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

"Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of this month. On the one hand I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary and more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

of frequent interruptions in my health by the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondency one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens; and have thence too little consulted my capacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me; my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

“Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in the first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human

defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent Nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These reflections, rising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves upon my mind too strongly to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously begin.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

“By the article establishing the Executive Department, it is made the duty of the President to recommend to your consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. The circumstances under which I now meet you, will acquit me from entering into that subject further than to refer you to the great constitutional charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the object to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views or party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye, which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests; so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy, will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the pre-eminence of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world.

“I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of

nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

“Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide how far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the fifth article of the Constitution is rendered expedient at the present juncture by the nature of objections which have been urged against the system, or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations on this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good; for, I assure myself that, while you carefully avoid every alteration which might endanger the benefits of a united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience; a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen, and a regard for public har-

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

mony, will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question, how far the former can be more impregnably fortified, or the latter be safely and advantageously promoted.

“To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will, therefore, be as brief as possible. When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impression which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

“Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness; so His divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend.”

When Washington concluded this address, Congress adjourned for a service in St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway and Vesey Street. The military escort preceded them, and it surrounded the church while the chosen men of the nation committed its destinies to the Providence which has so signally blessed it with progress and prosperity. The day was full of rejoicing, and at night the City was gayly illuminated, Federal Hall being conspicuous by an elegant and tasteful arrangement of lanterns.

New York fairly exhausted herself in the elaboration of this festival, and in the hearty participation of the people.

One hundred years later—April 29 to May 1, 1889—the centennial of the inauguration was celebrated in a programme that was designed to follow closely the details of the original occasion. The jubilee of 1889 exceeded any other memorial that had been attempted by the City; and its features graphically illustrated the century's growth.

The little barge which was rowed from Elizabethport carried President Harrison as Washington had been carried; but the spectacle which its occupants beheld transcended that of a hundred years before

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

by all the marvelous development of the century. Where had floated two or three foreign warships, built of wood, propelled by sails and armed with pop-gun cannon, there were great steam vessels of war, built of steel, armor-clad, and carrying heavy ordnance. In place of a few attending barges rowed by oarsmen, there was a great fleet of steam craft, ranging from tugboats to steamships. Instead of the antique fort and the little buildings containing stores and simple homes, with hills and forests surrounding them, that Washington viewed, there were palaces of trade and commerce, towering to the skies; and in every direction the vision was filled with the habitations of a vast populace. Where a few thousand people welcomed the first President, hundreds of thousands jostled each other in the thoroughfares. On the little island that showed to Washington simply its beautiful green verdure, towered the great statue of Liberty, which in recent years has testified to the union of sentiment between the two nations that learned to know each other through Washington. In the fleet that accompanied President Harrison there were ten war vessels, fifty steamboats, and one hundred and fifty tugboats, besides steam yachts and various other steam craft, and it passed by many majestic ocean liners bedecked with flags, and too large to be safely handled in procession. The landing at Wall Street was made in the presence of a vast multitude. Soldiers were there too; many of them veterans of a great war that Washington knew nothing of, but which was fought to

sustain and perpetuate the Union and the Constitution for which he had labored. There were governors of States that Washington had never heard of. Washington's march up Pearl Street to the house prepared for him at Cherry Street was left out for obvious reasons. To tell of the representative persons who participated in the various receptions of the celebration would require a book. The whole City was gay with decorations, many of them elaborate and expensive, and the railroads brought two hundred thousand visitors from surrounding cities. This army was tucked away with reasonable comfort in great and small hotels, and in thousands of boarding-houses, and furnished rooms. Service was held at St. Paul's Chapel, as it was after Washington took the oath of office; Bishop Potter preaching the sermon. On the steps of the Treasury building were then held the commemorative literary exercises, where Dr. Depew delivered a masterly oration in the presence of the great men of the nation, and before a vast concourse of people. He said:

“Success was due to confidence in Washington, and the genius of Alexander Hamilton. Jefferson was the inspiration of Independence, but Hamilton was the incarnation of the Constitution.” And again, “No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Madison and Jay, each represented some of the elements that formed the Union. Washington embodied them all. They fell at times

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS

under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he, with unerring judgment, was always the leader of the people. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations and preserve the name of Washington, and the century would be renowned." And again, "The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and Liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present the people of the United States, heirs of a hundred years marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy."

Truly the spirit of Washington inhabits the land, and as his memory is cherished and honored by the people, so do patriotism and virtue thrive. Of all the places in our own City where we may call up this majestic and helpful spirit, and receive its inspiration and strength, this spot at Wall and Broad Streets, where he entered upon the greatest duties of his life, brings him most closely and helpfully to us.

NEW YORK CITY LIFE

The military forces, both regular and militia, which paraded on the second day numbered fifty thousand men, and represented every State; and the civic army on the following day came from every nation and every calling, and numbered not less than the military. We must resist the temptation to describe the many striking features of this great celebration, and must content ourselves with suggesting, simply, the connection between the past and the present, the development which has taken place, and the great stores of rich historic associations, full of patriotic inspiration, that are here for busy New Yorkers if they will open their hearts and their minds to them.

[The next chapter should be read as a part of this chapter. The division is made only for the convenience of readers.]

2783

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